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Aus der Bücherei von
Hofrat Osk. Benda.

THE HOME TREASURY
OF
BRITISH POETRY.

Sauschak
der
britischen Dichtkunst

von Chaucer bis auf die neueste Zeit

mit sprachlichen, kritischen und biographischen Anmerkungen begleitet

von

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Stuttgart.
Carl Conradi.

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Prospekt.

Dieser Hauschatz bildet eine reichhaltige Anthologie der schönsten Volksballaden, lyrischen Gedichte, dramatischen Scenen und epischen Stücke der gesammten fünfhundertjährigen britischen Nationalpoesie. Da bei der Auswahl nicht bloß der literar-historische Werth, sondern stets auch der innere, für alle Zeiten währende Inhalt maßgebend war, so dient diese Sammlung eben so sehr zum Gebrauch jeder Familie, in welcher die englische Literatur gepflegt wird, als auch zum Textbuch für den Schulgebrauch und als illustrirendes Handbuch für die speziell englischen Literaturgeschichten von Gättschenberger, Büchner, Scherr, Spalding u. A. Ueberdies war es das Bestreben des Verfassers, so viel als möglich aus Werken zu wählen, welche in Deutschland weniger bekannt oder zugänglich sind. Daher mußten solche Dichter, deren Werke in Deutschland in billigen Ausgaben zu erkaufen sind, mehr als es ihr eigener Werth fordern könnte, vor andern Dichtern ihrer Zeit zurücktreten. Deswegen findet auch die ältere Literatur, namentlich die große Elisabethische Periode, mehr Berücksichtigung, als es bis jetzt in ähnlichen Anthologien geschehen ist, während von der neuesten Dichterschule doch noch viel Interessantes geboten wird. Somit liefert diese Anthologie dem Freunde der englischen Poesie viel neues Material, so daß sie neben den Sammlungen von Herrig, Freiligrath, Elwell, Asher, Miß Marinack und Solowicz ihren ganz selbstständigen, eigensten Platz einnimmt.

Bei der in neuester Zeit bei uns so ungemein gesteigerten Pflege der englischen Sprache und Literatur wird gewiß dieser neue Beitrag überall willkommene Aufnahme finden.

Die Verlagshandlung.

SERIES THE FIRST.

OLD BRITISH POETRY.

SERIES THE FIRST

OLD ENGLISH POETRY

I.

OLD BRITISH BALLADS.

CHEVY-CHACE.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safetyes all;
A woefull hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall;

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Erle Percy took his way,
The child may rue that is unborne,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summers days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and beare away.
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport.
The English Erle, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort.

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold;
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chace the fallow deere:
On munday they began to hunt,
Ere day-light did appeare;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine;
Then having dined, the drovyers went
To rouse the deare againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Theire backsides all, with speciall care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
That with their cryes the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deere;
Quoth he, Erle Douglas promised
This day to meet me heere:

But if I thought he wold not come,
Noe longer wold I stay.
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the Erle did say:

Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish soeres
All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede:
O cease your sports, Erle Percy said,
And take your bowes with speede:

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For there was never champion yett
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spere.

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode formost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

Show me, sayd hee, whose men you bee,
That hunt soe boldly heere,
That, without my consent, doe chase
And kill my fallow-deere.

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy hee;
Who sayd, Wee list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men wee bee.

Yet wee will spend our deerest blood,
Thy cheefest harts to slay.
Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,
And thus in rage did say,

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an erle thou art;
Lord Percy, soe am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside.
Accurst bee he, Erle Percy sayd,
By whom this is denied.

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on.
You bee two erles, sayd Witherinton
And I a squier alone:

Ile doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand:
While I have power to weeld my sword,
Ile fight with hart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their harts were good and trew;
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full four-score Scots they slew.

Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
As Chieftan stout and good.
As valiant Captain, all unmov'd
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As Leader ware and try'd,
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound:
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground:

And throwing strait their bows away,
They grasp'd their swords so bright:
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,
Noe slacknes there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a grieve to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might:
Like lyons wood, they layd on lode,
And made a cruell fight:

They fougth untill they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steele;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling downe did feelee.

Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd;
In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advanced bee
By James our Scottish king:

Thy ransome I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious knight,
That ever I did see.

Noe, Douglas, quoth Erle Percy then,
Thy proffer I doe scorne,
I will not yeelde to any Scott,
That ever yett was borne.

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart,
A deepe and deadlye blow:

Who never spake more words than these,
Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall.

Then leaving life, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And said, Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had lost my land.

O Christ! my verry hart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance cold never take.

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy:

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a spere most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without all dread or feare;
And through Erle Percyes body then
He thrust his hatefull spere;

Whit such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine:
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble erle was slaine;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew hee:

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
So right the shaft he sett,
The grey goose-wing that was thereon,
In his harts blood was wett.

This fight did last from break of day,
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold barron:

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes;
For when his leggs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumpes.

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
One foote wold never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
His sisters sonne was hee;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved cold not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Erle Douglas dye:
Of twenty hundred Scottish speres,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chase,
Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle.

Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple gore,
They bare with them away:
They kist them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were cladd in clay.

The newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
Where Scottlands king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine:

O heavy newes, King James did say,
Scotland may witnesse bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chase:

Now God be with him, said our king,
Sith it will noe better bee;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee:

Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take:
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Erle Percyes sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd
 After, at Humbledowne;
 In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
 With lords of great renowne:

And of the rest, of small account,
 Did many thousands dye:

Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
 Made by the Erle Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land,
 With plenty, joy, and peace;
 And grant henceforth, that foule debate
 'Twixt noblemen may cease.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents deare,
 These wordes, which I shall write;
 A doleful story you shall heare,
 In time brought forth to light.
 A gentleman of good account
 In Norfolke dwelt of late,
 Who did in honour far surmount
 Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
 No helpe his life could save;
 His wife by him as sicke did lye,
 And both possest one grave.
 No love between these two was lost,
 Each was to other kinde,
 In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,
 And left too babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
 Not passing three yeares olde;
 The other a girl more young than he,
 And fram'd in beautyes molde.
 The father left his little son,
 As plainly doth appeare,
 When he to perfect age should come,
 Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
 Five hundred poundes in gold,
 To be paid downe on marriage-day,
 Which might not be controll'd:
 But if the children chance to dye,
 Ere they to age should come,
 Their uncle should possesse their wealth;
 For so the wille did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
 Look to my children deare;
 Be good unto my boy and girl,
 No friendes else have they here:
 To God and you I recommend
 My children deare this daye;
 But little while be sure we have
 Within this world to stayer.

You must be father and mother both,
 And uncle all in one;
 God knowes what will become of them,
 When I am dead and gone.
 With that bespake their mother deare,
 O brother kinde, quoth shee,
 You are the man must bring our babes
 To wealth or miserie:

And if you keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward;
 But if you otherwise should deal,
 God will your deedes regard.
 With lippes as cold as any stone,
 They kist their children small:
 God bless you both, my children deare;
 With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
 To this sicke couple there,
 The keeping of your little ones
 Sweet sister, do not feare:
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 Nor aught else that I have,
 If I do wrong your children deare,
 When you are layd in grave.

The parents being dead and gone,
 The children home he takes,
 And bringes them straite unto his house,
 Where much of them he makes.
 He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelvemonth and a daye,
 But, for their wealth, he did devise
 To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
 Which were of furious mood,
 That they should take these children
 young,
 And slaye them in a wood.
 He told his wife an artful tale,
 He would the children send
 To be brought up in faire London,
 With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
 Rejoycing at that tide,
 Rejoycing with a merry minde,
 They should on cock-horse ride.
 They prate and prattle pleasantly,
 As they rode on the waye,
 To those that should their butchers be,
 And work their lives decaye:

So that the pretty speeche they had,
 Made Murder's heart relent:
 And they that undertooke the deed,
 Full sore did now repent.
 Yet one of them more hard of heart,
 Did vowe to do his charge,
 Because the wretch, that hired him,
 Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
 So here they fall to strife;
 With one another they did fight,
 About the childrens life:
 And he that was of mildest mood,
 Did slaye the other there,
 Within an unfrequented wood;
 The babes did quake for feare!

He took the children by the hand,
 Teares standing in their eye,
 And bade them straitwaye follow him,
 And look they did not crye:
 And two long miles he ledd them on,
 While they for food complaine:
 Staye here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread.
 When I come back againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
 Went wandering up and downe;
 But never more could see the man
 Approaching from the town:
 Their prettye lippes with black-berries,
 Were all besmear'd and dyed,
 And when they sawe the darksome night,
 They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
 Till deathe did end their grief,
 In one anothers armes they dyed,
 As wanting due relief:
 No burial this pretty pair
 Of any man receives,
 Till Robin-red-breast piously
 Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
 Upon their uncle fell;
 Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
 His conscience felt an hell:
 His barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,
 His landes were barren made,
 His cattle dyed within the field,
 And nothing with him stayd.

And in a voyage to Portugal
 Two of his sonnes did dye;
 And to conclude, himself was brought
 To want and miserye:
 He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
 Ere seven years came about.
 And now at length this wicked act
 Did by this meanes come out:

The fellowe, that did take in hand
 These children for to kill,
 Was for a robbery judg'd to dye,
 Such was God's blessed will:
 Who did confess the very truth,
 As here hath been display'd:
 Their uncle having dyed in gaol,
 Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,
 And overseers eke
 Of children that be fatherless,
 And infants mild and meek;
 Take you example by this thing,
 And yield to each his right,
 Lest God with such like miserye
 Your wicked minds requite.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

When as King Henry ruled this land,
 The second of that name,
 Besides the queene, he dearly loved
 A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
 Her favour, and her face;
 A sweeter creature in this worlde
 Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
 Appeard to each mans sight;
 Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
 Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes
 Did such a colour drive,
 As though the lillye and the rose
 For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
Her name was called so,
To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadlye foe.

The king therefore, for her defence,
Against the furious queene,
Ad Woodstocke builded such a bower,
The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundered and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong:

And they so cunninglye contriv'd
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread,
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
That was so faire and brighte,
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knighte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne
Where she before did smile,
The kinges delighte and ladyes joy
Full soon shee did beguile:

For why, the kinges ungracions sonne,
Whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised warres
Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king
The English land forsooke,
Of Rosamond, his lady faire,
His farewelle thus he tooke:

«My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
That pleasest best mine eye:
The fairest flower in all the worlde
To feed my fantasye:

The flower of mine affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excelle
My royal rose, a thousand times
I bid thee nowe farwelle!

For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest Rose, a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
Proud rebelles to abase.

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
My coming shortlye see,
And in my heart, when hence I am,
I'll beare my Rose with mee.»

When Rosamond, that ladye brighte,
Did heare the king saye soe,
The sorrowe of her grieved heart
Her outward lookes did showe;

And from her cleare and crystall eyes
The teares gusht out apace,
Which like the silver-pearled dewe
Ranne down her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,
Did waxe both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceived
Her vitall spirits faile;

And falling down all in a swoone
Before king Henryes face,
Full oft he in his princelye armes
Her bodye did embrace:

And twentye times, with watery eyes,
He kist her tender cheeke,
Until he had revived againe
Her senses milde and meeke.

«Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest
Rose?»
The king did often say.
«Because, quoth shee, to bloodye warres
My lord must part awaye.

But since your grace on forrayne coastes
Amonge your foes unkinde
Must goe to hazarde life and limbe,
Why should I staye behinde?

Nay rather, let me, like a page,
Your sworde and target beare,
That on my breast the blowes may lighte,
Which would offend you there.

Or lett mee, in your royal tent.
Prepare your bed at nighte,
And with sweete baths refresh your grace,
At your returne from fighte.

So I your presence may enjoye
No toil I will refuse;
But wanting you, my life is death:
Nay, death I'd rather chuse!»

«Content thy self, my dearest love;
Thy rest at home shall bee
In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle;
For travell fits not thee.

Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres;
Soft peace their sexe delightes:
Not ruggedcampes, but courtlye bowers;
Gay feastes, nor cruell fightes.

My Rose shall safely here abide,
With musicke passe the day;
Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes,
My foes seeke far awaye,

My Rose shall shine in pearle, and golde,
Whilst I'm in armour dighte;
Gay galliards here my love shall dance,
Whilst I my foes goe fighte.

And you, Sir Thomas, whom I truste
To bee my loves defence;
Be careful of my gallant Rose
When I am parted hence.»

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
As though his heart would breake:
And Rosamonde, for very griefe,
Not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they mighte
In heart be grieved sore:
After that daye faire Rosamonde
The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,
And into France was gone;
With envious heart, Queene Ellinor,
To Woodstocke came anone.

And forth she calls this trustye knighte
In an unhappy houre;
Who with his clue of twined thread,
Came from this famous bower.

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And went where ladye Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.

«Cast off from thee those robes, she said,
That riche and costlye bee;
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
Which I have brought to thee.»

Then presentlye upon her knees
Sweet Rosamonde did falle;
And pardon of the queene she crav'd
For her offences all.

«Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,
Faire Rosamonde did crye;
And lett mee not with poison stronge
Enforced bee to dye.

I will renounce my sinfull life,
And in some cloyster bide;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
To range the world soe wide.

And for the fault which I have done,
Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preserve my life, and punish mee
As you thinke meet to doe.»

And with these words, her lillie handes
She wrunge full often there;
And downe along her lovely face
Did trickle many a teare,

But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeased bee;
The cup af deadlye poyson stronge,
As she knelt on her knee,

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke;
Who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand:

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
Shee did for mercye calle;
And drinking up the poison stronge,
Her life she lost withalle.

And when that death through everye
limbe
Had showed its greatest spite,
Her chieftest foes did plaine confesse
Shee was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Godstowe, neare to Oxford towne,
As may be seene this day.

THE NUT-BROWNE MAID.

Be it ryght, or wrong, these men among
On women do complayne;
Aftermynge this, how that it is
A labour spent in vayne,
To love them wele; for never a dele
They love a man agayne:
For lete a man do what he can,
Theyr favour to attayne,

Yet, yf a newe do them persue,
Theyr first true lover than
Laboureth for nought: for from her
thought
He is a banyshed man.

I say nat nay, but that all day
It is bothe writ and sayd

That womans faith is, as who sayth,
 All utterly decayd;
 But, neverthesse ryght good wytnesse
 In this case might be layd,
 That they love true, and continuë:
 Recorde the Nut-browne Mayde:
 Which, when her love came, her to prove,
 To her to make his mone,
 Wolde not depart; for in her hart
 She loved but hym alone.

Than betwaine us lete us dyscusse
 What was all the manere
 Betwayne them two: we wyll also
 Tell all the payne, and fere,
 That she was in. Now I begyn,
 So that ye me answe're;
 Wherefore, all ye, that present be
 I pray you, gyve an ere
 «I am the knyght; I come by nyght,
 As secret as I can;
 Sayinge, Alas! thus standeth the case,
 I am a banyshed man.»

SHE.

And I your wyll for to fulfill
 In this wyll not refuse;
 Trustying to shewe, in wordès fewe,
 That men have an yll use
 (To theyr own shame) women to blame,
 And causelesse them accuse;
 Therefore to you I answer now,
 All women to excuse, —
 Myne owne hart dere, with you what
 chere?

I pray you, tell anone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.

It standeth so; a dede is do
 Whereof grete harme shall growe:
 My destiny is for to dy
 A shamefull deth, I trowe,
 Or elles to flee: the one must be.
 None other way I knowe,
 But to withdrawe as an outlawe,
 And take me to my bowe.
 Wherefore, adue, my owne hart true!
 None other rede I can;
 For I must to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

O Lord, what is thys worldys blysse,
 That changeth as the mone!
 My somers day in lusty may
 Is derked before the none.
 I here you say, farewell: Nay, nay,
 We depart not so sone.
 Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go?
 Alas! what have ye done?

All my welfäre to sorrowe and care
 Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.

I can beleve, it shall you greve,
 And somewhat you dystayne;
 But, afterwarde, your paynes harde
 Within a day or twayne
 Shall sone aslake; and ye shall take
 Comfort to you agayne.
 Why sholde ye ought? for, to make
 thought,
 Your labour were in vayne.
 And thus I do; and pray you to,
 As hartely, as I can;
 For I must to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me
 The secret of your mynde,
 I shall be playne to you agayne,
 Lyke as ye shall me fynde.
 Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,
 I wolde not leve behynde;
 Shall never be sayd, the Nut-browne Mayd
 Was to her love unkynde:
 Make you redy, for so am I,
 Allthough it were anone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet I you rede to take good hede
 What men wyll thynke and say:
 Of yonge, and olde it shall be tolde,
 That ye be gone away,
 Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
 In grene wode you to play;
 And that ye myght from your delyght
 No lenger make delay.
 Rather than ye sholde thus for me
 Be called an yll woman,
 Yet wolde I to the grene wode go
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Though it be songe of old and yonge,
 That I sholde be to blame,
 Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
 In hurtyng of my name:
 For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love
 It is devoyd of shame;
 In your dystresse, and hevynesse,
 To part with you, the same:
 And sure all tho, that do not so,
 True lovers are they none;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.

I counceyle you, remember howe,
 It is no maydens lawe,
 Nothyng to dout, but to renne out
 To wode with an outlàwe:
 For ye must there in your hand bere
 A bowe, redy to drawe;
 And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,
 Ever in drede and awe;
 Wherby to you grete harme myght growe:
 Yet had I lever than,
 That I had to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

I thinke not nay, but as ye say,
 It is no maydens lore:
 But love may make me for your sake,
 As I have sayd before
 To come on fote, to hunt, and shote
 To gete us mete in store;
 For so that I your company
 May have, I aske no more:
 From which to part, it maketh my hart
 As colde as ony stone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.

For an outlawe this is the lawe,
 That men hym take and bynde;
 Without pytè, hanged to be,
 And waver with the wynde,
 If I had nede, (as God forbede!)
 What rescous coude ye fynde?
 Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
 For fere wolde drawe behynde:
 And no mervayle; for lytell avayle
 Were in your counceyle than:
 Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be
 But feble for to fyght;
 No womanhede it is indede
 To be bolde as a knyght:
 Yet, in such fere yf that ye were
 With enemyes day or night,
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
 To greve them as I mygth,
 And you to save; as women have
 From deth saved many one:
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
 That ye coude not sustayne
 The thornie wayes, the depe valèies,
 The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
 The colde, the hete: for dry, or wete,
 We must lodge on the playne;

And, us above, none other rofe
 But a brake bush, or twayne:
 Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve;
 And ye wolde gladly than
 That I had to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Syth I have here bene partynère
 With you of joy and blysse,
 I must also parte of your wo
 Endure, as reson is:
 Yet am I sure of one plesùre;
 And, shortely, it is this:
 That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè,
 I coude nat fare amysse.
 Without more speche, I you beseche
 That we were sone agone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.

If ye go thyder, ye must consyder,
 Whan ye have lust to dyne,
 There shall no mete be for you gete,
 Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.
 No shetés clene, to lye betwene,
 Made of threde and twyne;
 None other house, but leves and bowes,
 To cover your hed and myne,
 O myne harte swete, this evyll dyète
 Sholde make you pale and wan;
 Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Amonge the wilde dere, such an archère,
 As men say that ye be,
 Ne may not fayle of good vitayle,
 Where is so grete plentè:
 And water clere of the ryvére
 Shall be full swete to me;
 With which in hele I shall ryght wele
 Endure, as ye shall see;
 And, or we go, a bedde or two
 I can provyde anone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
 Yf ye wyll go with me:
 As cut your here up by your ere,
 Your kyrtel by the kne;
 With bowe in hande, for to withstande
 Your enemyes yf nede be:
 And this same nyght before day-lyght,
 To wode-warde wyll I fle.
 Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,
 Do it shortely as ye can:
 Els wyll I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

I shall as nowe do more for you
 Than longeth to womanhede;
 To shote my here, a bowe to bere,
 To shote in tyme of nede.
 O my swete mother, before all other
 For you I have most drede:
 But nowe, adue I must ensue,
 Where fortune doth me lede.
 All this make ye: Now let us fle;
 The day cometh fast upon;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go,
 And I shall tell ye why, —
 Your appetyght is to be lyght
 Of love, I wele espy:
 For, lyke as ye have sayed to me,
 In lyke wyse hardely
 Ye wolde answe're whosoever it were,
 In way of company.
 It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde;
 And so is a woman.
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
 Such wordes to say by me;
 For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,
 Or I you loved, pardè:
 And though that I of auncestry
 A barons daughter be,
 Yet have you proved howe I you loved
 A squyer of lowe degrè:
 And ever shall, whatso befall;
 To ye therfore anone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.

A barons chylde to be begylde!
 It were a cursed dede;
 To be felawe with an outlawe!
 Almighty God forbede!
 Yet beter were, the pore squyere
 Alone to forest yede,
 Than ye sholde say another day,
 That, by my cursed dede,
 Ye were betray'd: Wherefore, good mayd,
 The best rede that I can,
 Is, that I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Whatever befall, I never shall
 Of this thyng you upbrayd:
 But yf ye go, and leve me so,
 Than have ye me betrayd.
 Remember you wele, howe that ye dele,
 For, yf ye, as ye sayd,

Be so unkynde, to leve behynde,
 Your love, the Nut-browne Mayd,
 Trust me truly, that I shall dy
 Sone after ye be gone;
 For, in my mynde of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent;
 For in the forest nowe
 I have purvayed me of a mayd,
 Whom I love more than you;
 Another fayrèrè, than ever ye were,
 I dare it wele avowe;
 And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe
 With other, as I trowe:
 It were myne ese, to lyve in pese;
 So wyll I, yf I can;
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Though in the wode I undyrstode
 Ye had a paramour,
 All this may nought remove my thought,
 But that I wyll be your:
 And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde
 And courteys every hour;
 Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
 Commaunde me to my power:
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
 Of them I wolde be one;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Myne owne dere love, I se the prove
 That ye be kynde, and true;
 Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe,
 The best that ever I knewe.
 Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
 The case is chaunged newe;
 For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
 Ye sholde have cause to rewe.
 Be not dismayed; whatsoever I sayd
 To you, whan I began;
 I wyll not to the grene wode go,
 I am no banyshed man.

SHE.

These tydings be more gladd to me,
 Than to be made a quene,
 Yf I were sure they sholde endure:
 But it is often sene,
 Whan men wyll breke promyse, they
 speke
 The wordés on the splene.
 Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
 And stele from me, I wene:
 Than were the case worse than it was,
 And I more wo-begone:
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede;
 I wyll not dysparàge
 You, (God defend!) syth ye descend
 Of so grete a lynàge.
 Nowe undyrstande; to Westmarlande,
 Which is myne herytage,
 I wyll you brynge; and with a rynge
 By way of maryage
 I wyll you take, and lady make,
 As shortely as I can:
 Thus have you won an erlys son
 And not a banyshed man.

AUTHOR.

Here may ye se, that women be
 In love, meke, kynde, and stable:
 Lete never man reprove them than,
 Or call them variable;
 But, rather, pray God, that we may
 To them be comfortable;
 Which sometyme proveth such, as he
 loveth,
 If they be charytable.
 For syth men wolde that women sholde
 Be meke to them each one,
 Moche more ought they to God obey,
 And serve but hym alone.

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

On yonder hill a castle standes
 With walles and towres bedight,
 And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
 A younge and comely knighte.

The Child of Elle to his garden went,
 And stood at his garden pale,
 Whan, lo! he beheld fair Emmelines page
 Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,
 Y-wis he stooode not stille,
 And soone he mette faire Emmelines page
 Come climbing up the hille.

Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot-
 page,
 Now Christe thee save and see!
 Oh tell me how does thy ladye gaye,
 And what may thy tydings bee?

My lady she is all woe-begone,
 And the teares they falle from her eyne;
 And aye she laments the deadlye feude
 Betweene her house and thine.

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe
 Bedewde with many a teare,
 And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,
 Who loved thee so deare.

And here she sends thee a ring of golde
 The last boone thou mayst have,
 And biddes thee weare it for her sake,
 When she is layd in grave.

For, ah! her gentle heart is broke,
 And in grave soone must shee bee,
 Sith her father hath chose her a new
 new love,
 And forbidde her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish
 knight,
 Sir John of the north countraye,
 And within three dayes shee must him
 wedde,
 Or he vowes he will her slaye.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-
 page,
 And greet thy ladye from mee,
 And tell her that I her owne true love
 Will dye, or sette her free.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-
 page,
 And let thy fair ladye know
 This knight will I bee at her bowre
 windowe,
 Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
 He neither stint ne stayd
 Untill he came to fair Emmelines bowre,
 Whan kneeling downe he sayd,

O ladye, I've been with thy own true love
 And he greets thee well by mee;
 This night will he be at thy bowre-
 windowe,
 And dye or sette thee free.

Nowe daye was gone and night was come,
 And all were fast asleepe,
 All save the ladye Emmeline,
 Who sate in her bowre to weepe:

And soone she heard her true loves voice
 Lowe whispering at the walle,
 Awake, awake, my deare ladye,
 'Tis I thy true love call.

Awake, awake, my ladye deare,
 Come, mount this faire palfràe

This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
I'll carrye thee hence awaye.

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight,
Nowe nay, this may not bee;
For aye shold I tint my maiden fame,
If alone I should wend with thee.

O ladye, thou with a knichte so true
Mayst safely wend alone,
To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,
Where marriage shall make us one.

My father he is a baron bolde,
Of lynage proude and hye;
And what would he saye if his daughtèr
Awaye with a knight should fly?

Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,
Nor his meate should doe him no goode,
Until he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,
And seene thy deare hearts bloode.

O ladye wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worst that he could doe.

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And once without this walle,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worst that might befallè.

Faire Emmeline sighed, faire Emmeline
wept,
And aye her heart was woe:
At length he seized her lilly-white hand,
And downe the ladder he drewe:

And thrice he clasped her to his breste,
And kist her tenderlie:
The teares that fell from her fair eyes
Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himselfe on his steede so
talle,

And her on a fair palfraye,
And slung his bugle about his necke,
And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her owne damsèlle,
In her bed whereas shee ley,
Quoth shee, My lord shall knowe of this,
Soe I shall have golde and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bolde!
Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fledde with the Child
of Elle
To doe the deede of shame.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And called his merrye men all:
«And come thou forth, Sir John the
knighte,
Thy ladye is carried to thrall.»

Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the towne,
When she was aware of her fathers men
Come galloping over the downe:

And formost came the carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countraye:
«Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false
traitoure,
Nor carry that ladye awaye.

For she is come of hye linèage,
And was of a ladye borne,
And ill it beseems thee a false churl's
sonne
To carrye her hence to scorne.»

Nowe loud thou lyest, Sir John the knight,
Nowe thou doest lye of mee;
A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore,
Soe never did none by thee.

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,
Light downe, and hold my steed,
While I and this discourteous knichte
Doe trye this arduous deede.

But light nowe downe, my deare ladye,
Light downe, and hold my horse;
While I and this discourteous knight
Doe trye our valour's force.

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline
wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While twixt her love and the carlish
knight
Past many a baleful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought soe well,
As his weapon he waved amaine,
That soone he had slaine the carlish
knight,
And layd him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron and all his men
Full fast approached nye:
Ah! what may ladye Emmeline doe;
Twere nowe no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soone he saw his owne merry men
Come ryding over the hill.

«Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold baron,
I pray thee hold thy hand,
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts
Fast knit in true love's band.

Thy daughter I have dearly loved
Full long and many a day;
But with such love as holy kirke
Hath freelye said wee may.

And every brave gallant, that once did
her see
Was straight-way enamourd of pretty
Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver
and gold,
And in their songs daylye her love was
extold;
Her bewtye was blazed in every degree;
Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty
Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had
their joy,
Shee shewed herself curteous, and mo-
destlye coye;
And at her commandment still wold
they bee;
Soe fayre and soe comlye was pretty
Bessee.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe;
They craved her favor, but still she
sayd noe;
I wold not wish gentles to marry with
mee.
Yett ever they honored prettye Bessee.

The first of them was a gallant young
knight,
And he came unto her disguised in the
night,
The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for prettye Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth
was not small,
He was the third suiter, and proper
withall:
Her masters' own sonne the fourth man
must bee,
Who swore he would dye for pretty Bessee.

And, if thou wilt marry with mee, quoth
the knight,
I'll make thee a ladye with joy and delight;
My hart's so inthralld by thy bewtie,
Then grant me thy Favour my prettye
Bessee.

The gentleman sayd, Come, marry with
mee,
As fine as a ladye my Bessy shall bee:
My life is distressed: O heare me, quoth
hee;
And grant me thy love, my prettye Bessee.

Let me bee thy husband, the merchant
did say,
Thou shalt live in London both gallant
and gay;

My shippes shall bring home rych jewells
for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Bessee.

Then Bessy shee sighed, and thus shee
did say,
My father and mother I meane to obey;
First gett theyr good will, and be faith-
full to mee,
And you shall enjoye your prettye Bessee.

To every one this answer shee made,
Wherefore unto her they joyfullye sayd,
This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree;
But where dwells thy father, my prettye
Bessee?

My father, shee said, is plaine to be
seene:

The silly blind beggar of Bednall-
greene,
That daylye sits begging of charitie,
He is the good father of pretty Bessee.

His markes and his tokens are knowen
very well;
He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell:
A silly olde man, God knoweth, is hee,
Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessee.

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art
not for mee:
Nor, quoth the innholder, my wiffe thou
shalt bee:

I lothe, sayd the gentle, a beggars degree,
And therefore, adewe, my pretty Bessee!

Why then, quoth the knight, hap better
or worse,
I waighe not true love by the waight
of the pursse,
And bewtye is bewtye in every degree;
Then welcome unto me, my pretty Bessee.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will
goe.

Nay soft, quoth his kinsmen, it must
not be soe;
A poor beggars daughter noe ladye
shall bee,
Then take thy adew of pretty Bessee.

But soone after this, by breake of the day
The knight had from Rumford stole
Bessy away.

The younge men of Rumford, so sicke as
might bee.
Rode after to feitch againe pretty Bessee.

As swifte as the winde to ryde they
were seene,
Untill they came neare unto Bednall-
greene;

And as the knight lighted most courteouslie
They all fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescew came speedilye over the plaine.
Or else the young knight for his love had been slaine.
This fray being ended, then straitway he see
His kinsmen come rayling at pretty Bessee.

Then spake the blind beggar, Although I bee poore,
Yett rayle not against my child at my own doore:
Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle,
Yett will I dropp angells with you for my girle.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe,
And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see
The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

But first you shall promise, and have itt well knowne,
The gold that you drop shall all be your owne.
With that they replied, Contented bee wee.
Then here's, quoth the beggar for pretty Bessee.

With that an angell he cast on the ground,
And dropped in angels full three thousand pound;
And oftentimes itt was proved most plaine,
For the gentlemens one the beggardroppt twayne:

Soe that the place, wherein they did sitt,
With gold it was covered every whitt.
The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
Sayd, Now, beggar, hold, for wee have noe more.

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise arright.
Then marry, quoth he, my girle to this knight;
And heere, added hee, I will now throwe you downe
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene,
Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene:
And all those, that were her suitors before,
Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was fair Bessee matched to the knight,
And then made a ladye in others despite:
A fairer ladye there never was seene,
Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
What brave lords and knights thither were prest.
The second fitt shall set forth to your sight
With marveilous pleasure and wished delight.

FITT THE SECOND.

Off a blind beggars daughter most fair and bright,
That late was betrothed unto a younge knight;
All the discourse therof you did see;
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they cold have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
And all for the creditt of pretty Bessee.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete
Were bought for the banquet, as it was most meete;
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This marriage through England was spread by report,
So that a great number thereto did resort
Of nobles and gentles in every degree;
And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

To church then went this gallant younge knight;
His bride followed after, an angell most bright,
With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene
As went with sweete Bessy of Bednall-greene.

This marryage being solempnized then,
 With musicke performed by the skil-
 fullest men,
 The nobles and gentles sate downe at
 that tyde,
 Each one admiring the beautifull bryde.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was
 done,
 To talke, and to reason a number be-
 gunn:
 They talkt of the blind beggars daughter
 most bright,
 And what with his daughter he gave to
 the knight.

Then spake the nobles, «Much marveil
 have wee,
 This jolly blind beggar wee cannot here
 see.»
 My lords, quoth the bride, my father's
 so base,
 He is loth with his presence these states
 to disgrace.

«The prayse of a woman in questyon
 to bringe
 Before her own face, were a flattering
 thinge;
 But wee thinke thy father's baseness,
 quoth they,
 Might by thy bewtye be cleane put
 awaye.»

They had noe sooner these pleasant
 words spoke,
 But in comes the beggar cladd in a
 silke cloke;
 A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee,
 And now a musicyan forsooth he wold
 bee.

He had a daintye lute under his arme,
 He touched the strings, which made
 such a charme,
 Saies, Please you to heare any musicke
 of mee,
 I'll sing you a song of pretty Bessee.

With that his lute he twanged strait-
 way,
 And thereon begann most sweetlye to
 play;
 And after that lessons were playd two
 or three,
 He strayn'd out this song most delicatelie.

«A poore beggars daughter did dwell on
 a greene,
 Who for her faireness might well be a
 queene:

A blithe bonny lasse, and a daintye was
 shee,
 And many one called her pretty Bessee.

Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe
 land,
 But beggd for a penny all day with his
 hand;
 And yett to her marriage he gave thou-
 sands three,
 And still he hath somewhat for pretty
 Bessee.

And if any one here her birth doe
 disdaine,
 Her father is ready, with might and
 with maine,
 To proove shee is come of noble degree:
 Therfore never flout att prettye Bessee.»

With that the lords and the companye
 round
 With harty laughter were readye to
 swound;
 Att last said the lords, Full well wee
 may see,
 The bride and the beggar's behoulden
 to thee.

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
 The pearlie dropps standing within her
 faire eyes,
 O pardon my father, grave nobles, quoth
 shee,
 That throughe blind affection thus do-
 teth on mee.

If this be thy father, the nobles did say,
 Well may he be proud of this happy day;
 Yett by his countenance well may wee
 see,
 His birth and his fortune did never agree;

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee
 bewray,
 (And looke that the truth thou to us
 doe say)
 Thy birth and thy parentage, what itt
 may bee;
 For the love that thou bearest to pretty
 Bessee.

«Then give me leave, nobles and gentles,
 each one,
 One song more to sing, and then I have
 done;
 And if that itt may not winn good re-
 port,
 Then doe not give me a groat for my
 sport.

Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shall
bee:
Once chiefe of all the great barons was
hee,
Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
Now loste and forgotten are hee and his
race.

When the barons in armes did King
Henrye oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they
chose;
A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
And oft-times he made their enemyes flee.

At length in the battle on Eveshame
plaine
The barons were routed, and Montfort
was slaine;
Moste fatall that battel did prove unto
thee,
Though thou wast not borne then, my
prettye Bessee!

Along with the nobles, that fell at that
tyde,
His eldest son Henrye, who fought by
his side,
Was felld by a blowe, he received in
the fight!
A blowe that deprived him for ever of
sight.

Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse
he laye,
Till evening drewe on of the following
daye,
When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee;
And this was thy mother my prettye
Bessee!

A barons faire daughter stept forth in
the nighte
To search for her father, who fell in the
fight,
And seeing yong Montfort, where gasp-
ing he laye,
Was moved with pitye, and brought
him awaye.

In secrette she nurst him, and swaged
his paine,
While he through the realme was be-
leeved to be slaine:

At length his faire bride she consented
to bee,
And made him glad father of prettye
Bessee.

And nowe lest our foes our lives sholde
betraye,
We clothed ourselves in beggars arraye;
Her jewelles shee solde, and hither came
wee:
All our comfort and care was our prettye
Bessee.

And here have wee lived in fortunes
despite,
Though poore, yet contented with humble
delight:
Full forty winters thus have I beene
A silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene.

And here, noble lordes, is ended the
song
Of one, that once to your own ranke
did belong:
And thus have you learned a secrette
from mee,
That n'er had beene knowne, but for
prettye Bessee.»

Now when the faire companye everye
one,
Had heard the strange tale in the song
he had showne,
They all were amazed, as well they
might bee,
Both at the blinde beggar, and pretty
Bessee.

With that the faire bride they all did
embrace,
Saying, Sure thou art come of an ho-
nourable race,
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art well worthy a lady to bee.

Thus was the feast ended with joye and
delighte,
A bridegroome most happy then was
the younge knighte,
In joy and felicitie long lived hee,
All with his faire ladye, the pretty
Bessee.

ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.

From Oberon, in fairye land,
 The king of ghosts and shadowes there,
 Mad Robin I, at his command,
 Am sent to viewe the night-sports here.
 What revell rout
 Is kept about,
 In every corner where I go,
 I will o'ersee,
 And merry bee,
 And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightening can I flye
 About this aery welkin soone,
 And, in a minutes space, descrye
 Each thing that's done belowe the
 moone,
 There's not a hag
 Or ghost shall wag,
 Or cry, ware Goblins! where I go;
 But Robin I
 Their feates will spy,
 And send them home, with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
 As from their night-sports they trudge
 home;
 With counterfeiting voice I greete,
 And call them on, with me to roame
 Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
 Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
 Or else, unseene, with them I go,
 All in the nicke
 To play some tricke
 And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man;
 Sometimes, an ox, sometimes, a hound;
 And to a horse I turn me can;
 To trip and trot about them round.
 But if, to ride,
 My backe they stride,
 More swift than winde away I go,
 Ore hedge and lands,
 Thro' pools and ponds
 I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
 With possets and with juncates fine;
 Unseene of all the company,
 I eat their cakes and sip their wine;
 And, to make sport,
 I snore and snort;
 And out the candle I do blow:
 The maids I kiss;
 They shrieke — Who's this?
 I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
 At midnight I card up their wooll;
 And while they sleepe, and take their
 ease,
 With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
 I grind at mill
 Their malt up still;
 I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.
 If any 'wake,
 And would me take,
 I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When house or harth doth sluttish lye,
 I pinch the maidens black and blue;
 The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I
 And lay them naked all to view.
 'Twixt sleepe and wake,
 I do them take,
 And on the key-cold floor them throw.
 If out they cry,
 Then forth I fly,
 And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrowe ought,
 We lend them what they do require;
 And for the use demand we nought;
 Our owne is all we do desire.
 If to repay,
 They do delay,
 Abroad amongst them then I go,
 And night by night,
 I them affright
 With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazie queans have nought to to,
 But study how to cog and lye;
 To make debate and mischief too,
 'Twixt one another secretlye:
 I marke their gloze,
 And it disclose,
 To them whom they have wronged so,
 When I have done,
 I get me gone,
 And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engins set
 In loope holes, where the vermine
 creepe,
 Who from their foldes and houses, get
 Their duckes and geese, and lambes
 and sheepe:
 I spy the gin,
 And enter in,
 And seeme a vermine taken so;
 But when they there
 Approach me neare,
 I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadowes greene,
 We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
 And to our fairye king and queene
 We chant our moon-light minstrelsies.
 When larks gin sing,
 Away we fling,
 And babes new borne steal as we go,
 And elfe in bed
 We leave instead,
 And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
 Thus nightly revell'd to and fro:
 And for my pranks men call me by
 The name of Robin Good-fellòw.
 Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
 Who haunt the nightes,
 The hags and goblins do me know;
 And beldames old
 My feates have told;
 So *Vale, Vale*; ho, ho, ho!

SIR ALDINGAR.

Our king he kept a false stewàrde,
 Sir Aldingar they him call;
 A falsèr steward than he was one,
 Served not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye
 queene,
 Her deere worshippe to betraye:
 Our queene she was a good womàn,
 And evermore said him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,
 With her hee was never content,
 Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse,
 In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gate.
 A lazar both blinde and lame:
 He tooke the lazar upon his backe,
 Him on the queenes bed has layne.

«Lye still, lazàr, wheras thou lyst,
 Looke thou goe not hence away;
 I'll make thee a whole man and a sound
 In two howers of the day.»

Then went him forth sir Aldingar,
 And hyed him to our king:
 «If I might have grace, as I have space,
 Sad tydings I could bring.»

Say on, say on, sir Aldingar,
 Saye on the soothe to mee,
 «Our queene hath chosen a new new love,
 And shee will have none of thee.

If shee had chosen a right good knight,
 The lesse had beene her shame;
 But she hath chose her a lazar man,
 A lazar both blinde and lame.»

If this be true, thou Aldingar,
 The tyding thou tellest to me,
 Then will I make thee a rich rich knight,
 Rich both of golde and fee.

But if it be false, sir Aldingar,
 As God nowe grant it bee!
 Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood,
 Shall hang on the gallows tree.»

He brought our king to the queenes
 chambèr,
 And opend to him the dore.
 A lordlye love, king Harry says,
 For our queene dame Elinore!

If thou were a man, as thou art none,
 Here on my sword thou'st dye;
 But a payre of new gallows shall be built,
 And there shalt thou hang on hye.

Forth then hyed our king, I wysse,
 And an angry man was hee;
 And soone he found queene Elinore,
 That bride so bright of blee.

Now God you save, our queene, madame,
 And Christ you save and see!
 Heere you have chosen a newe newe love,
 And you will have none of mee.

If you had chosen a right good knight,
 The lesse had been your shame:
 But you have chose you a lazar man,
 A lazar both blinde and lame.

Therefore a fyer there shall be built,
 And brent all shalt thou bee. —
 «Now out alacke! said our comly queene,
 Sir Aldingar's false to mee.

Now out alacke! sayd our comlye queene,
 My heart with grieve will brast.
 I had thought sweven had never been true;
 I have proved them true at last.

I dreamt in my sweven on Thursday eve,
 In my bed wheras I laye,
 I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast
 Had carryed my crowne awaye;

My gorgett and my kirtle of golde,
And all my faire head-geere;
And he wold worrye me with his tush
And to his nest y-beare:

Saving there came a little gray hawke,
A merlin him they call,
Which untill the grounde did strike the
grype,
That dead he downe did fall.

Giff I were a man, as now I am none,
A battell wold I prove,
To fight with that traitor Aldingar;
Att him I cast my glove.

But seeing I'm able noe battell to make,
My liege, grant me a knight
To fight with that traitor sir Aldingar,
To maintaine me in my right.»

«Now forty dayes I will give thee
To seeke thee a knight therin:
If thou find not a knight in forty dayes
Thy bodye it must brenn.»

Then shee sent east, and shee sent west,
By north and south bedeene:
But never a champion colde shee find,
Wolde fight with that knight soe keene.

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,
Noe helpe there might be had;
Many a teare shed our comelye queene
And aye her hart was sad.

Then came one of the queenes damselles,
And knelt upon her knee,
«Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
I trust yet helpe may be:

And here I will make mine avowe,
And with the same me binde;
That never will I return to thee,
Till I some helpe may finde.»

Then forth she rode on a faire palfraye
Oer hill and dale about:
But never a champion colde shee finde,
Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

And now the daye drewe on a pace,
When our good queene must dye;
All woe-begone was that faire damselle,
When she found no helpe was nye.

All woe-begone was that faire damselle,
And the salt teares fell from her eye:
When lo! as she rode by a rivers side,
She met with a tynye boye.

A tynye boye she mette, God wot,
All clad in mantle of golde;
He seemed noe more in mans likenesse,
Then a childe of four yeere olde.

Why grieve you, damselle faire, he sayd,
And what doth cause you moane?
The damsell scant wolde deigne a looke,
But fast she pricked on.

Yet turn againe, thou faire damselle,
And greete thy queene from mee:
When bale is att hiest, boote is nyest,
Nowe helpe enoughe may bee.

Bid her remember what she dreamt
In her bedd, wheras shee laye;
How when the grype and the grimly
beast
Wolde have carried her crowne awaye,

Even then there came the little gray
hawke,
And saved her from his clawes:
Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,
For heaven will fende her cause.

Back then rode that faire damselle,
And her hart it lept for glee:
And when she told her gracious dame
A gladd woman then was shee.

But when the appointed day was come,
No helpe appeared nye:
Then woeful, woeful was her hart,
And the teares stood in her eye.

And now a fyer was built of wood;
And a stake was made of tree;
And now Queene Elinor forth was led,
A sorrowful sight to see.

Three times the herault he waved his
hand,
And three times spake on hye:
Giff any good knight will fende this dame,
Come forth, or shee must dye.

No knight stood forth, no knight there
came,
No helpe appeared nye:
And now the fyer was lighted up,
Queene Elinor she must dye.

And now the fyer was lighted up,
As hot as hot might bee;
When riding upon a little white steed,
The tynye boy they see.

«Away with that stake, away with those
brands,
And loose our comelye queene:

I am come to fight with Sir Aldingar,
And prove him a traitor keene.»

Forthen then stood Sir Aldingar,
But when he saw the chylde,
He laughed, and scoffed and turned his
backe,
And weened he had been beguyled.

«Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,
And eyther fighte or flee;
I trust that I shall avenge the wronge,
Though I am so small to see.»

The boye pulld forth a well good sworde
So gilt it dazzled the ee;
The first stroke stricken at Aldingar
Smote off his leggs by the knee.

«Stand up, stand up, thou false traitor,
And fight upon thy feete,
For and thou thrive, as thou begin'st,
Of height wee shall be meete.»

«A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingar,
While I am a man alive.
A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingar,
Me for to housle and shrive.

I wolde have laine by our comlie queene,
Bot shee wolde never consent;
Then I thought to betraye her unto our
kinge
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gates,
A lazar both blind and lame;
I tooke the lazar upon my backe,
And on her bedd had him layne.

Then ranne I to our comlye king,
These tidings sore to tell.
But ever alacke! sayes Aldingar,
Falsing never doth well,

Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,
The short time I must live,»
«Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,
As freely I forgive.»

Here take thy queene, our King Harryè,
And love her as thy life,
For never had a king in Christentye,
A truer and fairer wife.

King Henrye ran to claspe his queene,
And looséd her full sone;
Then turnd to look for the tynye boye;
— The boye was vanisht and gone.

But first hee had touchd the lazar man,
And stroakt him with his hand:
The lazar under the gallows tree
All whole and sounde did stand.

The lazar under the gallows tree
Was comelye, straight and tall;
King Henrye made him his head stewarde
To wayte withinn his hall.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

On Trinitye Mondaye in the morne,
This sore battayle was doom'd to bee;
Where manye a knyghte cry'd, Well-
awaye!
Alake, it was the more pittie.

Ere the first crowinge of the cocke,
When as the kinge in his bed laye,
He thoughte Sir Gawaine to him came,
And thereto him these wordes did saye.

Nowe, as you are mine unkle deare,
And as you prize your life, this daye
O meet not with your foe in fighte;
Putt off the battayle, if yee maye.

For Sir Launcelot is nowe in Fraunce
And with him many an hardye knyghte:
Who will within this moneth be backe,
And will assiste yee in the fighte.

The kinge then call'd his nobles all,
Before the breakinge of the daye;
And tolde them howe Sir Gawaine came,
And there to him these wordes did saye.

His nobles all this counsayle gave,
That earlye in the morning, hee
Shold send awaye an herauld at armes,
To aske a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knightes King Arthure
chose,
The best of all that with him were:
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement faire.

The king he charged all his hoste,
In readinesse there for to bee:
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,
Unlesse a sword drawne they shold see.

And Mordred on the other parte,
Twelve of his knights did likewise
bringe;

The beste of all his companye,
To hold the parley with the kinge.

Sir Mordred alsoe charged his hoste,
In readinesse there for to bee;
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,
But if a sworde drawne they shold see.

For he durste not his unkle truste,
Nor he his nephewe, sothe to tell:
Alake! it was a woefulle case,
As ere in Christentye befelle.

But when they were together mette,
And both to faire accordance broughte;
And a month's league betweene them
sette,
Before the battayle sholde be foughte;

An adder crept forth of a bushe,
Stunge one o'th'king's knightes on
the knee:
Alacke! it was a woefulle chance,
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knighte found him wounded
sore,
And sawe the wild-worme hanginge
there;
His sworde he from his scabberd drewe:
A piteous case, as ye shall heare.

For when the two hostes sawe the sworde,
They joyned battayle instantlye;
Till of so manye noble knightes,
On one side there were left but three.

For all were slain that durst abide,
And but some fewe that fled awaye:
Ay mee! it was a bloodye felde,
As ere was foughte on summer's daye.

Upon King Arthur's own partye,
Only himselfe escaped there,
And Lukyn Duke of Gloster free,
And the king's butler Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knightes,
All dead and scattered on the molde;
The teares fast trickled downe his face;
That manlye face in fight so bolde.

Nowe reste yee all, brave knights, he said,
Soe true and faithful to your trust:
And must yee then, ye valiant hearts,
Be lefte to moulder into dust!

Most loyal have yee been to mee,
Most true and faithful unto deathe:

And, oh! to rayse yee up againe,
How freelye could I yield my breathe!

But see the traitor's yet alive,
Lo where hee stalkes among the deade!
Nowe bitterlye he shall aby: e
And vengeance fall upon his head.

O staye, my liege, then sayd the duke;
O staye for love and charitie;
Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meete your foe, if it may bee.

O, staye mee not, thou worthy wight,
This debt my loyal knights I owe:
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe.

Then strait he grasp'd his trustye
speare,
And on his horse then mounted hee:
As his butler holpe him to his horse,
His bowels gushed to his knee.

Alas! then sayd the noble king,
That I should live this sight to see!
To see this good knight here be slaine,
All for his love in helping mee!

He put his speare into his reste,
And to Sir Mordred loud gan crye;
Nowe sette thyself upon thy garde,
For, traitor, nowe thy death is nye.

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde,
And fierce to meet the king ran hee:
The king his speare he through him
thrust;
And fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded
soe;
He thruste himselfe upon the speare,
And stricke the king a deadlye blowe.

Then grimmye dyed Sir Mordred,
Presentlye upon that tree:
And bloody streames ranne from the
kinge
Ere to the duke returned hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,
Sir knyghte, thou hast beene faithfu'le
tryde,
Nowe take my sword Excalibar,
That hangs so freelye by my syde:

O take my sword Excalibar,
And there into the river throwe:
For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,
All use of weapons I foregoe.

And fare thee well, thou trustye sword,
A better neer had valiant knighte,
With thee full ofte, and many a daye,
Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

With this good fauchion in my hande,
Oft have I reaped the bloody feelde:
But nowe the fatalle houre is come,
That never more I may thee weelde.

The duke to the river side he went,
And there his owne sword in threw he:
But he kept back Excalibar,
He kept it back in privitie.

For all of coleyne was the blade;
And all the hilte of precious stone:
And ever alacke! then sayd the knighte,
Must such a sword awaye be throwne?

Then backe he came unto the kinge,
Who sayd, Sir Lukyn, what did yee
see?

Nothing, my liege, save that the winde
Blewe oer the waters faire and free.

O goe againe, then said the kinge,
O good Sir Lukin, goe againe:
Into the river throwe my sword,
Nor keepe me lingering here in paine.

The duke then to the river went,
And the kings scabbard in threw hee;
But hee kept backe Excalibar,
And hid it undernethe a tree.

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,
Who sayde, Sir Lukin, sawe ye oughte?

Nothinge, my liege, save that the winde
Nowe with the angrie waters fought.

O Lukyn, Lukyn, said the kinge,
Twice hast thou dealt deceytfullye:
Alacke, whom may wee ever truste,
When suche a knighte soe false can
bee?

Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead;
All for a sword, that wins thine eye:
Nowe goe againe, and throwe it in,
Or here the one of us sha'l dye.

The duke, all shent with this rebuke,
No aunswere made unto the kinge:
But to the river tooke the sworde,
And throwe it far as he coulde flinge.

A hande and arme did meete the sworde,
And flourishd three times in the air;
Then sunke benethe the renninge streame,
And of the duke was seen noe mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke;
He stood as still, as still mote bee:
Then hastend backe to tell the kinge;
But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he cold not tell,
For never after hee did him spye:
But hee sawe a barge goe from the land,
And hee heard ladyes howle and crye.

And whether the kinge were there, or not,
Hee never knewe, nor ever colde:
For from that sad and direfulle daye,
Hee never more was seene on molde.

THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR.

Of Brutus' blood, in Britaine borne,
King Arthur I am to name;
Through Christendome, and Heathynesse
Well knowne is my worthy fame.

In Jesus Christ I doe beleeve;
I am a Christyan bore:
The Father, Sone, and Holy Ghost
One God, I doe adore.

In the four hundred ninetieth yeere,
Over Brittain I did rayne,
After my savior Christ his byrth:
What time I did maintaine.

The fellowship of the table round,
Soe famous in those dayes;
Whereatt a hundred noble knights,
And thirty sat alwayes:

Who for their deeds and martiall feates,
As bookes done yett record,
Amongst all other nations
Were feared throwgh the world.

And in the castle off Tyntagill
King Uther mee begate
Of Agyana a bewtyous ladye,
And come of hie estate.

And when I was fifteen yeere old,
Then was I crowned kinge:
All Brittain that was att an upròre
I did to quiett bringe.

And drove the Saxons from the realme,
Who had opprest this land;
All Scotland then throughe manly feats
I conquered with my hand.

Ireland, Denmarke, Norway,
These countryes wan I all;
Iseland, Gotheland, and Swethland;
And made their kings my thrall.

I conquered all Gallya,
That now is called France;
And slew the hardye Froll in feild
My honor to advance.

And the ugly gyant Dynabus
Soe terrible to vewe,
That in Saint Barnards mount did lye,
By force of armes I slew:

And Lucyus the emperour of Rome
I brought to deadly wracke;
And a thousand more of noble knightes
For feare did turne their backe:

Five kinges of paynims I did kill
Amidst that bloody strife;
Besides the Grecian emperour
Who alsoe lost his life.

Whose carcasse I did send to Rome
Cladd poorlye on a beere;
And afterward I past Mount-Joye
The next approaching yeere.

Then I came to Rome, where I was mett
Right as a conquerour,
And by all the cardinalls solempnelye
I was crowned an emperour.

One winter there I made abode:
Then word to mee was brought

Howe Mordred had oppressd the crowne:
What treason he had wrought

Att home in Brittain with my queene;
Therefore I came with speede
To Brittain backe, with all my power,
To quitt that traiterous deede:

And soone at Sandwiche I arrived,
Where Mordred me withstoode:
But yett at last I landed there,
With effusion of much blood.

For there my nephew Sir Gawaine dyed,
Being wounded in that sore,
The whiche Sir Lancelot in fight
Had given him before.

Thence chased I Mordered away,
Who fledd to London right,
From London to Winchester, and
To Cornewalle tooke his flyght.

And still I him pursued with speed
Till at the last wee mett:
Wherby an appointed day of fight
Was there agreed and sett.

Where we did fight, of mortal life
Eche other to deprive,
Till of a hundred thousand men
Scarce one was left alive.

There all the noble chivalrye
Of Brittain tooke their end.
O see how fickle is their state
That doe on feates depend!

There all the traiterous men were slaine,
Not one escaped away;
And there dyed all my vallyant knightes
Alas! that woefull day!

Two and twenty yeere I ware the crowne
In honor and great fame;
And thus by death was suddenlye
Deprived of the same.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

FITT THE FIRST.

Lithe and listen, gentlemen,
 To sing a song I will beginne:
 It is of a lord of faire Scot'land,
 Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
 His mother a lady of high degree;
 But they, alas! were dead, him froe,
 And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
 To drinke and revell every night,
 To card and dice from eve to morne,
 It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
 To alwaye spend and never spare,
 I wott, an' it were the king himselve,
 Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty Lord of Linne
 Till all his gold is gone and spent;
 And he maun sell his landes so broad,
 His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewarde,
 And John o' the Scales was called hee:
 But John is become a gentel-man,
 And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne,
 Let nought disturb thy merry cheere;
 If thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
 Good store of gold I'll give thee heere.

My gold is gone, my money is spent,
 My lande nowe take it unto thee:
 Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
 And thine for aye my lande shall bee.

Then John he did him to record draw,
 And John he cast him a gods-pennie;
 But for every pounce that John agreed,
 The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the borde,
 He was right glad his land to winne;
 The gold is thine, the land is mine,
 And now I'll be the Lord of Linne.

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,
 Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
 All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
 That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight.

My sonne, when I am gone, sayd hee,
 Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
 And thou wilt spend thy gold so free:

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
 That lonesome lodge thou'lt never
 spend;
 For when all the world doth frown on
 thee,
 Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The heire of Linne is full of golde:
 And come with me, my friends, sayd hee,
 Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
 And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
 Till all his gold it waxed thinne;
 And then his friendes they slunk away;
 They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
 Never a penny left but three,
 And one was brass, another was lead,
 And another it was white monney.

Nowe well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne,
 Nowe well-adaye, and woe is mee,
 For when I was the Lord of Linne,
 I never wanted gold nor fee.

But many a trustye friend have I,
 And why shold I feel dole or care?
 I'll borrow of them all by turnes,
 Soe need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home;
 Another had payd his gold away;
 Another call'd him thriftless loone,
 And bade him sharpely wend his way.

Now well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne,
 Now well-aday, and woe is me;
 For when I had my landes so broad,
 On me they liv'd right merrilee.

To beg my bread from door to door
 I wis, it were a brenning shame:
 To rob and steal it were a sinne:
 To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Now I'll away to lonesome lodge,
 For there my father bade me wend:
 When all the world should frown on mee
 I there shold find a trusty friend.

FITT THE SECOND.

Away then hyed the heire of Linne
Oer hill and ho't, and moor and fenne,
Untill he came to lonesome lodge,
That stood so lowe in a lonely g'enne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
In hope some comfort for to winne:
But bare and lothly were the walles.
Here's sorry cheare, quo' the heire of
Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe;
No shimmering sunn here ever shone;
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,
No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with renning noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad lettèrs.
These words were written so plain
to see:
«Ah! gracelesse wretch, hast spent
thine all
And brought thyselfe to penurie?

All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend:
Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end.»

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heire of Linne;
His heart, I wis, was near to brast
With guilt and sorrowe, shame and
sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three:
«This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto mee.»

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
And sprang aloft with his bodie:
When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine,
And to the ground came tumbling
hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
Ne knewe if he were live or dead:
At length he looked, and sawe a bille,
And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there:
Itt told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests
in-fere.

Two were full of the beaten golde,
The third was full of white monèy;
And over them in broad lettèrs
These words were written so plaine
to see:

«Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last.»

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne
And let it bee, but if I amend.
For here I will make mine avow,
This reade shall guide me to the end.

Away then went with a merry cheare,
Away then went the heire of Linne;
I wis, he neither ceas'd ne blanne,
Till John o' the Scales house he did
winne.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Upp at the speere then looked hee;
There sate three lords upon a rowe,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sate at the bord-head,
Because now lord of Linne was hee.
I pray thee, he said, good John o' the
Scales,
One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone;
Away, away, this may not bee:
For Christs curse on my head, he sayd,
If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
To John o' the Scales wife then
spake he:
Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
I pray for sweet saint Charitie.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
I swear thou gettest no almes of mee;
For if we shold hang any losel heere,
The first we wold begin with thee.

Then bespake a good fellowe,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his
bord;
Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne;
Some time thou wast a well good lord:

Some time a good fellow thou hast been
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence
And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie:
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he answer'd him againe:
Now Christs curse on my head, he sayd,
But I did lose by that bargaine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before these lords so faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe again better
cheape,
By a hundred markes, than I had it
of thee.

I drawe you to record, lords, he said.
With that he cast him a gods pennie:
Now by my fay, sayd the heire of Linne,
And here, good John, is thy monèy.

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold,
And layd them down upon the bord:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
Soe shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle dinne.
The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'm againe the Lord of
Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellowe,
Forty pence thou didst lend mee:
Now I am againe the Lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

I'll make thee keeper of my forrest,
Both of the wild deere and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame.

Now welladay! sayth Joan o' the Scales
Now welladay! and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
Now I'm but John o' the Scales
his wife.

Now fare thee well. sayd the heire of
Linne;
Farewell now, John o' the Scales,
said hee:
Christs curse light on me, if ever again
I bring my lands in jeopardy.

THE BIRTH OF ST. GEORGE.

Listen, lords, in bower and hall,
I sing the wonderous birth
Of brave St. George, whose valorous arm
Rid monsters from the earth:

Distressed ladies to relieve
He travell'd many a day;
In honour of the Christian faith,
Which shall endure for aye.

In Coventry sometime did dwell
A knight of worthy fame,
High steward of this noble realme:
Lord Albert was his name.

He had to wife a princely dame,
Whose beauty did excell.
This virtuous lady, being with child,
In sudden sadness fell:

For thirty nights no sooner sleep
Had clos'd her wakeful eyes,
But, lo! a foul and fearful dream
Her fancy would surprize:

She dreamt a dragon fierce and fell
Conceiv'd within her womb;

Whose mortal fangs her body rent
Ere he to life could come.

All woe-begone, and sad was she;
She nourisht constant woe:
Yet strove to hide it from her lord,
Lest he should sorrow know.

In vain she strove; her tender lord,
Who watch'd her slightest look,
Discover'd soon her secret pain,
And soon that pain partook.

And when to him the fearful cause
She weeping did impart,
With kindest speech he strove to heal
The anguish of her heart.

Be comforted, my lady dear,
Those pearly drops refrain;
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll try to ease thy pain.

And for this foul and fearful dream,
That causeth all thy woe,
Trust me I'll travel far away
But I'll the meaning knowe.

He beat his breast, he tore his hair;
And shedding many a tear,
At length he askt to see his son;
The son that cost so dear.

New sorrowe seiz'd the damsells all:
At length they faltering say:
«Alas! my lord, how shall we tell?
Thy son is ston away.

Fair as the sweetest flower of spring,
Such was his infant mien:
And on his little body stamp't
Three wonderous marks were seen:

A blood-red cross was on his arm;
A dragon on his breast:
A little garter a'l of gold
Was round his leg exprest.

Three carefull nurses we provide
Our little lord to keep:
One gave him sucke, one gave him food,
And one did lull to sleep.

But lo! all in the dead of night,
We heard a fearful sound:
Loud thunder clapt; the castle shook;
And lightning flasht around.

Death with affright at first we lay;
But rousing up anon.
We ran to see our little lord:
Our little lord was gone!

But how or where we cou'd not tell;
For lying on the ground,

In deep and magic slumbers laid,
The nurses there we found.»

O grief on grief! Lord Albret said:
No more his tongue cou'd say,
When falling in a deadly swoone,
Long time he lifeless lay.

At length restor'd to life and sense
He nourisht endless woe,
No future joy his heart could taste,
No future comfort know.

So withers on the mountain top
A fair and stately oake,
Whose vigorous arms are torne away
By some rude thunder-stroke.

At length his castle irksome grew,
He loathes his wonted home;
His native country he forsakes,
In foreign lands to roame.

There up and downe he wandered far,
Clad in a palmer's gown:
Till his brown locks grew white as wool,
His beard as thistle down.

At length, all wearied, down in death
He laid his reverend head.
Meantime amid the lonely wilds
His little son was bred.

There the weïrd lady of the woods
Had borne him far away,
And train'd him up in feates of armes,
And every martial play.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

Of Hector's deeds did Homer sing;
And of the sack of state'y Troy,
What griefs fair Helena did bring,
Which was Sir Paris' only joy:
And by my pen I will recite
St. George's deeds, an English knight.

Against the Sarazens so rude
Fought he full long and many a day;
Where many gyaunts he subdu'd,
In honour of the Christian way:
And after many adventures past
To Egypt land he came at last.

Now, as the story plain doth tell,
Within that country there did rest

A dreadful dragon fierce and fell,
Whereby they were full sore opprest:
Who by his poisonous breath each day,
Did many of the city slay.

The grief whereof did grow so great
Throughout the limits of the land,
That they were wise men did intreat
To shew their cunning out of hand;
What way they might this fiend destroy,
That did the country thus annoy.

The wise men all before the king
This answer fram'd incontinent;
The dragon none to death might bring
By any means they could invent:

His skin more hard than brass was found,
That sword nor spear could pierce nor
wound.

When this the people understood,
They cryed out most piteouslye,
The dragon's breath infects their blood,
That everye day in heaps they dye:
Among them such a plague it bred,
The living scarce could bury the dead.

No means there were, as they could hear,
For to appease the dragon's rage,
But to present some virgin clear,
Whose blood his fury might assuage;
Each daye he would a maiden eat,
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the wise-men found,
Which truly must observed be;
Wherefore throughout the city round
A virgin pure of good degree
Was by the king's commission still
Taken up to serve the dragon's will.

Thus did the dragon every day
Untimely crop some virgin flower,
Till all the maids were worn away,
And none were left him to devour:
Saving the king's fair daughter bright,
Her father's only heart's delight.

Then came the officers to the king
That heavy message to declare,
Which did his heart with sorrow sting;
She is, quoth he, my kingdom's heir:
O let us all be poisoned here,
Ere she should die, that is my dear.

Then rose the people presently,
And to the king in rage they went;
They said his daughter dear should dye,
The dragon's fury to prevent:
Our daughters all are dead, quoth they,
And have been made the dragon's prey:

And by their blood we rescued were,
And thou hast sav'd thy life thereby;
And now in sooth it is but fair,
For us thy daughter so sould die.
O save my daughter said the king;
And let ME feel the dragon's sting.

Then fell fair Sabra on her knee,
And to her father dear did say,
O father, strive not thus for me,
But let me be the dragon's prey;
It may be for my sake alone
This plague upon the land was thrown.

'Tis better I should dye, she said,
Than all your subjects perish quite;

Perhaps the dragon here was laid,
For my offence to work his spite:
And after he had suckt my gore,
Your land shall feel the grief no more.

What hast thou done, my daughter dear,
For to deserve this heavy scourge?
It is my fault, as may appear,
Which makes the gods our state to
purge;
Then ought I die, to stint the strife,
And to preserve thy happy life.

Like mad-men, all the people cried,
Thy death to us can do no good;
Our safety only doth abide
In making her the dragon's food.
Lo! here I am, I come, quoth she,
Therefore do what you will with me.

Nay stay, dear daughter, quoth the queen,
And as thou art a virgin bright,
That hast for vertue famous been,
So let me cloath thee all in white;
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,
And ornament for virgins meet.

And when she was attired so,
According to her mother's mind,
Unto the stake then did she go;
To which her tender limbs they bind:
And being bound to stake a thrall,
She bade farewell unto them all.

Farewell, my father dear, quoth she,
And my sweet mother meek and mild;
Take you no thought nor weep for me,
For you may have another child:
Since for my country's good I dye,
Death I receive most willinglye.

The king and queen and all their train
With weeping eyes went then their
way
And let their daughter there remain,
To be the hungry dragon's prey:
But as she did there weeping lye,
Behold St. George came riding by.

And seeing there a lady bright
So rudely tyed unto a stake,
As well became a valiant knight,
He straight to her his way did take:
Tell me, sweet maiden, then quoth he,
What caitif thus abuseth thee?

And, lo! by Christ his cross I vow,
Which here is figured on my breast,
I will revenge it on his brow,
And break my lance upon his chest:
And speaking thus whereas he stood,
The dragon issued from the wood.

The lady that did first espy
 The dreadful dragon coming so,
 Unto St. George aloud did cry,
 And willed him away to go,
 Here comes that cursed fiend, quoth she,
 That soon will make an end of me.

St. George then looking round about,
 The fiery dragon soon espy'd,
 And like a knight of courage stout,
 Against him did most fiercely ride;
 And with such blows he did him greet,
 He fell beneath his horse's feet.

For with his lance that was so strong,
 As he came gaping in his face,
 In at his mouth he thrust along;
 For he could pierce no other place:
 And thus within the lady's view
 This mighty dragon straight he slew.

The savour of his poisoned breath
 Cou'd do this holy knight no harm.
 Thus he the lady sav'd from death,
 And home he led her by the arm;
 Which when King Ptolemy did see,
 There was great mirth and melody.

When as that valiant champion there
 Had slain the dragon in the field,
 To court he brought the lady fair,
 Which to their hearts much joy did
 yield.
 He in the court of Egypt staid
 Till he most falsely was betray'd.

That lady dearly lov'd the knight,
 He counted her his only joy;
 But when their love was brought to
 light,
 It turn'd unto their great annoy:
 Th' Morocco king was in the court,
 Who to the orchard did resort,

Dayly to take the pleasant air,
 For pleasure sake he us'd to walk,
 Under a wall he oft did hear
 St. George with Lady Sabra talk:
 Their love he shew'd unto the king,
 Which to St. George great woe did
 bring.

Those kings together did devise
 To make the Christian knight away,
 With letters him in courteous wise
 They straightway sent to Persia:
 But wrote to the sophy him to kill,
 And treacherously his blood to spill.

Thus they for good did him reward
 With evil, and most subtilly

By such vile means they had regard
 To work his death most cruelly;
 Who, as through Persia land he rode,
 With zeal destroy'd each idol god.

For which offence he straight was
 thrown
 Into a dungeon dark and deep;
 Where, when he thought his wrongs
 upon,
 He bitterly did wail and weep:
 Yet like a knight of courage stout,
 At length his way he digged out.

Three grooms of the King of Persia
 By night this valiant champion slew,
 Though he had fasted many a day:
 And then away from thence he flew
 On the best steed the sophy had;
 Which when he knew he was full mad.

Towards Christendom he made his flight,
 But met a gyant by the way,
 With whom in combat he did fight
 Most valiantly a summer's day:
 Who yet, for all his bats of steel,
 Was forc'd the sting of death to feel.

Back o'er the seas with many bands
 Of warlike soldiers soon he past,
 Vowing upon those heathen lands
 To work revenge; which at the last,
 Ere thrice three years were gone and
 spent,
 He wrought unto his heart's content.

Save only Egypt land he spar'd
 For Sabra bright her only sake,
 And, ere for her he had regard,
 He meant a tryal kind to make:
 Meanwhile the king, o'ercome in field,
 Unto saint George did quickly yield.

Then straight Morocco's king he slew,
 And took fair Sabra to his wife,
 But meant to try if she were true
 Ere with her he would lead his life;
 And, tho' he had her in his train,
 She did a virgin pure remain.

Toward England then that lovely dame
 The brave St. George conducted strait,
 An eunuch also with them came,
 Who did upon the lady wait;
 These three from Egypt went alone.
 Now mark St. George's valour shown.

When as they in a forest were,
 The lady did desire to rest:
 Meanwhile St. George to kill a deer,
 For their repast did think it best:

Is this your bride, fair Ellinor sayd?
 Methinks she looks wonderous browne;
 Thou mightest have had as faire a
 womàn,
 As ever trod on the grounde.

Despise her not, fair Ellin, he sayd,
 Despise her not unto mee;
 For better I love thy little finger,
 Than all her whole bodée.

This browne bride had a little penknife,
 That was both long and sharpe,
 And betwixt the short ribs and the long,
 She prick'd faire Ellinor's harte.

O Christ thee save, Lord Thomas hee
 sayd,
 Methinks thou lookst wondrous wan;
 Thou usedst to look with as fresh a
 colour,
 As ever the sun shone on.

Oh, art thou blind, Lord Thomas? she
 sayd,
 Or canst thou not very well see?
 Oh! dost thou not see my owne hearts
 bloode
 Run trickling down my knee.

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his
 side;
 As he walked about the halle,
 He cut off his brides head from her
 shoulders,
 And threw it against the walle.

He set the hilde against the grounde,
 And the point against his harte.
 There never three lovers together did
 meete,
 That sooner againe did parte.

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

As it fell out on a long summer's day
 Two lovers they sat on a hill;
 They sat together that long summer's day,
 And could not talk their fill.

I see no harm by you, Margarèt,
 And you see none by mee;
 Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock
 A rich wedding you shall see.

Fair Margarèt sat in her bower-windòw,
 Combing her yellow hair;
 There she spyed sweet William and his
 bride,
 As they were a riding near.

Then down she layd her ivory combe,
 And braided her hair in twain:
 She went alive out of her bower,
 But ne'er came alive in't again.

When day was gone, and night was
 come,
 And all men fast asleep,
 Then came the spirit of fair Marg'ret,
 And stood at Williams feet.

Are you awake, sweet William? shee
 said;
 Or, sweet William, are you asleep?
 God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,
 And me of my winding sheet.

When day was come, and night was gone,
 And all men wak'd from sleep,
 Sweet William to his lady sayd,
 My dear, I have cause to weep.

I dreamt a dream, my dear ladyè,
 Such dreames are never good:
 I dreamt my bower was full of red
 wine,
 And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured
 sir,
 They never do prove good:
 To dream thy bower was full of red
 wine,
 And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called up his merry men all,
 By one, by two, and by three;
 Saying, I'll away to fair Marg'ret's bower,
 By the leave of my ladiè.

And when he came to fair Marg'ret's
 bower,
 He knocked at the ring;
 And who so ready as her seven breth'rèn
 To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet,
 Pray let me see the dead:
 Methinks she looks all pale and wan,
 She hath lost her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, Margaret,
 Than any of thy kin;
 For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
 Though a smile I cannot win.

With that bespake the seven brethrèn,
 Making most piteous mone:
 You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,
 And let our sister alone.

If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
 I do but what is right;
 I ne'er made a vow to yonder poor
 corpse
 By day, nor yet by night.

Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
 Deal on your cake and your wine:
 For whatever is dealt at her funeral
 to-day,
 Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine.

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day,
 Sweet William dyed the morrow:
 Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,
 Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

Margaret was buried in the lower
 chancel,
 And William in the higher:
 Out of her brest there sprang a rose,
 And out of his a briar.

They grew till they grew unto the
 church top,
 And then they could grow no higher
 And there they tyed in a true lovers knot
 Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
 As you the truth shall hear,
 And by misfortune cut them down,
 Or they had now been there.

THE DEMON LOVER.

«O where have you been my long, long
 love,
 This long seven years and mair?»
 «O I'm come to seek my former vows,
 Ye granted me before.»

«O hold your tongue of your former
 vows,
 For they will breed sad strife;
 O hold your tongue of your former
 vows,
 For I am become a wife.»

He turned him right and round about,
 And the tear blinded his e'e;
 «I wad never hae trodden on Irish
 ground,
 If it had not been for thee.

I might have had a king's daughter,
 Far far beyond the sea;
 I might have had a king's daughter,
 Had it not been for love o' thee.»

«If ye might have had a king's daughter,
 Yerself ye had to blame;
 Ye might have taken the king's daughter,
 For ye kend that I was nane.»

«O faulse are the vows o' womankind,
 But fair is their faulse bodie;
 I never would hae trodden on Irish
 ground,
 Had it not been for love o' thee.»

«If I was to leave my husband dear,
 And my two babes also,
 O what have you to take me to
 If with you I should go?»

«I have seven ships upon the sea,
 The eighth brought me to land;
 With four - and - twenty bold mari-
 ners,
 And music on every band.»

She has taken up her two tittle babes,
 Kissed them baith cheek and chin:
 «O far ye weel, my ain two babes,
 For I'll never see you again.»

She set her foot upon the ship,
 No mariners could she behold;
 But the sails were o' the taffetie,
 And the masts o' the beaten gold.

She had not sailed a league, a league,
 A league but barely three,
 When dismal grew his countenance
 And drumlie grew his e'e.

The masts that were like the beaten gold,
 Bent not on the heaving seas;
 And the sails, that were o' the taffetie,
 Filled not in the eastland breeze.

They had not sailed a league, a league,
 A league but barely three,

THE TWA BROTHERS.

There were twa brothers at the scule,
And when they got awa' —
It's «Will ye play at the stane-chucking,
Or will ye play at the ba',
Or will ye gae up to yon hill head?
And there we'll warsell a fa'».

«I winna play at the stane-chucking,
Nor will I play at the ba',
But I'll gae up to yon bonnie green hill,
And there we'll warsell a fa'».

They warsled up, they warsled down,
Till John fell to the ground;
A dirk fell out of William's pouch,
And gave John a deadly wound.

«O lift me up upon your back,
Tak me to yon well fair;
And wash my bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,
And they 'll ne'er bleed nae mair.»

He's lifted his brother upon his back,
Ta'en him to yon well fair,
He's washed his bluidy wounds o'er and
o'er,
But they bleed ay mair and mair.

«Tak ye off my Holland sark,
And rive it gair by gair,
And row it in my bluidy wounds,
And they 'll ne'er bleed nae mair.»

He's taken off his Holland sark,
And torn it gair by gair;
He's row it in his bluidy wounds,
But they bleed ay mair and mair.

«Tak now off my green sleiding,
And row me softly in;
And tak me up to yon kirk style,
Where the grass grows fair and green.»

He's taken off the green sleiding,
And rowed him softly in;
He's laid him down by yon kirk style,
Where the grass grows fair and green.

«What will ye say to your father dear,
When ye gae hame at e'en?»
«I'll say ye're lying at yon kirk style,
Where the grass grows fair and green.»

«O no, o no, my brother dear,
O you must not say so;
But say, that I'm gone to a foreign land,
Where nae man does me know.»

When he sat in his fathers chair
He grew baith pale and wan,
«O what blude's that upon your brow?
O dear son, tell to me.»

«It is the blude o' my gude gray steed —
He wadna ride wi' me.»
«O thy steeds blude was ne'er sae red,
Nov e'er sae dear to me.

O what blude's that upon your cheek?
O dear son, tell to me.»
«It is the blude of my greyhound,
He wadna hunt for me.»

«O thy hounds blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me;
O what blude's this upon your hand?
O dear son, tell to me.»

«It is the blude of my gay goss hawk
He wadna flee for me.»
«O thy hawks blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me;

O what blude's this upon your dirk?
Dear Willie, tell to me.»
«It is the blude of my ae brother,
O, dule and wae is me!»

«O what will ye say to your father?
Dear Willie, tell to me.»
«I'll saddle my steed, and awa I'll ride,
To dwell in some far countrie.»

«O when will ye came hame again?
Dear Willie tell to me.»
«When sun and mune leap on yon hill,
And that will never be.»

She turn'd hersell right round about,
And her heart burst into three:
«My ae best son is dead and gune,
And my brother ane I'll never see»

KING EDWARD AND THE TANNER.

In summer time, when leaves grow
 greene,
 And blossoms bedecke the tree,
 King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
 Some pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him
 bowne,
 With horne, and eke with bowe;
 To Drayton Basset he tooke his waye,
 With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
 By eight of clocke in the day,
 When he was ware of a bold tanner,
 Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on
 Fast buttoned under his chin,
 And under him a good cow-hide,
 And a mare of four shilling.

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
 Under the greene wood spraye,
 And I will wend to yonder fellowe,
 To weet what he will saye.

God speede, God speede thee, said our
 king.
 Thou art welcome, sir, sayd hee.
 «The readiest waye to Drayton Basset
 I praye thee to shewe to mee.»

«To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe,
 Fro the place where thou dost stand?
 The next payre of gallows thou comest
 unto,
 Turne in upon thy right hand.»

That is an unreadye waye, sayd our king,
 Thou doest but jest I see;
 Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,
 And I pray thee wend with mee.

Awaye with a vengeaunce! quoth the
 tanner:
 I hold thee out of thy witt:
 All daye have I rydden on Brocke my
 mare,
 And I am fasting yett.

«Go with me downe to Drayton Basset,
 No daynties we will spare;
 All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of
 the best,
 And I will paye thy fare.»

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner re-
 plyde,
 Thou payest no fare of mine:
 I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,
 Than thou hast pence in thine.

God give thee joy of them, sayd the king,
 And send them well to priefe.
 The tanner wolde faine have beene away,
 For he weened he had beene a thiefe.

What art thou, hee sayde, thou fine
 fellowe,
 Of thee I am in great feare,
 For the cloathes thou wearest upon thy
 backe,
 Might beseeme a lord to weare.

I never stole them, quoth our king,
 I tell you, sir, by the roode.
 «Then thou playest, as many an unthrift
 doth,
 And standest in midds of thy goode.»

What tydinges heare you, sayd the kynge,
 As you ryde farre and neare?
 «I heare no tydinges, sir, by the masse,
 But that cove-hides are deare.»

«Cove-hides! cove-hides! what things
 are those?
 I marvell what they bee?»
 What art thou a foole? the tanner reply'd;
 I carry one under mee.

What craftsman art thou, said the king,
 I praye thee tell me trowe.
 «I am a barker, sir, by my trade;
 Nowe tell me what art thou?»

I am a poore courtier, sir, quoth he,
 That am forth of service worne;
 And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,
 Thy cunnynge for to learne.

Marrye heaven forfend, the tanner re-
 plyde,
 That thou my prentise were:
 Thou woldst spend more good than I
 shold winne
 By fortye shilling a yere.

Yet one thing wolde I, sayd our king,
 If thou wilt not seeme strange:
 Though my horse be better than thy
 mare,
 Yet with thee I faine wold change.

«Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
As change full well maye wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou proude
fellowe,
I will have some boot of thee.»

That were against reason, sayd the king,
I sweare, so mote I thee:
My horse is better than thy mare,
And that thou well mayst see.

«Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
And softly she will fare:
Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wiss;
Aye skipping here and there.»

What boote wilt thou have? our king
reply'd;
Now tell me in this stound.
«Noe pence, nor half pence, by my faye,
But a noble in gold so round.»

«Here's twentye groates of white moneyè,
Sith thou will have it of mee.»
I would have sworne now, quoth the
tanner,
Thou hadst not had one penniè.

But since we two have made a change,
A change we must abide,
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my
mare,
Thou gettest not my cow-hide.

I will not have it, sayd the kynge,
I sweare, so mought I thee;
Thy foule cowe-hide I wolde not beare,
If thou woldst give it to mee.

The tanner hee tooke his good cowe-hide,
That of the cow was hilt;
And threwe it upon the king's sadelle,
That was soe fayrelye gilte.

«Now help me up, thou fine fellowe,
'Tis time that I were gone:
When I come home to Gyllian my wife,
Sheel say I am a gentilmon.»

The king he tooke him up by the legge;
The tanner a swearing lett fall.
Nowe marrye, good fellowe, sayd the
kynge,
Thy courtesye is but small.

When the tanner he was in the kinges
sadelle,
And his foote in his stirrup was;
He marvelled greatly in his minde,
Whether it were golde or brass.

But when his steede saw the cows taile
wagge,
And eke the blacke cowe-horne;
He stamped, and stared, and awaye he
ranne,
As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,
And held by the pummil fast:
At length the tanner came tumbling
downe;
His necke he had well-nye brast.

Take thy horse again with a vengeance,
he sayd,
With mee he shall not byde.
«My horse wolde have borne thee well
enoughe,
But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.

Yet if agayne thou faine woldst change,
As change full well may wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly
tanner,
I will have some boote of thee.»

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner
replyd,
Nowe tell me in this stounde?
«Noe pence nor halfpence, sir, by my
faye,
But I will have twentye pound.»

«Here's twentye groates out of my
purse;
And twentye I have of thine:
And I have one more, which we will
spend
Together at the wine.»

The king set a bugle horne to his mouthe,
And blewe both loude and shrille:
And soone came lords, and soone came
knights,
Fast ryding over the hille.

Nowe, out alas! the tanner he cryde,
That ever I sawe this daye!
Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy
fellowes
Will beare my cowe-hide away.

They are no thieves, the king replyde,
I sweare, soe mote I thee:
But they are the lords of the north
countrèy,
Here come to hunt with mee.

And soone before our king they came,
And knelt downe on the ground:
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
And had lever than twentye pounce.

A collar, a collar, here: sayd the king,
 A collar he loud gan crye:
 Then woulde he lever than twentye
 pound,
 He had not beene so nighe.

A collar, a collar, the tanner he sayd,
 I trowe it will breed sorrowe:
 After a collar commeth a halter,
 I trow I shall be hang'd to-morrowe.

Be not afraid tanner, said our king;
 I tell thee, so mought I thee,

Lo here I make thee the best esquire
 That is in the North countrie.

For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,
 With tenements faire beside:
 'Tis worth three hundred markes by
 the yeare,
 To maintaine thy good cove-hide.

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,
 For the favour thou hast me showne;
 If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,
 Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.

THE PILGRIM AND THE TRAVELLER.

As ye came from the holy land
 Of blessed Walsingham,
 O met you not with my true love
 As by the way ye came?

«How should I know your true love,
 That have met many a one,
 As I came from the holy land,
 That have both come, and gone?»

My love is neither white, nor browne,
 But as the heavens faire;
 There is none hath her form divine,
 Either in earth, or ayre.

«Such an one did I meet, good sir,
 With an angelicke face;
 Who like a nympe, a queene appeard
 Both in her gait, her grace.»

Yes: she hath cleane forsaken me,
 And left me all alone;
 Who some time loved me as her life,
 And called me her owne.

«What is the cause she leaves thee thus,
 And a new way doth take,

That some times loved thee as her life,
 And thee her joy did make?»

I that loved her all my youth,
 Growe old now as you see;
 Love liketh not the falling fruite,
 Nor yet the withered tree.

For love is like a carelesse childe,
 Forgetting promise past:
 He is blind, or deaf, whenere he list;
 His faith is never fast.

His fond desire is fickle found,
 And yeldes a trustlesse joye;
 Wonne with a world of toil and care,
 And lost ev'n with a toye.

Such is the love of womankinde,
 Or Loves faire name abused,
 Beneathe which many vaine desires,
 And follyes are excused.

But true love is a lasting fire,
 Which viewless vestals tend,
 That burnes for ever in the soule,
 And knowes nor change, nor end.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION.

Queene Elianor was a sicke woman,
 And afraid that she should dye;
 Then she sent for two fryars of France
 To speke with her speedilye.

The king calld downe his nobles all,
 By one, by two, by three;
 «Earl marshall, I'll goe shrive the queene,
 And thou shalt wend with mee.»

A boone, a boone, quoth earl marshall,
And fell on his bended knee;
That whatsoever Queene Elianor saye,
No harme therof may bee.

I'll pawne my landes, the king then cryd,
My sceptre, crowne, and all,
That whatsoere Queen Elianor sayes
No harme thereof shall fall.

Do thou put on a fryars coat,
And I'll put on another;
And we will to Queen Elianor goe
Like fryar and his brother.

Thus both attired then they goe:
When they came to Whitehall,
The bells did ring, and the quiristers
sing,
And the torches did lighte them all.

When that they came before the queene
They fell on their bended knee;
A boone, a boone, our gracious queene,
That you sent so hastilee.

Are you two fryars of France, she sayd,
As I suppose you bee?
But if you are two Englishe fryars,
You shall hang on the gallowes tree.

We are two fryars of France, they sayd,
As you suppose we bee,
We have not been at any masse
Sith we came from the sea.

The first vile thing that ever I did
I will to you unfolde;
Earl marshall had my maidenhead,
Beneath this cloth of golde.

That's a vile sinne, then sayd the king;
May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;
With a heavye heart spake hee.

The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you I'll not denye,
I made a boxe of poyson strong,
To poison King Henrye.

Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king,
May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;
And I wish it so may bee.

The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you I will discover;
I poysoned fair Rosamonde,
All in fair Woodstocke bower.

Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king;
May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;
And I wish it so may bee.

Do you see yonders little boye,
A tossing of the balle?
That is earl marshalls eldest sonne,
And I love him the best of all.

Do you see yonders little boye,
A catching of the balle?
That is king Henryes youngest sonne
And I love him the worst of all.

His head is fashyon'd like a bull;
His nose is like a boare.
No matter for that, king Henrye cryd,
I love him the better therfore.

The king pulled off his fryars coate,
And appeared all in redde:
She shrieked, and cryd, and wrung her
hands,
And sayd she was betrayde.

The king lookt over his left shoulder,
And a grimme look looked hee,
Earl marshall, he sayd, but for my oathe
Or hanged thou shouldst bee.

JANE SHORE.

If Rosamonde that was so faire,
Had cause her sorrowes to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing
That was beloved of a king.

In maiden yeares my beautye bright
Was loved dear of lord and knight;
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd.

My parents they, for thirst of gaine,
A husband for me did obtaine;
And I, their pleasure to fulfille,
Was forc'd to wed against my wille.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruine to my life;
And then my life I lewdlye spent,
Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard-street I once did dwelle,
As London yet can witnesse welle;
Where many gallants did beholde
My beauty in a shop of golde.

I spred my p'umes, as wantons doe,
Some sweet and secret friende to woove,
Because chaste love I did not finde
Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At last my name in court did ring
Into the eares of Englandes king,
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,
But I made coye what he desir'd:

Yet Mistress Blague, a neighbour neare,
Whose friendship I esteemed deare,
Did saye, It was a gallant thing
To be beloved of a king.

By her persuasions I was led,
For to defile my marriage-bed,
And wronge my wedded husband Shore,
Whom I had married yeares before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,
That I had made so sweet a choice;
And therefore did my state resigne,
To be king Edward's concubine.

From city then to court I went,
To reape the pleasures of content;
There had the joyes that love could
bring,
And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on highe
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For Mrs. Blague I in short space
Obtaine a livinge from his grace.

No friende I had but in short time
I made unto a promotion climbe;
But yet for all this costlye pride,
My husbände could not mee abide.

His bed, though wronged by a king,
His heart with deadlye grieve did sting;
From England then he goes away
To end his life beyond the sea.

He could not live to see his name
Impaired by my wanton shame;
Although a prince of peerlesse might
Did reape the pleasure of his right.

Long time I lived in the courte,
With lords and ladies of great sorte;
And when I smil'd all men were glad,
But when I frown'd my prince grewe sad.

But yet a gentle minde I bore
To helplesse people, that were poore;
I still redrest the orphans crye,
And sav'd their lives condemnd to dye.

I still had ruth on widowes tears,
I succour'd babes of tender yeares;
And never look'd for other gaine
But love and thanks for all my paine.

At last my royall king did dye,
And then my dayes of woe grew nighe;
When crook-back Richard got the crowne,
King Edwards friends were soon put
downe.

I then was punisht for my sin,
That I so long had lived in;
Yea, every one that was his friend,
This tyrant brought to shamefull end.

Then for my lewd and wanton life,
That made a strumpet of a wife,
I penance did in Lombard-street,
In shamefull manner in a sheet.

Where many thousands did me viewe,
Who late in court my credit knewe;
Which made the teares run down my
face,
To thinke upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they took from mee
My goodes, my livings, and my fee,
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,
To whom my jewels I had sent,
In hope thereby to ease my want,
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant:

But she denyed to me the same
When in my need for them I came;
To recompence my former love,
Out of her doores shee did me shove.

So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late;
Therefore example take by mee,
For friendship parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distrest,
And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me:

For which, by lawe, it was decreed
That he was hanged for that deed;
His death did grieve me so much more,
Than had I dyed myself therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good,
Durst not afford mee any food;
Whereby I begged all the day,
And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,
Were turn'd to simple garments old;
My chains and gems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things.

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life;
Both sucking babes and children small,
Did make their pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed:
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at lengthe
I yielded up my vital strength
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent:

The which now since my dying daye,
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye;
Which is a witness of my sinne,
For being concubine to a king.

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,
Be you assur'd that God is just;
For lust shall not escape his hand,
Nor pride unpunish'd in this land.

If God to me such shame did bring,
That yielded only to a king,
How shall they scape that daily run
To practise sin with every one?

You husbands, match not but for love,
Lest some disliking after prove;
Women, be warn'd when you are wives,
What plagues are due to sinful lives:
Then, maids and wives, in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT.

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called
King John;
And he ruled England with maine and
with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintain'd
little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so
merrye,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbūrye;
How for his house-keeping, and high
renowne,
They rode poste for him to fair London
towne.

And hundred men, the king did heare
say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any
doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of
thee,
Thou keapest a farre better house than
mee,
And for thy house-keeping and high
renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against my
crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it
were knowne,
I never spend nothing, but what is my
owne;
And I trust, your grace will doe me no
deere,
For spending of my owne true-gotten
geere.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is
highe,
And now for the same thou needest
must dye;
For except thou canst answer me ques-
tions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in
this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on
my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of
birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what
I am worthe.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole world
about.

And at the third question thou must
not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shal-
low witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:
But if you will give me but three weekes
space,
I'll do my endeavor to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I
give,
And that is the longest time thou hast
to live;
For if thou dost not answer my ques-
tions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to
mee.

Away rode the abbot all sad at that
word,
And he mett his shepheard a going to
fold:
How now, my lord abbot, you are wel-
come home;
What newes do you bring us from good
King John?

«Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I
must give;
That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions
three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that
stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on my
head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of
birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any
doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole world
about:
And at the third question I must not
shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does
thinke.»

Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you
never hear yet,
That a fool he may learne a wise man
witt?
Lend me horses, and serving-men, and
your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your
quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath been told unto
mee,
I am like your lordship, as ever may
bee:

And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us in fair
London towne.

Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt
have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and
brave;
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet,
and cope,
Fit to appeare 'fore our father the pope.

Now welcome, sire abbot, the king he
did say,
'Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy
day;
For and if thou canst answer my ques-
tions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall
bee.

And first, when thou seest me here in
this stead,
With my crown of golde so fair on my
head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of
birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.

«For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jewes, as I have been
told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke, thou art one penny wor-
ser than hee.»

The king he laughed, and swore by
St. Bittel,
I did not think I had been worth so
littel!
— Now secondly tell me, without any
doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world
about.

«You must rise with the sun, and ride
with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth againe;
And then your grace need not make
any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it
about.»

The king he laughed, and swore by
St. John,
I did not think, it could be gone so
soone!
— Now from the third question thou
must not shrink
But tell me here truly what I do thinke.

«Yea, that shall I do, and make your
 grace merry:
 You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbùry;
 But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain
 you may see,
 That am come to beg pardon for him
 and for mee.»

The king he laughed, and swore by the
 masse,
 I'll make thee lord abbot this day in
 his place!

«Now naye, my liege, be not in such
 speede,
 For alacke I can neither write, ne
 reade.»

Four nobles a week, then I will give thee,
 For this merry jest thou hast showne
 unto mee;
 And tell the old abbot when thou comest
 home,
 Thou hast brought him a pardon from
 good King John.

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

When Arthur first in court began,
 And was approved king,
 By force of armes great victorys wanne,
 And conquest home did bring.

Then into England straight he came
 Where fifty good and able
 Knights then resorted unto him,
 And were of his Round Table:

And he had justs and turnaments,
 Wherto were many prest,
 Wherein these knights did far excell
 And eke surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
 Who was approved well,
 He for his deeds and feats of armes
 All others did excell.

When he had rested him a while,
 In play, and game, and sportt,
 He said he wold goe prove himselfe
 In some adventurous sort.

He armed rode in a forrest wide,
 And met a damsell faire,
 Who to'd him of adventures great,
 Wherto he gave great eare.

Such wold I find, quoth Lancelott:
 For that cause came I hither.
 Thou seemst, quoth shee, a knight full
 good,
 And I will bring thee thither.

Wheras a mighty knight doth dwell,
 That now is of great fame:
 Therefore tell me what wight thou art,
 And what may be thy name.

«My name is Lancelot du Lake.»
 Quoth she, it likes me then:
 Here dwelles a knight who never was
 Yet matcht with any man:

Who has in prison threescore knights
 And four, that he did wound;
 Knights of King Arthurs court they be,
 And of his Table Round.

She brought him to a river side,
 And also to a tree,
 Whereon a copper bason hung,
 And many shields to see.

He struck soe hard, the bason broke;
 And Tarquin soon he spyed:
 Who drove a horse before him fast,
 Whereon a knight lay tyed.

Sir knight, then sayd Sir Lancelott,
 Bring me that horse-load hither,
 And lay him downe, and let him
 rest;
 Weel try our force together:

For, as I understand, thou hast,
 Soe far as thou art able,
 Done great despite and shame unto
 The knights of the Round Table.

If thou be of the Table Round,
 Quoth Tarquin speedilye,
 Both thee and all thy fellowship
 I utterly defye.

That's over much, quoth Lancelott tho,
 Defend thee by and by.
 They sett their speares unto their steeds,
 And eache att other flie.

They coucht theire speares, (their horses ran,
 As though there had beene thunder)

And strucke them each immidst their shields,
 Wherewith they broke in sunder.

Their horsses backes brake under them,
 The knights were both astound:
 To avoyd their horsses they made haste
 And light upon the ground.

They tooke them to their shields full fast,
 Their swords they drew out then,
 With mighty strokes most eagerlye
 Each at the other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full sore,
 They both for breath did stand,
 And leaning on their swords awhile,
 Quoth Tarquine, Hold thy hand,

And tell to me what I shall aske. —
 Say on, quoth Lancelot tho.
 Thou art, quoth Tarquine, the best knight
 That ever I did know;

And like a knight that I did hate:
 Soe that thou be not hee,
 I will deliver all the rest,
 And eke accord with thee.

That is well said quoth Lancelott:
 But sith it must be soe,
 What knight is that thou hatest thus?
 I pray thee to me show.

His name is Launcelot du Lake,
 He slew my brother deere;

Him I suspect of all the rest:
 I would I had him here.

Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknowne,
 I am Lancelot du Lake,
 Now knight of Arthurs Table Round;
 King Hands son of Benwake;

And I desire thee do thy worst.
 Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin tho,
 One of us two shall end our lives
 Before that we do go.

If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
 Then welcome shalt thou bee:
 Wherfore see thou thyself defend,
 For now defye I thee.

They buckled then together so,
 Like unto wild boares rashing;
 And with their swords and shields they
 ran
 At one another slashing:

The ground besprinkled was wyth blood:
 Tarquin began to yield;
 For he gave backe for wearinesse,
 And lowe did beare his shield.

This soone Sir Lancelot espyde,
 He leapt upon him then,
 He pull'd him downe upon his knee,
 And, rushing off his helm,

Forthwith he strucke his necke in two,
 And, when he had soe done,
 From prison threescore knights and four
 Delivered everye one.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

When shaws beene sheene, and shradds
 full fayre,
 And leaves both large and longe,
 Itt is merrye walking in the fayre forrest
 To heare the small birdes songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
 Sitting upon the spraye,
 Soe lowde, he awakened Robin Hood,
 In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by my faye, sayd jollye Robin,
 A sweaven I had this night;
 I dreamt me of two wighty yemen,
 That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did mee beate and binde,
 And tooke my bow mee free;
 If I be Robin alive in this lande,
 I'll be wroken on them two.

Sweavens are swift, master, quoth John,
 As the wind that blowes ore a hill;
 For if itt be never so loude this night,
 To-morrow itt may be still.

Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men
 all,
 And John shall goe with mee,
 For I'll goe seeke yond wight yeomen,
 In greenwood where they bee.

Then they cast on their gownes of grene,
And tooke theyr bowes each one;
And they away to the greene forrest
A shooting forth are gone.

Until they came to the merry green-
wood,
Where they had gladdest bee,
There were the ware of a wight yeoman,
His body leaned to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his
side.
Of manye a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hyde
Topp and tayll and mayne.

Stand you still, master, quoth Little John,
Under this tree so grene;
And I will go to yond wight yeoman
To know what he doth meane.

Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,
And that I farley finde:
How oft send I my men beffore,
And tarry my selfe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him speake;
And itt were not for bursting of my
bowe,
John, I thy head wold breake.

As often wordes they breeden bale,
So they partèd Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barnesdale:
The gates he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heaviness there hee hadd,
For he found two of his owne fellowès
Where slaine both in a slade.

And Scarlette he was flyinge a-foote
Fast over stocke and stone,
For the sheriffe with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth
John,
With Christ his might and mayne:
I'll make yond fellow that flyes soe fast,
To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bow,
And fetteled him to shoote:
The bow was made of tender boughe,
And fell downe to his foote.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked
wood,
That ere thou grew on a tree;

For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee.

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine
For itt mett one of the sheriffes men,
Good William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the green wood
slade
To meet with Little John's arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett
Fyve can doe more than three,
The sheriffe hath taken Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe,
And hanged hye on a hill.
But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose,
quoth John,
If itt be Christ his will,

Let us leave talking of Little John,
And thinke of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, said Robin
so fayre,
«Good morrowe, good fellowe,» quoth
he:
Methinkes by this bowe thou bearest in
thy hande
A good archere thou sholdst bee.

I am wilfull of my waye, quo' the yeman,
And of my morning tyde.
I'll lead thee through the wood, sayd
Robin;
Good fellow, I'll be thy guide.

I seeke an outlâwe, the straunger sayd,
Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather I'd meet with that proud outlâwe
Than fortye pound soe good.

Now come with me thou wighty yeman,
And Robin thou soone shalt see:
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye make
Among the woods so even,
Wee may chance to meet with Robin Hood
Here att some unsett steven.

They cutt them downe two summer
shroggs,
That grew both under a breere,

And sett them threescore rood in twaine
To shoot the prickes y-fere.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin
Hood,

Leade on, I doe bidd thee.
Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,
My leader thou shalt bee.

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
He mist but an inch it froe:
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he cold never shoote soe.

The second shoote had the wightye
yeman,

He shote within the garlãnde:
But Robin he shott far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd;
Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe,
sayd he,

Under the leaves of lyne.
Nay by my faith, quoth bolde Robin,
Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,
And Robin to take I'm sworne;
And when I am called by my right name
I am Guye of good Gisborne.

My dwelling is in this wood, sayes Robin,
By thee I set right nought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnèsdale,
Whom thou so long hast sought.

He that had neither beene kithe nor kin,
Might have seene a full fayre sight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both browne and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they
fought

Two howres of a summers day:
Yett neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy
Them fettled to flye away.

Robin was reachles on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quicke and nimble with-
all.

And hitt him ore the left side.

Ah, deare lady, sayd Robin Hood, thou
That art both mother and may,
I think it was never mans destinye
To dye before his day.

Robin thought on our ladye deere,
And soone leapt up againe,
And strait he came with a backward
stroke,
And he Sir Guy hath slayne.

He took Sir Guy's head by the hayre,
And stucked itt on his bowes end:
Thou hast beene a traytor all thy liffe,
Which thing must have an ende.

Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,
And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born,
Cold tell whose head it was.

Saies, Lye there, lye there, now Sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe;
If thou have had the worse strokes at
my hand,
Thou shalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
And on Sir Guy did it throwe,
And hee put on that capull hyde,
That cladd him topp to toe.

The bowe, the arrowes, and litle horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnèsdale,
To see how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood sett Guyes horne to his
mouth,
And a loud blast in it did blow.
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken, hearken, sayd the sheriffe,
I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I heare Sir Guye's horne
blowe,
And he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

Yonder I heare Sir Guye's horne blowe,
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,
And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,
Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good
Sir Guy,

Aske what thou wilt of mee.
O, I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,
Nor I will none of thy fee:

But now I've slaine the master, he sayes,
Let me goe strike the knave;
This is all the rewarde I aske,
Nor noe other will I have.

Thou art a madman, said the sheriffe,
Thou sholdest have had a knight's fee

But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad,
Well granted it shall be.

When Little John heard his master speake,
Well knewe he it was his steven:
Now shall I be loosed, quoth Little John,
With Christ his might in heaven.

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
He thought to loose him belive;
The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him did drive.

Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin;
Why draw you mee soe neere?
Itt was never the use in our countrye,
One's shrift another shold heere.

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffe,
And loosed John hand and foote,

And gave him Sir Guyes bow into his
hand
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guye's bow in his
hand,
His boltes and arrowes eche one:
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend
his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne
He fled full fast away;
And soe did all his companye:
Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,
Nor away soe fast cold ryde,
Bat Little John with an arrowe so broad
He shott him into the backe-syde.

KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

King Leir once ruled in this land
With princely power and peace;
And had all things with hearts content,
That might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could shew the dearest love:
For to my age you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear,
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began:
Dear father, mind, quoth she,
Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall render'd be:
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said,
Dear father, for your sake;
The worst of all extremities
I'll gently undertake:
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love;
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,
The aged king reply'd;
But what sayst thou, my youngest girl,
How is thy love ally'd?
My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou show no more, quoth he,
Than doth thy duty bind?
I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more I find.
Henceforth I banish thee my court,
Thou art no child of mine;
Nor any part of this my realm
By favour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters loves are more
Than well I can demand,
To whom I equally bestow
My kingdome and my land,
My pompal state and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With those thy sisters be maintain'd
Until my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown,
By these two sisters here;
The third had causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear:
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wandering up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
Through many an English town:

He swooning fell upon her breast,
 From whence he never parted:
 But on her bosom left his life,
 That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw
 The end of these events,

The other sisters unto death
 They doomed by consents;
 And being dead, their crowns they left
 Unto the next of kin:
 Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
 And disobedient sin.

THE BAFFLED KNIGHT.

There was a knight was drunk with wine,
 A riding along the way, sir;
 And there he met with a lady fine,
 Among the cocks of hay, sir.

Shall you and I, O lady faire,
 Among the grass lye down-a:
 And I will have a special care
 Of rumpling of your gowne-a.

Upon the grass there is a dewe,
 Will spoil my damask gowne, sir:
 My gowne and kirtle they are newe,
 And cost me many a crowne, sir.

I have a cloak of scarlet red,
 Upon the ground I'll throwe it;
 Then, lady faire, come lay thy head;
 We'll play, and none shall knowe it.

O yonder stands my steed so free
 Among the cocks of hay, sir;
 And if the pinner should chance to see,
 He'll take my steed away, sir.

Upon my finger I have a ring
 Its made of finest gold-a,
 And, lady, it thy steed shall bring
 Out of the pinner's fold-a.

O go with me to my father's hall;
 Fair chambers there are three, sir:
 And you shall have the best of all,
 And I'll your chamberlaine bee, sir.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
 And her on her dapple gray, sir:
 And there they rode to her father's hall,
 Fast pricking along the way, sir.

To her father's hall they arrived strait;
 'Twas moated round about-a;
 She slipped herself within the gate,
 And lockt the knight without-a.

Here is a silver penny to spend,
 And take it for your pain, sir;

And two of my father's men I'll send
 To wait on you back again, sir.

He from his scabbard drew his brand,
 And wiped it upon his sleeve-a!
 And cursed, he said, be every man,
 That will a maid believe-a!

She drew a bodkin from her haire,
 And whip'd it upon her gown-a;
 And curs'd be every maiden faire,
 That will with men lye down-a!

A herb there is, that lowly grows,
 And some do call it rue, sir:
 The smallest dunghill cock that crows,
 Would make a capon of you, sir.

A flower there is, that shineth bright,
 Some call it mary-gold-a:
 He that wold not when he might,
 He shall not when he wold-a.

The knight was riding another day,
 With cloak and hat and feather:
 He met again with that lady gay,
 Who was angling in the river.

Now, lady faire, I've met with you,
 You shall no more escape me;
 Remember, how not long agoe
 You falsely did intrap me.

The lady blushed scarlet red,
 And trembled at the stranger:
 How shall I guard my maidenhead
 From this approaching danger?

He from his saddle down did light,
 In all his riche attyer;
 And cryed, As I am a noble knight,
 I do thy charms admyer.

He took the lady by the hand,
 Who seemingly consented;
 And would no more disputing stand:
 She had a plot invented.

Looke yonder, good sir knight, I pray,
Methinks I now discover
A riding upon his dapple gray,
My former constant lover.

On tip-toe peering stood the knight,
Fast by the rivers brink-a;
The lady pusht with all her might:
Sir knight, now swim or sink-a.

O'er head and ears he plunged in,
The bottom faire he sounded;
Then rising up, he cried amain,
Help, helpe, or else I'm drowned!

Now, fare-you-well, sir knight, adieu!
You see what comes of fooling:
That is the fittest place for you;
Your courage wanted cooling.

Ere many days, in her fathers park,
Just at the close of eve-a,
Again she met with her angry sparke;
Which made this lady grieve-a.

False lady, here thou'rt in my powre,
And no one now can hear thee:
And thou shalt sorely rue the hour,
That e'er thou dar'dst to jeer me.

I pray, sir knight, be not so warm
With a young silly maid-a:
I vow and swear I thought no harm,
'Twas a gentle jest I playd-a.

A gentle jest, in soothe, he cry'd,
To tumble me in and leave me!
What if I had in the river dy'd? —
That fetch will not deceive me.

Once more I'll pardon thee this day,
Tho' injur'd out of measure;
But then prepare without delay
To yield thee to my pleasure.

Well then, if I must grant your suit,
Yet think of your boots and spurs, sir:
Let me pull off both spur and boot,
Or else you cannot stir, sir.

He set him down upon the grass,
And begg'd her kind assistance;
Now, smiling thought this lovely lass,
I'll make you keep your distance.

Then pulling off his boots half-way;
Sir knight, now I'm your betters:
You shall not make of me your prey;
Sit there like a knave in fetters.

The knight, when she had served him soe,
He fretted, fum'd, and grumbled:
For he could neither stand nor goe,
But like a cripple tumbled.

Farewell, sir knight, the clock strikes
ten,
Yet do not move nor stir, sir:
I'll send you my father's serving men,
To pull off your boots and spurs, sir.

This merry jest you must excuse,
You are but a stingless nettle:
You'd never have stood for boots or
shoes,
Had you been a man of mettle.

All night in grievous rage he lay,
Rolling upon the plain-a;
Next morning a shepherd past that way,
Who set him right again-a.

Then mounting upon his steed so tall,
By hill and dale he swore-a:
I'll ride at once to her father's hall;
She shall escape no more-a.

I'll take her father by the beard,
I'll challenge all her kindred;
Each dastard soul shall stand affeard;
My wrath shall no more be hindred.

He rode unto her father's house,
Which every side was moated:
The lady heard his furious vows,
And all his vengeance noted.

Thought shee, sir knight, to quench
your rage,
Once more I will endeavour:
This water shall your fury 'swage,
Or else it shall burn for ever.

Then faining penitence and feare,
She did invite a parley:
Sir knight, if you'll forgive me heare,
Henceforth I'll love you dearly.

My father he is now from home,
And I am all alone, sir:
Therefore a-cross the water come;
And I am all your own, sir.

False maid, thou canst no more deceive;
I scorn the treacherous bait-a:
If thou would'st have me thee believe,
Now open me the gate-a.

The bridge is drawn, the gate is barr'd,
My father he has the keys, sir;
But I have for my love prepar'd
A shorter way and easier.

And do not blame a woman much,
Her fancy to bewray.

Let not affection's force
Be counted lewd desire;
Nor think it not immodesty,
I should thy love require.

With that she turn'd aside,
And with a blushing red,
A mournful motion she bewray'd
By hanging down her head.

A handkerchief she had
All wrought with silk and gold:
Which she to stay her trickling tears
Before her eyes did hold.

This thing unto my sight
Was wondrous rare and strange;
And in my soul and inward thought
It wrought a sudden change:

That I so hardy grew,
To take her by the hand:
Saying, Sweet mistress, why do you
So dull and pensive stand?

Call me no mistress now,
But Sarah, thy true friend,
Thy servant Millwood, honouring thee,
Until her life hath end.

If thou wouldst here alledge,
Thou art in years a boy;
So was Adonis, yet was he
Fair Venus' only joy.

Thus I, who ne'er before
Of woman found such grace,
But seeing now so fair a dame
Give me a kind embrace,

I supt with her that night,
With joys that did abound;
And for the same paid presently,
In money twice three pound.

An hundred kisses then,
For my farewell she gave:
Crying, Sweet Barnwell, when shall I
Again thy company have?

O stay not hence too long,
Sweet George, have me in mind.
Her words bewicht my childishness,
She uttered them so kind:

So that I made a vow,
Next Sunday without fail,
With my sweet Sarah once again
To tell some pleasant tale.

When she heard me say so,
The tears fell from her eye;
O George, quoth she, if thou dost fail,
Thy Sarah sure will dye.

Though long, yet loe! at last,
The appointed day was come,
That I must with my Sarah meet;
Having a mighty sum

Of money in my hand,
Unto her house went I,
Whereas my love upon her bed
In saddest sort did lye.

What ails my heart's delight,
My Sarah dear? quoth I;
Let not my love lament and grieve,
Nor sighing pine, and die.

But tell me, dearest friend,
What may thy woes amend,
And thou shalt lack no means of help,
Though forty pound I spend.

With that she turn'd her head,
And sickly thus did say,
Oh me, sweet George, my grief is great,
Ten pound I have to pay

Unto a cruel wretch;
And God he knows, quoth she,
I have it not. Tush, rise, I said,
And take it here of me.

Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,
Shall make my love decay,
Then from my bag into her lap,
I cast ten pound straightway.

All blithe and pleasant then,
To banqueting we go;
She proffered me to stay with her,
And said it should be so.

And after that same time,
I gave her store of coyn,
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once;
All which I did purloyn.

And thus I did pass on;
Until my master then
Did call to have his reckoning in
Cast up among his men.

The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to say:
For well I knew that I was out
Two hundred pound that day.

Then from my master straight
I ran in secret sort;

Was I a man, ere I
 Would live in poor estate:
 On father, friends, and all my kin,
 I would my talons grate.

For without money, George.
 A man is but a beast:
 But bringing money, thou shalt be
 Always my welcome guest.

For shouldst thou be pursued
 With twenty hues and cryes,
 And with a warrant searched for
 With Argus' hundred eyes,

Yet here thou shalt be safe;
 Such privy wayes there be,
 That if they sought an hundred years,
 They could not find out thee.

And so carousing both
 Their pleasures to content:
 George Barnwell had in little space
 His money wholly spent.

Which done, to Ludlow straight
 He did provide to go,
 To rob his wealthy uncle there;
 His minion would it so.

And once he thought to take
 His father by the way,
 But that he fear'd his master had
 Took order for his stay.

Unto his uncle then
 He rode with might and main,
 Who with a welcome and good cheer
 Did Barnwell entertain.

One fortnight's space he stayed
 Until it chanced so,
 His uncle with his cattle did
 Unto a market go.

His kinsman rode with him,
 Where he did see right plain,
 Great store of money he had took:
 When coming home again.

Sudden within a wood,
 He struck his uncle down,
 And beat his brains out of his head;
 So sore he crackt his crown.

Then seizing fourscore pound,
 To London straight he hyed,

And unto Sarah Millwood all
 The cruell fact descryed.

Tush, 'tis no matter, George,
 So we the money have
 To have good cheer in jolly sort,
 And deck us fine and brave.

Thus lived in filthy sort,
 Until their store was gone:
 When means to get them any more,
 I wis, poor George had none.

Therefore in railing sort,
 She thrust him out of door:
 Which is the just reward of those,
 Who spend upon a whore.

O! do me not disgrace
 In this my need, quoth he.
 She call'd him thief and murderer,
 With all the spight might be:

To the constable she sent,
 To have him apprehended;
 And shewed how far, in each degree,
 He had the laws offended.

When Barnwell saw her drift,
 To sea he got straightway;
 Where fear and sting of conscience
 Continually on him lay.

Unto the lord mayor then,
 He did a letter write;
 In which his own and Sarah's fault
 He did at large recite.

Whereby she seized was
 And then to Ludlow sent:
 Where she was judg'd, condemn'd, and
 hang'd,
 For murder incontinent.

There dyed this gallant quean,
 Such was her greatest gains:
 For murder in Polonia,
 Was Barnwell hang'd in chains.

Lo! here's the end of youth,
 That after harlots haunt;
 Who in the spoil of other men,
 About the streets do flaunt.

BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY.

In Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
 There was a faire maid dwellin,
 Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye!
 Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrie month of May,
 When greene buds they were swellin,
 Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,
 For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
 To the town where shee was dwellin;
 You must come to my master deare,
 Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face,
 And ore his hart is stealin:
 Then haste away to comfort him,
 O lovelye Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,
 And ore his harte is stealin,
 Yet little better shall he bee
 For bonny Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
 And slowly she came nye him;
 And all she sayd, when there she came,
 Yong man, I think y'are dying.

He turnd his face unto her strait,
 With deadlye sorrow sighing;
 O lovely maid, come pity mee,
 I'm on my death-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye,
 What needs the tale you are tellin;
 I cannot keep you from your death;
 Farewell, sayd Barbara Allen.

He turnd his face unto the wall,
 As deadlye pangs he fell in:
 Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all,
 Adieu to Barbara Allen.

As she was walking ore the fields,
 She heard the bell a knellin;
 And every stroke did seem to saye,
 Unworthy Barbara Allen.

She turnd her bodye round about,
 And spied the corps a-coming:
 Laye down, laye down the corps, she
 sayd,
 That I may look upon him.

With scornful eye she looked downe,
 Her cheeke with laughter swellin:
 Whilst all her friends cryd out amaine;
 Unworthy Barbara Allen.

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
 Her harte was struck with sorrowe,
 O mother, mother, make my bed,
 For I shall dye to-morrowe.

Hard-harted creature him to slight,
 Who loved me so dearlye:
 O that I had beene more kind to him,
 When he was alive and neare me!

She, on her death-bed as she laye,
 Beg'd to be buried by him;
 And sore repented of the daye,
 That she did ere denye him.

Farewell, she sayd, ye virgins all,
 And shun the fault I fell in:
 Henceforth take warning by the fall
 Of cruel Barbara Allen.

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

A Scottish Ballad.

There came a ghost to Margaret's door,
 With many a grievous grone,
 And ay he tirl'd at the pin;
 But answer made she none.

Is this my father Philip?
 Or is't my brother John?
 Or is't my true love Willie,
 From Scotland new come home?

'Tis not thy father Philip;
 Nor yet thy brother John:
 But 'tis thy true love Willie
 From Scotland new come home.

O sweet Margret! O dear Margret!
 I pray thee speak to mee:
 Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
 As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'se nevir get,
Of me shalt nevir win,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss my cheek and chin.

If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man:
And should I kiss thy rosy lipp,
Thy days will not be lang.

O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,
I pray thee speak to mee:
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'se nevir get,
Of me shalt nevir win,
Till thou take me to yon kirk yard,
And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in a kirk yard
Afar beyond the sea,
And it is but my sprite, Margret,
That's speaking now to thee.

She stretched out her lily-white hand,
As for to do her best:
Hae there your faith and troth, Willie,
God send your soul good rest.

Now she has kilted her robes of green,
A piece below her knee:
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dead corps followed shee.

Is there any room at your head, Willie?
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep?

There's nae room at my head, Margret,
There's nae room at my feet,
There's no room at my side, Margret,
My coffin is made so meet.

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray:
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Margret,
That I were gane away.

No more the ghost to Margret said,
But, with a grievous grone,
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

O stay, my only true love, stay,
The constant Margret cried:
Wan grew her cheeks, she closed her een,
Stretch'd her saft limbs, and died.

II.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

THE CUCKOW AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

Chaucer dreameth that he heareth the
cuckow and the nightingale contend
for excellency in singing.

The god of love and benedicite,
How mighty and how great a lord is he,
For he can make of low hertes hy,
And of high low, and like for to dy,
And herd hertes he can maken free.

He can make within a little stound
Of sicke folke hole, fresh, and sound,
And of hole he can make seeke,
He can bind and vnbinden eke
That he woll have bounden or vnbound.

To tell his might my wit may not suffice,
For he can make of wise folke full nice,
For he may do all that he woll devise,
And lithy folke to destroyen vice,
And proud hertes he can make agrise.

Shortly all that ever he woll he may,
Against him dare no wight say nay,
For he can glad and greve whom him
liketh,
And who that he woll, he lougheth or
siketh,
And most his might he shedeth ever
in May.

For every true gentle herte free,
That with him is, or thinketh for to be,
Againe May now shall have some stering,
Or to joy or els to some mourning,
In no season so much, as thinketh me.

For whan they may here the birds sing,
And see the floures and the leaves
spring,
That bringeth into hir remembraunce,
A manner ease, meddled with grevaunce,
And lustie thoughts full of great longing.

«What,» quod she, «what may thee
aylen now,
It thinketh me, I sing as well as thou,
For my song is both true and plaine,
And though I cannot crakell so in vaine,
As thou dost in thy throte, I wot neuer
how.

«And euery wight may vnderstand mee,
But nightingale so may they not done
thee,
For thou hast many a nice queint cry,
I haue thee heard saine, ocy, ocy,
How might I know what that should be?»

«Ah foole,» quod she, «wost thou not
what it is,
Whan that I say, ocy, ocy, ywis,
Than meane I that I would wonder
faine,
That all they were shamefully yslaine,
That meanen ought againe loue amis.

«And also I would that all tho were
dede,
That thinke not in loue hir life to lede,
For who so that wol not the god of
loue serue,
I dare well say he is worthy to sterue,
And for that skill, ocy, ocy, I grede.»

«Eye,» quod the cuckow, «this is a
queint law,
That euery wight shall loue or be to
draw,
But I forsake all such companie,
For mine entent is not for to die,
Ne neuer while I liue on Loues yoke
to draw.

«For louers ben the folke that ben on
liue,
That most disease haue, and most
vnthriue,
And most endure sorrow, wo, and care,
And least feelen of welfare,
What nedeth it ayenst trouth to striue.»

«What,» quod she, «thou art out of thy
mind,
How might thou in thy churlenesse find
To speake of Loues seruaunts in this
wise,
For in this world is none so good
seruise
To euery wight that gentle is of kind.

«For thereof truly commeth all good-
nesse,
All honour and all gentlenesse,

Worship, ease, and all hertes lust,
Parfite joy, and full assured trust,
Iolitie, pleasaunce, and freshnesse,

«Lowlyhead, largesse, and curtesie,
Semelyhead, and true companie,
Drede of shame for to done amis:
For he that truly Loues seruaunt is,
Were lother be shamed than to die.

«And that this is soth that I sey,
In that beleue I will liue and dey,
And cuckow so I rede that thou do
ywis:»

«Than,» quod he, «let me neuer haue
blisse,
If euer I vnto that counsaile obey.

«Nightingale thou speakest wonder faire,
But for all that is the sooth contraire,
For loue is in yong folke but rage,
And in old folke a great dotage,
Who most it vseth, most shall enpaire.

«For thereof cometh disease and heui-
nesse,
So sorow and care, and many a great
sicknesse,
Despite, debate, anger, and enuie,
Deprauing, shame, vntrust, and jelousie,
Pride, mischeefe, pouerty, and wood-
nesse:

«Louing is an office of despaire,
And one thing is therein that is not
faire,
For who that getteth of loue a little
blisse,
But if he be alway therewith ywis,
He may full soone of age haue his haire.

«And nightingale therefore hold thee ny,
For leue me well, for all thy queint cry,
If thou be ferre or long fro thy make,
Thou shalt be as other that been forsake,
And than thou shalt hoten as doe I.»

«Fie,» quod she, «on thy name and on
thee,
The god of loue ne let thee neuer ythee,
For thou art worse a thousand fold
than wood,
For many a one is full worthy and full
good,
That had be naught ne had loue ybee.

«For euermore Loue his seruants
amendeth,
And from all euill taches hem defen-
deth,

And maketh hem to brenne right in
a fire,
In trouth and in worshipfull desire,
And whan him liketh, joy inough hem
sendeth.»

«Thou nightingale,» he said, «be still,
For Loue hath no reason, but it is will,
For oft time vntrue folke he easeth,
And true folke so bitterly he displeaseth,
That for default of courage he let hem
spill.»

Than tooke I of the nightingale keepe,
How she cast a sigh out of her deepe,
And said, «Alas that euer I was bore,
I can for tene not say one word more,»
And right with that word she brast
out to weepe.

«Alas,» quod she, «my herte woll to
broke,
To hearen thus this leaud bird speake
Of Loue, and of his worshipfull seruise,
Now god of loue thou help me in some
wise,
That I may on this cuckow been
awreake.»

Me thought than he stert vp anone,
And glad was I that he was agone,
And euermore the cuckow as he flay,
Said, «Farewell, farewell poppingay,»
As though he had scorned me alone.

And than came the nightingale to mee,
And said, «Friend forsooth I thanke
thee,
That thou hast liked me to rescow,
And one auow to loue make I now,
That all this May I woll thy singer be.»

I thanked her, and was right well
apaied:

«Ye,» quod she, «and be thou not dis-
maied,
Tho thou haue herd the cruckow erst
than me,
For if I liue, it shall amended be
The next May, if I be not affraied.

«And one thing I woll rede thee also,
Ne leue thou not the cuckow, ne his
loues so,
For all that he hath said is strong
leasing:»

«Nay,» quod I, «thereto shall nothing
me bring,
For loue and it hath doe me much wo.

«Ye, vse,» quod she, «this medicine
Euery day this May or thou dine,

Go looke vpon the fresh daisie,
And though thou be for wo in point
to die,
That shall full greatly lessen thee of
thy pine.

«And looke alway that thou be good
and trew,
And I woll sing one of the songs new
For loue of thee, as loud as I may
crie:»
And than she began this song full hie,
«I shrew all hem that been of loue
vntrue.»

And whan she had song it to the end,
«Now farewell,» quod she, «for I mote
wend,
And god of loue, that can right well,
and may,
As much joy send thee this day,
As any yet louer he euer send.»

Thus taketh the nightingale her leaue
of me,
I pray to God alway with her be.
And joy of loue he send her euermore,
And shilde us fro the cuckow and his
lore,
For there is not so false a bird as he.

Forth she flew the gentle nightingale
To all the birds that were in that dale,
And gate hem all into a place in fere,
And besoughten hem that they would
here
Her disease, and thus began her tale.

«The cuckow, well it is not for to hide,
How the cuckow and I fast haue chide,
Euer sithen it was day light,
I pray you all that ye do me right
On that foule false vnkind bridde.»

Than spake a bird for all, by one
assent,
«This matter asketh good auisement,
For we ben birdes here in fere,
And sooth it is, the cuckow is not here,
And therefore we woll haue a parli-
ment.

«And thereat shall the egle be our lord,
And other peres that been of record,
And the cuckow shall be after sent,
There shall be yeue the judgement,
Or els we shall finally make accord.

«And this shall be without nay
The morrow after saint Valentines day,

Wherefore I meruail greatly of my selfe,
That I so long withouten sleepe lay,
And vp I rose three houres after twelfe,
About the springing of the day,
And on I put my geare and mine array,
And to a pleasaunt groue I gan passe,
Long or the bright sonne vp risen was.

In which were okes great, streight as
a line,
Under the which the grasse so fresh
of hew,
Was newly sprong, and an eight foot
or nine
Euery tree well fro his fellow grew,
With branches brode, lade with leues
new,
That sprongen out ayen the sunne shene,
Some very red, and some a glad light
grene.

Which as me thought was right a plea-
sant sight,
And eke the briddes song for to here,
Would haue rejoyced any earthly wight,
And I that couth not yet in no manere
Heare the nightingale of all the yeare,
Ful busily herkened with herte and
with eare,
If I her voice perceiue coud any where.

And at the last a path of little bread
I found, that greatly had not vsed be,
For it forgrowne was with grasse and
weed,
That well vnneth a wight might it se:
Thoght I this path some whider goth
parde,
And so I followed, till it me brought
To right a pleasaunt herber well
ywrought,

That benched was, and with turfes new
Freshly turued, whereof the grene gras,
So small, so thicke, so short, so fresh
of hew,
That most like vnto green well wot I
it was,
The hegge also that yede in compas,
And closed in all the greene herbere,
With sicamour was set and eglatere,

Wrethen in fere so well and cunningly,
That euery branch and leafe grew by
mesure,
Plaine as a bord, of an height by
and by,
I see neuer thing I you ensure,
So well done, for he that tooke the cure
It to make ytrow, did all his peine
To make it passe all tho that men haue
seine.

And shapen was this herber roofe
and all
As a prety parlour, and also
The hegge as thicke as a castle wall,
That who that list without to stond
or go,
Though he would all day prien to
and fro,
He should not see if there were any
wight
Within or no, but one within well might
Perceiue all tho that yeden there
without
In the field that was on euery side
Couered with corn and grasse, that out
of doubt,
Though one would seeke all the world
wide,
So rich a field coud not be espide
On no coast, as of the quantity,
For of all good thing there was plenty.

And I that all this pleasaunt sighte sie,
Thought sodainly I felt so sweet an aire
Of the eglentere, that certainly
There is no herte I deme in such dis-
paire,
Ne with thoughts froward and contraire,
So ouerlaid, but it should soone haue
bote,
If it had ones felt this sauour sote.

And as I stood and cast aside mine eie,
I was ware of the fairest medle tree
That euer yet in all my life I sie,
As full of blossomes as it might be,
Therein a goldfinch leaping pretile
Fro bough to bough, and as him list
he eet
Here and there of buds and floures
sweet.

And to the herber side was joyning
This faire tree, of which I haue you
told,
And at the last the brid began to sing,
Whan he had eaten what he eat wold,
So passing sweetly, that by manifold
It was more pleasaunt than I coud
deuse,
And whan his song was ended in this
wise,

The nightingale with so merry a note
Answered him, that all the wood rong
So sodainly, that as it were a sote,
I stood astonied, so was I with the song,
Thorow rauished, that till late and long,
I ne wist in what place I was, ne where,
And ayen me thought she song euen by
mine ere.

Wherefore I waited about bnsily
On euery side, if I her might see,
And at the last I gan full well asprie
Where she sat in a fresh grene laurer
tree,

On the further side euen right by me,
That gaue so passing a delicious smell,
According to the eglentere full well.

Whereof I had so inly great pleasure,
That as me thought I surely rauished was
Into Paradice, where my desire
Was for to be, and no ferther passe
As for that day, and on the sote grasse
I sat me downe, for as for mine entent,
The birdes song was more conuenient,

And more pleasaunt to me by manifold,
Than meat or drinke, or any other thing,
Thereto the herber was so fresh and cold,
The wholesome sauours eke so com-
forting,

That as I demed, sith the beginning
Of the world was neuer seene er than
So pleasaunt a ground of none earthly
man.

And as I sat the birds harkening thus,
Me thought that I heard voices sodainly,
The most sweetest and most delicious
That euer any wight I trow truly
Heard in their life, for the armony
And sweet accord was in so good musike,
That the uoice to angels most was like.

At the last out of a groue euen by,
That was right goodly and pleasant to
sight,

I sie where there came singing lustily
A world of ladies; but to tell aright
Their great beauty it lieth not in my
might,

Ne their array, neuerthelesse I shall
Tell you a part, though I speake not
of all.

The surcotes white of veluet wele sitting,
They were in clad; and the semes echone,
As it were a manner garnishing,
Was set with emerauds one and one,
By and by, but many a rich stone
Was set on the purfiles out of dout
Of colors, sleues, and traines round
about.

As great pearles round and orient,
Diamonds fine and rubies red,
And many another stone, of which I went
The names now, and euerich on her head
A rich fret of gold, which without dread
Was full of stately rich stones set,
And euery lady had a chapelet

On her head of fresh and greene,
So wele wrought and so meruellously,
That it was a noble sight to seene,
Some of laurer, and some full pleasantly
Had chapelets of woodbind, and sadly
Some of agnus castus were also
Chapelets fresh; but there were many
of tho

That daunced and eke song full soberly,
But all they yede in manner of com-
pace,

But one ther yede in mid the company,
Soole by her selfe, but all followed the
pace

That she kept, whose heauenly figured
face

So pleasant was, and her wele shape
person,

That of beauty she past hem euerichone.

And more richly beseene, by manifold
She was also in euery manner thing,
On her head full pleasaunt to behold,
A crowne of gold rich for any king,
A braunch of agnus castus eke bearing
In her hand, and to my sight truly,
She lady was of the company.

And she began a roundell lustely,
That «Suse le foyle, devers moy,» men
call,

«Sien et mon ioly cuer est endormy,»
And than the company answered al!,
With voice sweet entuned, and so small,
That me thought it the sweetest melody
That euer I heard in my life soothly.

And thus they came dauncing and
singing

Into the middest of the mede echone,
Before the herber where I was sitting,
And God wot me thought I was wel
bigone,

For than I might aise hem one by one,
Who fairest was, who coud best dance
or sing,

Or who most womanly was in all thing.

They had not daunced but a little throw,
Whan that I heard not ferre off sodainly,
So great a noise of thundring trumps
blow,

As though it should haue departed the
skie,

And after that within a while I sie,
From the same groue where the ladies
come out,

Of men of armes comming such a rout,

As all the men on earth had ben as-
sembled

In that place, wele horsed for the nones,

Stering so fast, that all the earth trem-
bled:

But for to speake of riches and stones,
And men and horse, I trow the large
wones,

Of Pretir John, ne all his tresory,
Might not unneth haue boght the tenth
party

Of their array: who so list heare more,
I shall rehearse so as I can alite:

Out of the groue that I spake of before,
I sie come first all in their clokes white,
A company that ware for their delite,
Chapelets fresh of okes seriall,
Newly sprong, and trumpets they were
all.

On euery trumpe hanging a broad banere
Of fine tartarium were full richely bete,
Euery trumpet his lords armes bere,
About their neckes with great pearles
sete

Collers brode, for cost they would not
lete,

As it would seem, for their schochones
echone,

Were set about with many a precious
stone.

Their horse harneis was all white also,
And after them next in one company,
Came kings of armes and no mo
In clokes of white cloth of gold richly;
Chapelets of greene on their heads on hie,
The crowns that they on their schocho-
nes bere,

Were set with pearle, ruby, and saphere.

And eke great diamonds many one,
But all their horse harneis and other
geare

Was in a sute according euerychone,
As ye haue heard the foresaid trum-
pets were;

And by seeming they were nothing to
lere,

And their guiding, they did so manerly,
And after hem came a great company

Of herauds and purseuants eke,
Arrayed in clothes of white veluet,
And hardily they were no thing to seke,
How they on hem should the harneis set;
And euery man had on a chapelet;
Schochones and eke horse harneis in-
dede,

They had in sute of hem that before
hem yede.

Next after hem came in armour bright
All saue their heads, seemely knights
nine,

And euery claspe and naile as to my
sight

Of their harneis were of red gold fine,
With cloth of gold, and furred with
ermine

Were the trappors of their stedes strong,
Wide and large, that to the ground did
hong.

And euery bosse of bridle and paitrell
That they had, was worth, as I would
wene,

A thousand pound, and on their heads
well

Dressed were crownes of laurer grene,
The best made that euer I had sene,
And euery knight had after him riding
Three henshmen on him awaiting.

Of which euery on a short tronchoun
His lords helme bare, so richly dight,
That the worst was worth the ransom
Of a king; the second a shield bright
Bare at his backe; the thred bare upright
A mighty spere, full sharpe ground and
kene,

And euery child ware of leaues grene

A fresh chapelet upon his haires bright,
And clokes white of fine veluet they
were,

Their steeds trapped and raied right
Without difference as their lords were,
And after hem on many a fresh corsere,
There came of armed knights such a rout,
That they besprad the large field about.

And all they ware after their degrees
Chaplets new made of laurer grene,
Some of oke, and some of other trees,
Some in their honds bare boughs shene,
Some of laurer, and some of okes kene,
Some of hauthorne, and some of wood-
bind,

And many mo which I had not in mind.

And so they came, their horses freshly
stering

With bloody sownes of hir trompes loud;
There sie I many an uncouth disguising
In the array of these knights proud,
And at the last as euenly as they coud,
They took their places in middes of the
mede,

And euery knight turned his horse hede

To his fellow, and lightly laid a spere
In the rest, and so justes began
On euery part about here and there;
Some brake his spere, some drew down
hors and man,

About the field astray the steeds ran,
And to behold their rule and gouer-
naunce,
I you ensure it was a great pleasaunce.

And so the justs last an houre and more,
But tho that crowned were in laurer
grene,
Wan the prise, their dints were so sore,
That there was non agenst hem might
sustene,
And the justing all was left off clene,
And fro their horse the ninth alight
anone,
And so did all the remnant euerichone.

And forth they yede togider twain and
twain,
That to behold it was a worthy sight,
Toward the ladies on the greene plaine,
That song and daunced as I said now
right:
The ladies as soone as they goodly might,
They brake of both the song and dance,
And yede to meet hem with ful glad
semblance.

And euery lady tooke full womanly
By the hond a knight, and forth they
yede
Unto a faire laurer that stood fast by,
With leues lade the boughes of great
brede;
And to my dome there neuer was in-
dede
Man, that had seene halfe so faire a tree,
For underneath there might it well
haue be

An hundred persons at their owne ple-
sance
Shadowed fro the heat of Phebus bright,
So that they should haue felt no greu-
ance
Of raine ne haile that hem hurt might,
The sauour eke rejoice would any wight,
That had be sicke or melancolius;
It was so very good and vertuous.

And with great reuerence they enclin-
ing low
To the tree so soot and faire of hew;
And after that within a little throw
They began to sing and daunce of new,
Some song of loue, some plaining of
untrew,
Enuironning the tree that stood upright,
And euer yede a lady and a knight.

And at the last I cast mine eye aside,
And was ware of a lusty company

That came roming out of the field wide,
Hond in hond a knight and a lady,
The ladies all in surcotes, that richely
Purfiled were with many a rich stone,
And euery knight of green ware mant-
les on,

Embrouded well so as the surcotes were,
And euerich had a chapelet on her hed,
Which did right well upon the shining
here,
Made of goodly floures white and red,
The knights eke that they in hond led
In sute of hem ware chapelets euerychone,
And before hem went minstrels many
one,

As harpes, pipes, lutes, and sautry
All in greene, and on their heads bare
Of diuers floures made full craftely
All in a sute goodly chapelets they
ware;
And so dauncing into the mede they
fare,
In mid the which they found a tuft
that was
All ouersprad with floures in compas.

Whereto they enclined euerychone
With great reuerence, and that full
humbly;
And at the last there began anone
A lady for to sing right womanly
A bargaret in praising the daisie,
For as me thought among her notes
swete,
She said, «Si douce et la Margarete.»

Than they all answered her in fere,
So passingly well, and so pleasauntly,
That it was a blisful noise to here,
But I n'ot how it happed suddainly,
As about noone the sonne so feruently
Waxe hote, that the prety tender floures
Had lost the beauty of hir fresh colours.

Forshronke with heat, the ladies eke
to-brent,
That they ne wist where they hem might
bestow;
The knights swelt for lack of shade nie
shent,
And after that within a little throw,
The wind began so sturdily to blow,
That down goeth all the floures eueri-
chone,
So that in all the mede there left not one,
Save such as succoured were among the
leues
Fro euery storme that might hem
assaile,

Growing under hedges and thicke greues,
And after that there came a storme of
 haile,
And raine in fere, so that withouten faile,
The ladies ne the knights nade a threed
Drie on them, so dropping was hir weed.

And whan the storm was cleane passed
away,
Tho in white that stood under the tree,
They felt nothing of the great affray,
That they in greene without had in ybe,
To them they yede for routh and pite,
Them to comfort after their great disease,
So faine they were the helplesse for to
ease.

Than I was ware how one of hem in
grene
Had on a crowne rich and well sitting,
Wherefore I demed well she was a quene,
And tho in greene on her were awaiting;
The ladies than in white that were
comming
Toward them, and the knights in fere
Began to comfort hem, and make hem
chere.

The queen in white, that was of great
beauty,
Took by the hand the queen that was
in grene,
And said, «Suster, I have right great pitie
Of your annoy, and of the troublous tene,
Wherein ye and your company haue bene
So long alas, and if that it you please
To go with me, I shall do you the ease.

«In all the pleasure that I can or
may;»
Whereof the other humbly as she
might,
Thanked her, for in right ill array
She was with storm and heat I you be-
hight,
And euery lady than anone right
That were in white, one of them took
in grene
By the hond, which whan the knights
had sene,

In likewise ech of them toke a knight
Clad in greene, and forth with hem they
fare,
To an hegge, where they anon right
To make their justs they would not spare
Boughes to hew down, and eke trees
square,
Wherwith they made hem stately fires
great,
To dry their clothes that were ringing
weat.

And after that of hearbs that there grew,
They made for blisters of the sune
 brenning,
Very good and wholesome ointments new,
Where that they yede the sick fast an-
 ointing,
And after that they yede about gadering
Pleasaunt salades which they made hem
 eat,
For to refresh their great unkindly heat.

The lady of the Lease than began to pray
Her of the Floure (for so to my seeming
They should be as by their array)
To soupe with her, and eke for any
 thing,
That she should with her all her people
 bring:

And she agen in right goodly manere,
Thanketh her of her most friendly cheare,

Saying plainely that she would obay
With all her herte all her commaunde-
ment,
And than anon without lenger delay
The lady of the Leafe hath one ysent
For a palfrey, after her intent,
Arrayed well and faire in harneis of gold,
For nothing lacked, that to him long
shold.

And after that to all her company
She made to puruey horse and euey
 thing
That they needed, and than full lustily,
Euen by the herber where I was sitting
They passed all so pleasantly singing,
That it would haue comforted any wight;
But than I sie a passing wonder sight.

For than the nightingale, that all the day
Had in the laurer sete, and did her might
The whole service to sing longing to
May,
All sodainly gan to take her flight,
And to the lady of the Leafe forthright
She flew, and set her on her hond softly,
Which was a thing I marueled of greatly.

The goldfinch eke, that fro the medle
tree
Was fled for heat into the bushes cold,
Unto the lady of the Flower gan flee,
And on her hond he set him as he wold,
And pleasauntly his winges gan to fold,
And for to sing they pained hem both
as sore,
As they had do of all the day before.

And so these ladies rode forth a great
And all the rout of knights eke in fere;

And I that had seen all this wonder case,
Thought I would assay in some manere,
To know fully the trouth of this matere,
And what they were that rode so pleasantly;

And whan they were the herber passed by,

I drest me forth, and happed to mede anone

Right a faire lady I you ensure,
And she come riding by her selfe alone,
All in white, with semblance ful demure:
I saluted her, and bad her good aventure
Might her befall, as I coude most humbly,
And she answered, «My doughter, gramercy!»

«Madam,» quod I, «if that I durst enquire»

Of you I would faine of that company
Wit what they be that past by this arbere?»

And she agen answered right friendly:
«My faire doughter, all tho that passed here by

In white clothing, be seruaunts euerichone

Unto the Leafe, and I my selfe am one.

«See ye not her that crowned is,» quod she,

«All in white?» — «Madame,» quod I, «yes:»

«That is Diane, goddessse of chastite,
And for because that she a maiden is,
In her hond the braunch she beareth this,
That agnus castus men call properly,
And all the ladies in her company,

«Which ye se of that hearb chaplets weare,

Be such as han kept alway hir maidenheed:

And all they that of laurer chaplets beare,
Be such as hardy were and manly indeed,

Uictorious name which neuer may be dede!

And all they were so worthy of their hond,

In hir time that none might hem withstond.

«And tho that weare chaplets on their hede

Offresh woodbind, be such as neuer were
To loue vntrue in word, thought, ne dede,
But aye stedfast, ne for pleasance ne fere,
Thogh that they shuld their hertes all to tere,

Would neuer flit but euer were stedfast,
Till that their liues there asunder brast.»

«Now faire madame,» quod I, «yet I would pray,

Your ladiship if that it might be,
That I might know by some maner way,
Sith that it hath liked your beaute,
The trouth of these ladies for to tell me,
What that these knights be in rich armour,

And what tho be in grene and weare the flour?

«And why that some did reuerence to that tre,

And some unto the plot of floures faire?»

«With right good will my fair doghter,» quod she,

«Sith your desire is good and debonaire;
Tho nine crowned be very exemplaire,
Of all honour longing to chivalry,
And those certaine be called the Nine Worthy,

«Which ye may see riding all before,
That in hir time did many a noble dede,
And for their worthinesse full oft haue bore

The crowne of laurer leaues on their hede,

As ye may in your old bookes rede,
And how that he that was a conquerour,
Had by laurer alway his most honour.

«And tho that beare bowes in their hond
Of the precious laurer so notable,
Be such as were, I woll ye understond,
Noble knights of the round table,
And eke the Douseperis honourable,
Which they beare in signe of victory;
It is witnesse of their deeds mightily.

«Eke there be knights old of the garter,
That in hir time did right worthily,
And the honour they did to the laurer,
Is for by it they haue their laud wholly,
Their triumph eke, and martiall glory,
Which unto them is more parfit richesse,
Than any wight imagine can or gesse.

«For one leafe giuen of that noble tree
To any wight that hath done worthily,
And it be done so as it ought to be,
Is more honour than any thing earthly;
Witnesse of Rome that founder was truly
Of all knighthood and deeds maruelous,
Record I take of Titus Liuius.

«And as for her that crowned is in greene,
It is Flora, of these floures goddessse,
And all that here on her awaiting beene,
It are such that loued idlenesse,
And not delite in no businesse,

But for to hunt and hauke, and pley in
medes,
And many other suchlike idle dedes.

And for the great delite and pleasaunce
They haue to the floure, and so reue-
rently
They unto it do such obeisaunce
As ye may see.» — «Now faire Madame,»
quod I,
«If I durst aske what is the cause and
why,
That knights haue the signe of honour,
Rather by the leafe than the flour.»

«Soothly doughter,» quod she, «this is
the trouth,
For knights euer should be perseuering,
To seeke honour without feintise or
slouth;
Fro wele to better in all manner thing;
In signe of which with leaues aye lasting,
They be rewarded after their degree,
Whose lusty green May, may not ap-
paired be,

«But aie keping their beautie fresh and
greene,
For there nis storme that may hem
deface,
Haile nor snow, wind nor frosts kene;
Wherfore they haue this property and
grace
And for the floure within a little space
Woll be all lost, so simple of nature
They be, that they no greeuance may
endure.

«And euery storme will blow them soone
away,
Ne they last not but for a season,
That is the cause, the very trouth to say,
That they may not by no way of reason
Be put to no such occupation.»

«Madame,» quod I, «with all mine whole
seruise,
I thanke you now in my most humble
wise.

«For now I am ascertained throughly,
Of euery thing I desired to know.»
«I am right glad that I haue said soothly
Ought to your pleasure if ye will me
trow:»
Quod she agen, «but to whom do ye owe
Your seruise, and which will ye honour,
Tel me I pray, this yere, the Leafe or
the Flour?»

«Madame,» quod I, «though I least
worthy,
Unto the Leafe I owe mine obseruaunce:»
«That is,» quod she, «right well done
certainly,
And I pray God to honour you auaunce,
And kepe you fro the wicked remem-
braunce
Of Malebouch, and all his crueltie,
And all that good and well conditioned be.

«For here may I no lenger now abide,
I must follow the great company
That ye may see yonder before you ride,»
And forth as I couth most humbly,
I tooke my leue of her as she gan hie,
After them as fast as euer she might,
And I drow homeward, for it was nigh
night:

And put all that I had seene in writing
Under support of them that lust it to
rede.
O little booke, thou art so unconning,
How darst thou put thy self in prees
for drede?
It is wonder that thou wexest not rede,
Sith that thou wost full lite who shall
behold
Thy rude language, full boistously unfold.

TO HIS EMPTY PURSE.

To you my purse and to none other
wight
Complaine I, for ye be my lady dere,
I am sorry now that ye be light,
For certes ye now make me heauy chere,
Me were as lefe laid upon a bere,
For which unto your mercy thus I crie,
Be heauy againe, or els mote I die.

Now vouchsafe this day er it be night,
That I of you the blissful sowne may
here,
Or see your colour like the sunne bright,
That of yelowness had neuer pere,
Ye be my life, ye be my hertes stere,
Queene of comfort and of good companie,
Be heauy againe, or els mote I die.

Now purse that art to me my liues light,
And sauour, as downe in this world here,
Out of this towne helpe me by your might,
Sith that you woll not be my treasure,

For I am shaue as nere as any frere,
But I pray unto your curtesie,
Be heauy againe, or els mote I die.

GOOD COUNSAIL

(written on his Death-bed).

Fly fro the presse, and dwell with sooth-
fastnesse,
Suffise unto thy good though it be small,
For horde hath hate, and climbing tikel-
nesse,
Prease hath enuy, and wele is blent
ouer all,
Sauour no more than thee behoue shall,
Rede well thy selfe that other folke
canst rede,
And trouth thee shall deliuer, it is no
drede.

Paine thee not ech crooked to redresse
In trust of her that tourned as a ball,
Great rest standeth in little businesse,
Beware also to spurn againe a nalle,

Striue not as doth a crocké with a wall,
Deme thy selfe that demest others dede,
And trouth thee shall deliuer, it is no
drede.

That thee is sent receiue in buxomnesse,
The wrastling of this world asketh a fall,
Here is no home, here is but wildernesse,
Forth pilgrime, forth beast out of thy
stall,

Looke up on high, and thanke God of
all,

Waieue thy lusts, and let thy ghost thee
lede,

And trouth thee shall deliuer, it is no
drede.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

THE RESTLESS LOVER,

with sute to his ladie, to rue on his dying hart.

The sunne hath twice brought forth his
tender grene,
Twice clad the earth in liuely lustinesse;
Ones have the windes the trees dis-
poyled clene,
And ones againe begins their cruelnesse,
Sins I haue hid under my brest the harme,
That neuer shal recouer healthfulnesse.
The winters hurt recouers with the
warme:
The parched grene restored is with shade:
What warmth, alas! may serue for to
disarme
The frosen hart, that mine in flame hath
made?
What cold againe is able to restore
My fresh grene yeres, that wither thus
and fade?

Alas! I se nothing hath hurt so sore,
But Time, in time, reduceth a returne:
In time my harme increaseth more and
more,

And semes to haue my cure alwayes in
scorne:

Strange kindes of death, in life that I
do trie;

At hand to melt, farre off in flame to
burne.

And lyke as time list to my cure apply,
So doth eche place my comfort cleane
refuse.

Al thyng alive, that seeth the heauens
with eye,

With cloke of night may couer, and
excuse

It selfe from trauaile of the dayes unrest.

Lord, how I gan in wrath unwisely me
demeane!

I cursed Loue and him defied: I thought
to turne the streame.

But when I well beheld he had me under
awe,

I asked mercy for my fault, that so
transgrest his lawe,

Thou blinded god, quod I, forgeue me
this offence,

Unwittingly I went about, to malice
thy pretence.

Wherwith he gaue a beck, and thus
me-thought he swore:

Thy sorow ought suffice to purge thy
fault, if it were more.

The vertue of which sound mine hert
did so reuiue,

That I, me-thought, was made as
whole as any man alive.

But here I may perceiue mine errour
al and some,

For that I thought that so it was; yet
was it stil undone:

And al that was no more but mine ex-
pressed minde,

That faine would haue some good
reliefe of Cupide wel assinde.

I turned home forthwith and might per-
ceiue it wel,

That he agreued was right sore with
me for my rebel.

My harmes haue, euer since, encreased
more and more;

And I remaine without his help, un-
done for evermore.

A mirror let me be unto ye louers all:
Striue not with Loue, for if ye do, it

will ye thus befall.

PRISONER IN WINDSOR,

he recounteth his pleasure there passed.

So cruel prison, how could betide, alas!
As proude Windsor: where I in lust
and joye,

Wythe a kynges sonne, my childishe
yeres did passe,

In greater feast, than Priam's Sonnes
of Troye:

Where eche swete place returnes a taste
full sower:

The large grene courtes where we were
wont to hove,

With eyes cast up into the mayden tower,
And easie sighes, such as folk drawe

in Loue;
The stately seates, the ladies bright of
hewe;

The daunces shorte, long tales of great
delight

With wordes and lokes, that tygers could
but rewe,

Where ech of us did pleade the others
right.

The palme play, where, despoyled for
the game,

With dazed yies oft we by gleames of loue,
Haue mist the ball, and gote sighte of

our dame,
To bayte her eyes, which kept the leads
aboue.

The grauell ground, wythe sleues tide
on the helme

On fomyng horse, with swordes and
friendly hartes;

With chear as though one should another
whelme,

Where we haue fought, and chased oft
with dartes;

With siluer droppes the meade yet spred
for ruthe,

In actiue games of nimblenes and
strength,

Where we did straine, trayned with
swarmes of youth,

Our tender limmes, that yet shot up in
length:

The secrete groues which oft we made
resounde,

Of pleasaunt plaint, and of our ladies
praise,

Recording oft what grace ech one had
founde,

What hope of spede, what drede of long
delayes:

The wilde forest, the clothed holtes with
grene,

With rains auailed and swift ybreathed
horse;

With crie of houndes and mery blastes
betwene,

Where we did chase the fearful harte
of force.

The wide vales eke, that harborde us
eche nighte,

Wherwith, alas, reuiueth in my brest
The swete accorde, such slepes as yet
delight,

The pleasant dreames, the quiet bed of
rest:
The secrete thoughtes imparted with
such trust,
The wanton talke, the diuers change of
play,
The frendship sworne, eche promise kept
so iust;
Wherwith we past the winter night away.
Aud with this thought, the blood forsakes
the face,
The teares berayne my chekes of deadly
hewe,
The whyche as sone as sobbing sighes,
alas,
Upsupped have, thus I my plaint renewe:

O place of blisse! renuer of my woes,
Giue me accompt, where is my noble
fere;
Whom in thy walles thou dost ech night
enclose;
To other leefe, but unto me most dere:
Eccho alas, that doth my sorow rewe,
Returns therto a hollowe sounde of
playnte.
Thus I alone, were all my fredome grewe,
In prison pine with bondage and re-
strainte,
And with remembrance of the greater
greefe,
To banish the lesse, I find my cheefe
releefe.

A PRAISE OF HIS LOUE,

wherin he reproueth them that compare their ladies with his.

Geve place, ye louers, here before,
That spent your bostes and bragges in
vain,
My ladies beawty passeth more,
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Then doth the sunne the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night;

And therto hath a troth as just,
As had Penelope the faire,
For what she sayth, ye may it trust,
As by it writing sealed were:
And virtues hath she many moe,
Than I with pen have skill to showe.

I could reherse if that I would,
The whole effect of Natures plaint,
When she had lost the perfite mould,

The like to whome she could not paint:
With wringyng hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I knowe she swore with raging minde
Her kingdome onely set apart;
There was no losse, by lawe of kinde,
That could haue gone so nere her hart;
And this was chefely all her paine,
She could not make the like againe.

Sith Nature thus gaue her the praise,
To be the chefest worke she wrought;
In faith me thinke some better wayes,
On your behalfe might well be sought.
Then to compare (as you haue done)
To matche the candle withe the sunne.

SONNETS.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING,
*wherin eche thing renewes saue onely the
lover.*

The soote season, that bud and blome
forth brings,
With grene hath clad the hill, and eke
the vale:
The nightingale with fethers new she
sings:
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale:
Somer is come, for euery spray now
springs:
The hart hath hong his old head on the
pale;
The buck in brake his winter coate he
flings:

The fishes flete with new repaired scale:
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her hony now she mings,
Winter is worne, that was the flowers bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant
things
Eche care decays; and yet my
row springs.

GERALDINE.

From Tuskane came my ladies worthy
race:
Faire Florence was sometime her aun-
cient seate;

The western yle, whose plesant shore
 doth face
 Wilde Cambers cliffs, did gyve her liuely
 heate:
 Fostred she was with milke of Irish brest;
 Her sire, an Erle; her dame of princes
 blood:
 From tender yeres, in Britain she doth
 rest
 With kinges childe, where she tasteth
 costly food.
 Honsdon did first present her to mine
 eyen;
 Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she
 hight:
 Hampton me taught to wishe her first
 for mine:
 And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from
 her sight.
 Her beauty of kind, her vertues from
 aboue,
 Happy is he, that can obtaine her loue!

THE FRAILTIE AND HURTFULNESS OF BEAUTIE.

Brittle beautie, that nature made so fraile,
 Wherof the gift is small and short the
 season;
 Flowring to day, to morowe apt to faile:
 Fickell treasure, abhorred of reason:
 Daungerous to deal with, vaine, of none
 -aunaile;
 Costly in keping, past not worthe two
 peason:
 Slipper in sliding as is an eles taile;
 Harde to attaine, once gotten not geason:
 Jewell of jeopardie that peril doth as-
 saile;
 False and untrue, enticed oft to treason;
 Enmy to youth, that most may I bewaile:
 Ah, bitter swete, infecting as the poyson.
 Thou farest as frute that with the frost
 is taken,
 To day redy ripe, to morowe all to
 shaken.

A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT OF THE LOUER NOT BELOUED.

Alas, so all thinges now doe holde their
 peace,
 Heaven and earth disturbed in nothing,
 The beastes, the ayer, the birdes their
 songe doe cease,
 The nightes chare the starres aboute
 doth bring;

Calme is the sea, the waues worke lesse
 and lesse:
 So am not I, whom loue alas doth wring,
 Bringing before my face the great en-
 crease
 Of my desires, wherat I wepe and sing,
 In joy and wo, as in a doubtful case:
 For my swete thoughtes, sometime do
 pleasure bring;
 But by and by the cause of my disease
 Geves me a pang, that inwardly doth
 sting,
 When that I thinke what grief it is
 againe,
 To liue and lack the thing should
 rid my paine.

HOW ECHE THING SAUE THE LOUER IN SPRING REUIUETH TO PLEASURE

When Windsor walles susteined my wea-
 ried arme,
 My hand my chin, to ease my restlesse
 head:
 The pleasant plot reuested green with
 warme,
 The blossomed bowes with lusty Ver
 yspred,
 The flowred meades, the wedded birdes
 so late
 Mine eyes discouer: and to my minde
 resorte
 The joly woes, the hateless short debate,
 The rakehell life that longes to loues
 disporte:
 Wherewith, alas, the heauy charge of
 care
 Heapt in my breast breakes forth, against
 my will,
 In smoky sighes, that ouercast the ayer,
 My vapord eyes such drery teares distill,
 The tender spring which quicken where
 they fall,
 And I halfe bend to throwe me downe
 withall.

A VOW TO LOUE

faithfully howsoeuer he be rewarded.

Set me where as the sunne doth parche
 the grene,
 Or where bis beames do not dissolue
 the eyse:
 In temperate heate where he is felt and
 sene:
 In presence prest of people madde or
 wise;
 Set me in hye, or yet in low degree;

In longest night, or in the shortest daye:
 In clearest skie, or where cloudes thickest
 be;
 In lusty youth, or when my heeres are
 graye:
 Set me in heauen, in earth, or els in
 hell,
 In hyll or dale, or in the foming flood,
 Thrall, or at large, aliue whereso I dwell,
 Sicke or in health, in euill fame or good;
 Hers will I be, and onely with this
 thought
 Content my self, although my chaunce
 be nought.

COMPLAINT

*that his lady after she knew of his loue,
 kept her face alway hidden from him.*

I never sawe my Lady laye apart,
 Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in
 heate,
 Sith fyrst she knew my grieve was gro-
 wen so greate;
 Whiche other fansies driueth from my
 hart
 That to my self I do the thought re-
 serue,
 The which unwares did wound my woe-
 ful brest;
 But on her face mine eyes mought neuer
 rest:
 Yet since she knew I did her loue and
 serue,
 Her golden tresses cladde alway with
 blacke;

Her smyling lokes that hid thus euer-
 more,
 And that restraines whiche I desire so
 sore:
 So dothe thys cornet gouerne me alacke:
 In somer, sunne: in winters breathe, a
 froste:
 Wherby the light of her faire lokes I lost.

REQUEST TO HIS LOUE

to joine bountie with beautie.

The golden gift that nature did thee give,
 To fasten frendes and fede them at thy
 will;
 With fourme and fauour, taught me to
 beleue,
 How thou arte made to showe her grea-
 test skil;
 Whose hidden vertues are not so un-
 knownen,
 But lively dames mighte gather at the
 first
 Where beauty so her perfecte seede hath
 sowen,
 Of other graces folow nedes there must.
 Now certesse Ladie, sins all thys is true,
 That from aboue thy giftes are thus
 elect:
 Do not deface them than with fansies
 newe,
 Nor change of mindes let not the minde
 infect:
 But mercy hym thy frende, that doth
 thee serve,
 Who sekes always thine honour to pre-
 serue.

THOMAS TUSSER.

Extracts from his
 Five hundred points of good Husbandry.

THE LADDER TO THRIFT.

1. To take thy calling thankfully,
 And shun the path to beggary.
2. To grudge in youth no drudgery,
 To come by knowledge perfectly.
3. To count no travell slavery,
 That brings in penny saverly.

4. To follow profit, earnestly,
 But meddle not with pilfery.
5. To get by honest practisy,
 And keep thy gettings covertly.
6. To lash not out, too lashingly,
 For fear of pinching penury.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>7. To get good plot, to occupy,
And store and use it, husbandly.</p> <p>8. To shew to landlord courtesy,
And keep thy covenants orderly.</p> <p>9. To hold that thine is lawfully,
For stoutness, or for flattery.</p> <p>10. To wed good wife for company,
And live in wedlock honestly.</p> <p>11. To furnish house with householdry,
And make provision skillfully.</p> <p>12. To join to wife good family,
And none to keep for bravery.</p> <p>13. To suffer none live idely,
For fear of idle knavery.</p> <p>14. To courage wife in huswifery,
And use well doers gently.</p> <p>15. To keep no more but needfully,
And count excess unsavoury.</p> <p>16. To raise betimes the lubberly,
Both snorting <i>Hob</i> and <i>Margery</i>.</p> <p>17. To walk thy pastures usually,
To spy ill neighbour's subtilty.</p> <p>18. To hate revengement hastily,
For losing love and amity.</p> <p>19. To love thy neighbour, neighbourly,
And shew him no discourtesy.</p> <p>20. To answer stranger civilly,
But shew him not thy secresy.</p> <p>21. To use no man deceitfully,
To offer no man villainy.</p> <p>22. To learn how foe to pacify,
But trust him not too hastily.</p> <p>23. To keep thy touch substantially,
And in thy word use constancy.</p> | <p>24. To make thy bands advisedly,
And come not bound through suerty</p> <p>25. To meddle not with usury,
Nor lend thy money foolishly.</p> <p>26. To hate to live in infamy,
Through craft, and living shiftingly.</p> <p>27. To shun all kind of treachery,
For treason endeth, horribly.</p> <p>28. To learn to shun ill company,
And such as live dishonestly.</p> <p>29. To banish house of blasphemy,
Lest crosses cross, unluckily.</p> <p>30. To stop mischance through policy,
For chancing too unhappily.</p> <p>31. To bear thy crosses, patiently,
For worldly things are slippery.</p> <p>32. To lay to keep from misery,
Age coming on so creepingly.</p> <p>33. To pray to God continually,
For aid against thine enemy.</p> <p>34. To spend thy Sabbath holily,
And help the needy poverty.</p> <p>35. To live in conscience quietly,
And keep thyself from malady.</p> <p>36. To ease thy sickness speedily,
Ere help be past recovery.</p> <p>37. To seek to God for remedy,
For witches prove unluckily.</p> <p>These be the steps, unfeignedly,
To climb to thrift by husbandry.</p> <p>These steps both reach, and teach thee
shall,
To come by thrift, to shift withall.</p> |
|---|---|

GOOD HUSBANDRY LESSONS,

worthy to be followed of such as will thrive.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. God sendeth and giveth, both mouth
and the meat,
And blesseth us all with his bene-
fits great:
Then serve we the God, who so
richly doth give,
Shew love to our neighbours, and
lay for to live.</p> <p>2. As bud, by appearing, betok'neth
the spring,
And leaf, by her falling, the con-
trary thing;
So youth bids us labour, to get as
we can,
For age is a burden to laboring man.</p> <p>3. A competent living, and honestly had,
Makes such as are godly, both thank-
full and glad:</p> | <p>Life, never contented with honest
estate,
Lamented is oft, and repented too late.</p> <p>4. Count never well gotten, what naughty
is got,
Nor well to account of, which honest
is not:
Look long not to prosper, that
weighest not this,
Lest prospering faileth, and all go
amiss.</p> <p>5. True wedlock is best, for avoiding
of sin;
The bed undefiled, much honour
doth win:
Though love be in choosing, far
better than gold,
Let love come with somewhat, the
better to hold.</p> |
|--|---|

6. Where couples agree not, is rancour
and strife,
Where such be together, is seldom
good life;
Where couples in wedlock do lovely
agree,
There foison remaineth, if wisdom
there be.
7. Who looketh to marry, must lay to
keep house,
For love may not alway be playing
with douse;
If children increase, and no stay
of thine own,
What afterward follows is soon to
be known.
8. Once charged with children, or likely
to be,
Give over to sojourn, that thinkest
to thee;
Lest grudging of hostess, and crav-
ing of nurse,
Be costly and noisome to thee and
thy purse.
9. Good husbands that loveth good
houses to keep:
Are oftentimes careful when others
do sleep:
To spend as they may, or to stop
at the first,
For running in danger, or fear of
the worst.
10. Go count with thy coffers, when
harvest is in,
Which way for thy profit to save
or to win:
Of t'one or them both, if a savour
we smell,
House-keeping is godly, wherever
we dwell.
11. Son, think not thy money - purse
bottom to burn,
But keep it for profit, to serve thine
own turn:
A fool and his money be soon at
debate,
Which after, with sorrow, repents
him too late.
12. Good bargain adoring, make privy
but few,
In selling, refrain not, abroad it to
shew:
In making, make haste, and away
to thy pouch,
In selling, no haste, if ye dare it
avouch.
13. Good landlord who findeth, is bles-
sed of God, —
A cumbersome landlord is husband-
man's rod;
He noyeth, destroyeth, and all to
this drift,
To strip his poor tenant of farm
and of thrift.
14. Rent-corn, whoso payeth (as world-
lings would have,
So much for an acre) must live like
a slave;
Rent-corn to be paid, for a reas'-
nable rent,
At reas'nable prices, is not to lament.
15. Once placed for profit, look never
for ease,
Except ye beware of such michers
as these, —
Unthriftiness, Slothfulness, Careless
and Rash,
That thrusteth thee headlong, to
run in the lash.
16. Make Money thy drudge, for to fol-
low thy work,
Make Wisdom comptroller, and Order
thy clerk:
Provision cater, and Skill to be
cook,
Make Steward of all, pen, ink, and
thy book.
17. Make hunger thy sauce, as a med'-
cine for health,
Make thirst to be butler, as physick
for wealth:
Make eye to be usher, good usage
to have,
Make bolt to be porter, to keep out
a knave.
18. Make husbandry bailiff, abroad to
provide,
Make huswifery daily, at home for
to guide:
Make coffer, fast locked, thy trea-
sure to keep,
Make house to be süer, the safer
to sleep.
19. Make bandog thy scoutwatch, to
bark at a thief,
Make courage for life, to be capi-
tain chief:
Make trap-door thy bulwark, make
bell to begin,
Make gunstone and arrow, shew who
is within.

20. The credit of master, to brothel his
man,
And also of mistress, to minikin Nan,
Be causers of opening a number of
gaps,
That letteth in mischief, and many
mishaps.
21. Good husband he trudgeth to bring
in the gains,
Good huswife she drudgeth, refusing
no pains.
Though husband at home, be to
count, ye wot what,
Yet huswife, within, is as needful
as that.
22. What helpeth in store, to have never
so much,
Half lost by ill usage, ill huswives
and such?
So, twenty load bushes, cut down
at a clap,
Such heed may be taken, shall stop
but a gap.
23. A retcheless servant, a mistress that
scowls,
A ravening mastiff, and hogs that
eat fowls,
A giddy brain master, and stroyall
his knave,
Brings ruling to ruin, and thrift to
her grave.
24. With some upon Sundays, their tables
do reek,
And half the week after, their din-
ners do seek,
Not often exceeding, but always
enough,
Is husbandly fare, and the guise of
the plough.
25. Each day to be feasted, what hus-
bandry worse,
Each day for to feast, is as ill for
the purse;
Yet measurely feasting, with neigh-
bours among,
Shall make thee beloved, and live
the more long.
26. Things husbandly handsome, let
workman contrive,
But build not for glory, that thinkest
to thrive;
Who fondly in doing, consumeth his
stock,
In the end for his folly, doth get but
a mock.
27. Spend none but your own, howsoever
ye spend,
For bribing and shifting have sel-
dom good end:
In substance although ye have never
so much,
Delight not in parasites, harlots,
and such.
28. Be süerty seldom, (but never for
much)
For fear of purse, pennyless, hanging
by such;
Or *Scarborow* warning, as ill I be-
lieve,
When, (Sir, I arrest ye!) gets hold
of thy sleeve.
29. Use (*legem pone*) to pay at thy day,
But use not (*oremus*) for often de-
lay:
Yet (*praesta quaesumus*) out of a
grate,
Of all other collects, the lender doth
hate.
30. Be pinched by lending, for kiffe nor
for kin,
Nor also by spending, by such as
come in;
Nor put to thine hand, betwixt bark
and the tree,
Lest through thine own folly, so
pinched thou be.
31. As lending to neighbour, in time of
his need,
Wins love of thy neighbour, and
credit doth breed;
So never to crave, but to live of
thine own,
Brings comforts a thousand, to many
unknown.
32. Who living but lends? and be lent
to they must,
Else buying and selling must lie in
the dust:
But shameless and crafty that des-
perate are,
Make many, full honest, the worser
to fare.
33. At some time to borrow, account
it no shame,
If justly thou keepest thy touch for
the same:
Who quick be to borrow, and slow
be to pay,
Their credit is naught, go they never
so gay.

34. By shifting and borrowing, who so
as lives,
Not well to be thought on, occasion
gives:
Then lay to live warily, and wisely
to spend;
For prodigall livers have seldom
good end.
35. Some spareth too late, and a num-
ber with him, —
The fool at the bottom, the wise at
the brim:
Who careth, nor spareth, till spent
he hath all,
Of bobbing, not robbing, be fearful
he shall.
36. Where wealthiness floweth, no friend-
ship can lack,
Whom poverty pincheth, hath free-
dom as slack;
Then happy is he, by example that
can
Take heed by the fall, of a mis-
chieved man.
37. Who breaketh his credit, or cracketh
it twice,
Trust such with a süerty, if ye be
wise:
Or if he be angry, for asking thy
due,
Once even, to him afterward, lend
not anew.
38. Account it well sold, that is justly
well paid,
And count it well bought, that is
never denaid;
But yet here is t'one, here is t'other
doth best,
For buyer and seller, for quiet and
rest.
39. Leave princes' affaires, undescanted
on,
And tend to such doings as stands
thee upon:
Fear God, and offend not the prince,
nor his laws,
And keep thyself out of the magi-
strate's claws.
40. As interest, or usury playeth the
devil,
So hil-back and fil-belly biteth as
evil:
Put dicing among them, and dock-
ing the dell,
And by and by after, of beggary
smell.
41. Once weekly, remember thy charges
to cast,
Once monthly, see how thy expen-
ces may last:
If quarter declareth too much to
be spent,
For fear of ill year, take advice of
thy rent.
42. Who orderly en'reth his payments
in book,
May orderly find them again, (if he
look:)
And he that intendeth, but once for
to pay,
Shall find this in doing, the quietest
way.
43. In dealing uprightly, this counsel I
teach,
First reckon, then write, ere to
purse ye do reach;
Then pay and dispatch him, as soon
as ye can,
For ling'ring is hinderance, to many
a man.
44. Have weights, I advise thee, for
silver and gold,
For some be in knavery, now a-days
bold;
And for to be süer, good money
to pay,
Receive that is current, as near as
ye may.
45. Delight not, for pleasure, two houses
to keep,
Lest charge, without measure, upon
thee do creep;
And *Jankin* and *Jenykin* cozen thee so,
To make thee repent it, ere year
about go.
46. The stone that is rolling, can gather
no moss,
Who often removeth is süer of loss:
The rich it compelleth, to pay for
his pride,
The poor it undoeth, on every side.
47. The eye of the master enricheth the
hutch,
The eye of the mistress availeth as
much;
Which eye, if it govern, with reason
and skill,
Hath servant and service, at plea-
sure and will.
48. Who seeketh revengement of every
wrong,
In quiet nor safety, continueth long:

- So he that of wilfulness, trieth the
law,
Shall strive for a coxcomb, and thrive
as a daw.
49. To hunters and hawkers take heed
what ye say,
Mild answer with courtesy, drives
them away;
So where a man's better will open
a gap,
Resist not with rudeness, for fear of
mishap.
50. A man in this world, for a churl
that is known:
Shall hardly in quiet, keep that is
his own:
Where lowly, and such as of cour-
tesy smells,
Finds favour and friendship, wher-
ever he dwells.
51. Keep truly thy Sabbath, the better
to speed;
Keep servant from gadding, but when
it is need:
Keep fish-day and fasting-day, as
they do fall,
What custom thou keepest, let others
keep all.
52. Though some in their tithing, be
slack or too bold,
Be thou unto Godward, not that
way too cold:
Evil conscience grudgeth, and yet
we do see,
Ill tithers, ill thrivers most com-
monly be.
53. Pay weekly thy workman, his hous-
hold to feed,
Pay quarterly servants, to buy as
they need:
Give garment to such as deserve,
and no mo,
Lest thou and thy wife, without gar-
ment do go.
54. Beware *raskabilia*, — slothful to work,
Purloiners and filchers, that loveth
to lurk:
Away with such lubbers, so loth to
take pain,
That rolls in expences, but never
no gain.
55. Good wife and good children are
worthy to eat,
Good servant, good labourer, earneth
their meat;
- Good fellow, good neighbour, that
fellowly guest,
With heartily welcome, should have
of the best.
56. Depart not with all that thou hast
to thy child,
Much less unto other, for being be-
guil'd:
Lest if thou wouldst gladly possess
it again,
Look, for to come by it, thou wot-
test not when.
57. The greatest preferment that child
we can give,
Is learning and nurture, to train
him to live;
Which whoso it wanteth, though
left as a squire,
Consumeth to nothing, as block in
the fire.
58. When God hath so blest thee, as
able to live,
And thou hast to rest thee, and able
to give;
Lament thy offences, serve God for
amends,
Make soul to be ready, when God
for it sends.
59. Send fruits of thy faith to heaven,
aforehand,
For mercy here doing, God blesseth
thy land;
He maketh thy store with his bless-
ing to swim,
And after, thy soul to be blessed
with him.
60. Some lay to get riches, by sea and
by land,
And vent'reth his life, in his ene-
mies hand;
And setteth his soul upon six or on
seven,
Not caring nor fearing, for hell nor
for heaven.
61. Some pincheth and spareth, and
pineth his life,
To coffer up bags, for to leave to
his wife;
And she (when he dieth) sets open
the chest,
For such as can soothe her. and all
away wrest.

62. Good husband preventing the frail-
ness of some,
Takes part of God's benefits, as they
do come:
And leaveth to wife and his children
the rest,
Each one his own part, as he thin-
keth it best.

63. These lessons approved, if wisely ye
note,
May save and advantage ye, many
a groat;
Which if ye can follow, occasion
found,
Then every lesson may save ye a
pound.

THRIFT.

A brief conclusion, where you may see, each word in the verse to begin with a T.

The thrifty that teacheth the thriving
to thrive,
Teach timely to traverse, the thing that
thou 'trive,
Transferring thy toiling, to timeliness
taught,
This teacheth thee temp'rance, to tem-
per thy thought.
Take Trusty (to trust to) that thinkest
to thee,
That trustily thriftiness trowleth to thee.

Then temper thy travell, to tarry the tide
This teacheth the thriftiness, twenty ti-
mes try'd.
Take thankfull thy talent, thank thank-
fully those,
That thriftily teacheth thy time to trans-
pose.
Troth twice to be teached, teach twenty
times ten,
This trade thou that takest, take thrift
to thee then.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

THE LULLABIE OF A LOVER.

Sing lullaby, as women doe,
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest,
And lullaby can I sing to,
As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the childe,
And if I be not much beguild,
Full many wanton babes haue I,
Which must be stild with lullabie.

First lullaby my youthfull yeares,
It is nowe time to go to bed,
For crooked age and hoary heares,
Haue wone the hauen within my head:
With Lullaby then youth be still,
With Lullaby content thy will,
Since courage quayles, and commes be-
hind,
Go sleepe, and so beguile thy minde.

Next Lullaby my gazing eyes,
Which wonted were to glaunce apace.
For euery Glasse maye nowe suffise,
To shewe the furrowes in my face:

With Lullabye then winke awhile,
With Lullabye your lookes beguile:
Lette no fayre face, nor beautie brighte,
Entice you efte with vayne delighte.

And Lullaby my wanton will,
Lette reasons rule, nowe reigne thy
thought,
Since all to late I finde by skylle,
Howe deare I haue thy fansies bought.
With Lullaby nowe tak thyne ease,
With Lullaby thy doubtles appease:
For trust to this, if thou be styll,
My body shall obey thy will.

Thus Lullabye my youth, myne eyes,
My will, my ware, and all that was,
I can no mo delayes deuise,
But welcome payne, let pleasure passe:
With Lullaby now take your leaue,
With Lullaby your dreames deceiue,
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this Lullabye.

GOOD MORROW.

You that haue spent the silent night,
In sleepe and quiet rest,
And ioye to see the cheerefull lyght
That ryseth in the East:
Now cleare your voyce, now chere your
hart,
Come helpe me nowe to sing:
Eche willing wight come beare a part,
To prayse the heauenly King.

And you whome care in prison keepes,
Or sickenes doth suppresses,
Or secret sorowe breakes your sleepes,
Or dolours doe distresse:
Yet beare a parte in dolfull wise,
Yea thinke it good accorde,
And acceptable sacrifice,
Eche sprite to prayse the lorde.

The dreadfull night with darkesom-
nesse,
Had ouer spread the light,
And sluggish sleepe with drowsynesse,
Had ouer prest our might:
A glasse wherein you may beholde,
Eche storme that stopes our breath,
Our bed the graue, our clothes lyke molde,
And sleepe like dreadfull death.

Yet as this deadly night did laste,
But for a little space,
And heauenly daye nowe night is past,
Doth shewe his pleasaunt face:
So must we hope to see Gods face,
At last in heauen on hie,
When we haue chang'd this mortall place,
For Immortalitie.

And of such happes and heauenly ioyes,
As then we hope to holde,
All earthly sightes and wordly toyes,
Are tokens to beholde.
The daye is like the daye of doome,
The sunne, the Sonne of man,
The skyes the heauens, the earth the
tombe
Wherein we rest till than.

The Rainbowe bending in the skye,
Bedeckte with sundrye hewes,
Is like the seate of God on hye,
And seemes to tell these newes:
That as thereby he promised,
To drowne the world no more,
So by the bloud which Christ hath shead,
He will our helth restore.

The mistie cloudes that fall sometime,
And ouercast the skyes,
Are like to troubles of our time,
Which do but dymme our eyes:
But as suche dewes are dryed up quite,
When Phoebus shewes his face,
So are such fansies put to flighte,
Where God doth guide by grace.

The caryon Crowe, that lothsome beast,
Which cryes agaynst the rayne,
Both for her hewe and for the rest,
The Deuill resembleth playne:
And as with gonnes we kill the crowe,
For spoyling our releefe,
The Deuill so must we ouerthrowe,
With gonshote of beleefe.

The little byrde which sing so swete,
Are like the angelles voyce,
Which render God his prayses meete,
And teache us to reioyce:
And as they more esteeme that myrth,
Than dread the nights anoy,
So much we deeme our days on earth,
But hell to heauenly ioye.

Unto which Joyes for to attayne
God graunt us all his grace,
And sende us after worldly payne,
In heauen to haue a place.
Where wee maye still enioye that light,
Which neuer shall decaye:
Lorde for thy mercy lend us might,
To see that ioyfull daye.

Haud ictus sapio.

GOOD NIGHT.

When thou hast spent the lingring day
 in pleasure and delight,
 Or after toyle and wearie waye, dost
 seeke to rest at nighte:
 Unto thy paynes or pleasures past, adde
 this one labour yet,
 Ere sleepe close up thyne eye to fast,
 do not thy God forget,
 But searche within thy secret thoughts,
 what deeds did thee befall:
 And if thou find amisse in ought, to
 God for mercy call.
 Yea though thou find nothing amisse,
 which thou canst cal to mind,
 Yet euer more remember this, there is
 the more behind:
 And thinke how well so euer it be, that
 thou hast spent the daye,
 It came of God, and not of thee, so to
 direct thy waye.
 Thus if thou trie thy dayly deedes, and
 pleasure in thys payne,
 Thy life shall clense thy corne from weeds,
 and thine shall be the gaine:
 But if thy sinfull sluggishe eye, will
 venter for to winke,
 Before thy wading will may trye, how
 far thy soule maye sinke,
 Beware and wake, for else thy bed, which
 soft and smoth is made,
 May heape more harm upon thy head,
 than blowes of enmies blade.
 Thus if this paine procure thine ease,
 in bed as thou doest lye,
 Perhaps it shall not God displease, to
 sing thus soberly;
 I see that sleepe is lent me here, to
 ease my wearye bones,

As death at laste shall eke appeere, to
 ease my greeuous grones.
 My dayly sportes, my panch full fed, haue
 causde my drousie eye,
 As carelesse life in quiet led, might
 cause my soule to dye:
 The stretching armes, the yauning breath,
 which I to bedward use,
 Are patternes of the pangs of death,
 when life will me refuse.
 And of my bed eche sundrye part in
 shaddowes doth resemble,
 The sundry shapes of deth, whose dart
 shal make my flesh to tremble.
 My bed itselfe is like the graue, my
 sheetes the winding sheete,
 My clothes the mould which I must haue,
 to couer me most meete:
 The hungry fleas which friske so freshe,
 to wormes I can compare,
 Which greedily shall gnaw my fleshe,
 and leaue the bones ful bare:
 The waking Cock that early crowes to
 weare the night awaye,
 Puts in my minde the trumpe that blowes
 before the latter day.
 And as I rise up lustily, when sluggish
 sleepe is past,
 So hope I to rise ioyfully, to Judgement
 at the last.
 Thus will I wake, thus wyll I sleepe, thus
 wyll I hope to ryse,
 Thus wyll I neither waile nor weepe, but
 sing in godly wyse.
 My bones shall in this bed remaine, my
 soule in God shall trust,
 By whome I hope to ryse againe from
 death and earthly dust.

SERIES THE SECOND.

POETRY

OF THE

ELISABETHAN AGE.

EDMUND SPENSER.

EXTRACTS FROM THE FAIRY QUEEN.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CANTO III.

Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
And makes the lyon mylde;
Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
In hand of leachour vylde.

Nought is there under Heav'ns wide
hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of
mind,
Than beautie brought t'unworthie wret-
chednesse
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes
unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnes
blynd,
Or through alleageance, and fast feälty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pitty I
could dy.

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eies these lines with
teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guyleful
handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter
of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was
fayre,
Though nor in word nor deede ill me-
riting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile
witches shayre.

Yet she, most faithfull ladye, all this
while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,

Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wildernesses and wastfull deserts
strayd,
To seeke her knight; who, subtilly be-
trayd
Through that late vision which th' en-
chaunter wrought,
Had her abandond: she, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him
daily sought;
Yet wished tydings none of him unto
her brought.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome
way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight;
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did
lay
In secrete shadow, far from all mens
sight;
From her fayre head her fillet she un-
dight,
And layd her stole aside: her angels
face,
As the great eye of Heaven, shyned
bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady
place;
Did never mortall eye behold such hea-
venly grace.

It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lyon rushed suddeinly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devourd her tender
corse:

But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazd, forgat his
furious forse.

Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning
 tong;
 As he her wronged innocence did weet.
 O how can beautie maister the most
 strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
 Whose yielded pryde and proud sub-
 mission,
 Still dreading death, when she had mark-
 ed long,
 Her hart gan melt in great compassion;
 And drizling teares did shed for pure
 affection.

«The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,»
 Quoth she, «his princely puissance doth
 abate,
 And mightie proud to humble weake
 does yield,
 Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which
 late
 Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate: —
 But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate
 Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord
 As the god of my life? why hath he
 me abhord?»

Redounding teares did choke th' end of
 her plaint,
 Which softly ecchoed from the neigh-
 bour wood;
 And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
 With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry
 mood.
 At last, in close hart shutting up her
 payne,
 Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
 To seeke her strayed champion if she
 might attayne.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong
 gard
 Of her chaste person, and a faythfull mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch
 and ward;
 And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepar'd:
 From her fayre eyes he took command-
 ement,
 And ever by her lookes conceived her
 intent.

Long she thus traueiled through deserts
 wyde,
 By which she thought her wandring
 knight shold pas,
 Yet never shew of living wight espyde;

Till that at length she found the troden
 gras,
 In which the tract of peoples footing
 was,
 Under the steepe foot of a mountaine
 hore:
 The same she followes, till at last she has
 A damzel spyde slow-footing her before,
 That on her shoulders sad a pot of
 water bore.

To whom approaching she to her gan call,
 To weet, if dwelling place were nigh
 at hand:
 But the rude wench her answerd nought
 at all;
 She could not heare, nor speake, nor
 understand:
 Till, seeing by her side the lyon stand,
 With suddein feare her pitcher downe
 she threw,
 And fled away: for never in that land
 Face of fayre lady she before did vew,
 And that dredd Lyons looke her cast in
 deadly hew.

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
 As if her life upon the wager lay;
 And home she came, whereas her mo-
 ther blynd
 Sate in eternall night; nought could she
 say;
 But, suddeine catching hold, did her
 dismay
 With quaking hands, and other signes
 of feare:
 Who, full of ghastly fright and cold
 affray,
 Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
 Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance
 did requere:

Which when none yielded, her unruly
 page
 With his rude clawes the wicket open
 rent,
 And let her in; where, of his cruell rage
 Nigh dead with feare, and faint asto-
 nishment,
 Shee found them both in darksome cor-
 ner pent:
 Where that old woman day and night
 did pray
 Upon her beads, devoutly penitent:
 Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
 And thrice nine hundred *Aves* she was
 wont to say.

And, to augment her painefull penance
 more,
 Thrice every weeke in ashes she did sitt,
 And next her wrinkled skin rough sacke-
 cloth wore,

And thrice-three times did fast from any
bitt:
But now for feare her beads she did
forgett.
Whose needlesse dread for to remove
away,
Faire Una framed words and count'-
naunce fitt:
Which hardly doen, at length she gan
them pray,
That in their cotage small that night
she rest her may.

The day is spent; and commeth drow-
sie night,
When every creature shrowded is in
sleepe:
Sad Una downe her laies in wearie plight,
And at her feete the lyon watch doth
keepe:
In stead of rest, she does lament, and
weepe,
For the late losse of her deare-loved
knight,
And sighes, and grones, and evermore
does steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all
night;
All night she thinks too long, and often
lookes for light.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye
Above the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned
lye,
One knocked at the dore, and in would
fare;
He knocked fast, and often curst, and
sware,
That ready entraunce was not at his call;
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchas
criminall.

He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy
thiefe,
Wont to robbe churches of their orna-
ments,
And poore mens boxes of their due re-
liefe,
Which given was to them for good in-
tents:
The holy saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse
slept;
And spoild the priests of their habili-
ments;
Whiles none the holy things in safety
kept,
Then he by conning sleights in at the
window crept.

And all, that he by right or wrong
could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did
bestow
Upon the daughter of Corceca slow,
With whom he whoredome usd that few
did know,
And fed her fatt with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did
grow;
Ne spared he to give her gold and rings:
And now he to her brought part of his
stolen things.

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats
he bett;
Yet of those fearfull women none durst
rize,
(The lyon frayed them) him in to lett;
He would no lenger stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious
wize,
And entring is; when that disdainfull
beast,
Encountring fierce, him suddein doth
surprize;
And, seizing cruell clawes on trembling
brest,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath
supprest.

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand;
Who streight him rent in thousand pee-
ces small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty
land
Dronke up his life; his corse left on
the strand.
His fearefull freends weare out the wo-
full night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to under-
stand
The heavie hap, which on them is alight;
Affraid, least to themselves the like mis-
happen might.

Now when broad day the world disco-
vered has,
Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke;
And on their former iourney forward
pas,
In waies unknowne, her wandring knight
to seeke,
With paines far passing that long-wan-
dring Greeke,
That for his love refused deitye:
Such were the labours of this lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did
flye;
Then furthest from her hope, when most
she weened nye.

Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull
 twayne,
 That blind old woman, and her daugh-
 ter dear,
 Came forth; and, finding Kirkrapine
 there slayne,
 For anguish great they gan to rend
 their heare,
 And beat their brests, and naked flesh
 to teare:
 And when they both had wept and wayld
 their fill,
 Then forth they ran, like two amazed
 deare,
 Halfe mad through malice and reveng-
 ing will,
 To follow her, that was the causer of
 their ill:

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly
 bray,
 With hollow houlng, and lamenting cry;
 Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
 And her accusing of dishonesty,
 That was the flowre of faith and castity:
 And still, amidst her rayling, she did
 pray
 That plagues, and mishiefes, and long
 misery,
 Might fall on her, and follow all the
 way;
 And that in endlesse error she might
 ever stray.

But, when she saw her prayers nought
 prevaile,
 Shee backe retourned with some labour
 lost;
 And in the way, as shee did weepe and
 waile,
 A knight her mett in mighty armes
 embost,
 Yet knight was not for all his bragging
 bost;
 But subtill Archimag, that Una sought
 By traynes into new troubles to have
 taste:
 Of that old woman tidings he besought,
 If that of such a lady shee could tellen
 ought.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
 And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend
 her heare,
 Saying, that harlott she too lately knew,
 That causd her shed so many a bitter
 teare;
 And so forth told the story of her
 feare.
 Much seemed he to mone her haplesse
 chaunce,
 And after for that lady did inquere;

Which being taught, he forward gan
 advaunce
 His fair enchaunted steed, and eke his
 charmed launce.

Ere long he came where Una traveild
 slow,
 And that wilde champion wayting her
 besyde;
 Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst
 not show
 Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned
 wyde
 Unto an hill; from whence when she him
 spyde,
 By his like-seeming shield her knight
 by name
 Shee weend it was, and towards him
 gan ride:
 Approching nigh she wist it was the
 same;
 And with faire fearefull humblesse to-
 wards him shee came:

And weeping said, «Ah my long-lacked
 lord,
 Where have ye bene thus long out of
 my sight?
 Much feared I to have bene quite ab-
 hord,
 Or ought have done, that ye displeasen
 might;
 That should as death unto my deare
 heart light:
 For since mine eie your ioyous sight
 did mis,
 My chearefull day is turnd to cheare-
 lesse night,
 And eke my night of death the shadow is:
 But welcome now, my light, and shin-
 ing lampe of blis!»

He thereto meeting said, «My dearest
 dame,
 Far be it from your thought, and fro
 my wil,
 To thinke that knighthood I so much
 should shame,
 As you to leave that have me loved stil,
 And chose in Faery court, of meere
 goodwil,
 Where noblest knights were to be found
 on Earth.
 The Earth shall sooner leave her kindly
 skil
 To bring forth fruit, and make eternal
 derth,
 Then I leve you, my liefe, yborn of
 heavenly berth.

«And sooth to say, why I left you so long,
 Was for to seeke adventure in straunge
 place;

Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
But knight he now shall never more
deface:

Good cause of mine excuse that mote
ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and
seas
Have vowd you to defend: now then
your plaint appease.»

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines: one loving
howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence:
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of
sowre.
Shee has forgott how many a woeful
stowre
For him she late endurd; she speakes
no more
Of past: true is, that true love hath no
powre
To looken backe; his eies be fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom
she toyld so sore.

Much like, as when the beaten mari-
nere,
That long hath wandred in the ocean
wide,
Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish
teare;
And long time having tannd his tawney
hide
With blustering breath of Heaven, that
none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orion's
hound;
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His chearfull whistle merily doth sound,
And Nereus crownes with cups; his
mates him pledge around.

Such ioy made Una, when her knight
she found;
And eke th' enchaunter ioyous seemde
no lesse
Then the glad marchant, that does vew
from ground
His ship far come from watrie wilder-
nesse;
He hurles out vows, and Neptune oft
doth blesse.
So forth they past; and all the way they
spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,

In which he askt her, what the lyon
ment;
Who told her all that fell in iourney,
as she went.

They had not ridden far, when they
might see
One pricking towards them with hastie
heat,
Full strongly armd, and on a courser
free
That through his fiersnesse fomed all
with sweat,
And the sharp yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed
side;
His looke was sterne, and seemed still
to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did
hyde:
And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloody
lines was dyde.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle
payre,
And saw the red crosse, which the knight
did beare,
He burnt in fire; and gan eftsoones
prepare
Himselfe to batteill with his couched
speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint
through feare,
To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele:
But yet his lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to
feelee;
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse
with yron heele.

But that proud Paynim forward came
so ferce
And full of wrath, that, with his sharp-
head speare,
Through vainly crossed shield he quite
did perce;
And, had his staggering steed not shronke
for feare,
Through shield and body eke he should
him beare:
Yet, so great was the puissance of his
push,
That from his sadle quite he did him
beare:
He tombling rudely downe to ground
did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of
bloud did gush.

Dismounting litghtly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in minde to reave his
life,

And proudly said; «Lo, there the worthie
meed
Of him, that slew Sansfoy with bloody
knife;
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repin-
ing strife,
In peace may passen over Lethe lake;
When mourning altars, purgd with eni-
mies life,
The black infernall Furies doen aslake:
Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy
shall from thee take.»

Therewith in haste his helmet gan un-
lace,
Till Una cride, «O hold that heavie hand,
Dear sir, whatever that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht
stand
Now at thy mercy; mercy not withstand;
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquered now he lye on lowly
land;
And, whilest him fortune favourd, fayre
did thrive
In bloody field; therefore of life him
not deprive.»

Her piteous wordes might not abate his
rage;
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slayne him streight: but when he
sees his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amased hold,
And, halfe ashamed, wondred at the
sight:
For that old man well knew he, though
untold,
In charmes and magick to have won-
drous might;
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists,
to fight:

And said, «Why Archimago, lucklesse
syre,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is
this,
That hath thee hether brought to taste
mine yre?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
Instead of foe to wound my friend
amiss?»
He answered nought, but in a traunce
still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of
his
The cloude of death did sit; which doen
away,
He left him lying so, ne would no lenger
stay:

But to the virgin comes; who all this
while
Amased stands, herselfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his
guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to
bee:
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim
bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to
flie:
Who, by her cleanly garment catching
hold,
Her from her palfrey pluckt, her visage
to behold.

But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
And high disdaine, whenas his souveraine
dame
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping iawes full greedy at him
came,
And, ramping on his shield, did weene
the same
Have reft away with his sharp rending
clawes:
But he was stout, and lust did now in-
flame
His corage more, that from his griping
pawes
He hath his sheld redeemd; and forth
his swerd he drawes.

O then, too weake and feeble was the
forse
Of salvage beast, his puissance to with-
stand!
For he was strong, and of so mightie
corse,
As ever wielded speare in warlike hand;
And feates of armes did wisely under-
stand.
Eftsoones he perced through his chaufed
chest
With thrilling point of deadly yron
brand,
And launcht his lordly hart: with death
opprest
He ror'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his
stubborne brest.

Who now is left to keepe the fórlorne
maid
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors
will?
Her faithfull gard remov'd; her hope
dismaid;
Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill!
He now, lord of the field, his pride to
fill,

With foule reproches and disdaineful
spight
Her wildly entertaines; and, will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courser light:
Her prayers nought prevaile: his rage
is more of might.

And all the way, with great lamenting
paine,
And piteous plaintes, she filleth his dull
eares,
That stony hart could riven have in
twaine;
And all the way she wetts with flowing
teares,
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing
heares.
Her servile beast yet would not leave
her so,
But follows her far off, ne ought he
feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe.
More mild in beastly kind, then that
her beastly foe.

CANTO IX.

His loves and lignage Arthure tells:
The knights knitt friendly bands:
Sir Trevisan flies from Despeyre,
Whom Redcros knight withstands.

O! goodly golden chayne, wherewith
yfere
The vertues linked are in lovely wize;
And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
In brave poursuitt of chevalrous emprize,
That none did others safety despize,
Nor aid envy to him, in need that stands;
But friendly each did others praise de-
vize,
How to advaunce with favourable hands,
As this good prince redeemd the Red-
crosse knight from bands.

Who when their powres, empayred
through labor long,
With dew repast they had recured well,
And that weake captive wight now waxed
strong;
Them list no lenger there at leasure
dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures
fell:
But, ere they parted, Una faire besought
That straunger knight his name and
nation tell;
Least so great good, as he for her had
wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in
thankless thought.

«Faire virgin,» said the prince, «yee
me require
A thing without the compas of my witt:
For both the lignage, and the certain
sire,
From which I sprong, from me are hid-
den yitt.
For all so soone as life did me admitt
Into this world, and shewed Hevens light,
From mother's pap I taken was unfitt,
And streight deliver'd to a Fary knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and
martiall might.

«Unto old Timon he me brought bylive;
Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath
beene
In warlike feates th' expertest man alive,
And is the wisest now on Earth I weene:
His dwelling is, low in a valley greene,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
From whence the river Dee, as silver
cleene,
His tombling billowes rolls with gentle
rore;
There all my daies he traird me up in
vertuous lore.

«Thether the great magicien Merlin came,
As was his use, oftentimes to visitt mee;
For he had charge my discipline to
frame,
And tutors nouriture to oversee.
Him oft and oft I askt in privity,
Of what loines and what lignage I did
spring,
Whose aunswere bad me still assured
bee,
That I was sonne and heire unto a king,
As time in her iust term the truth to
light should bring.»

«Well worthy impe,» said then the lady
gent,
«And pupil fitt for such a tutors hand!
But what adventure, or what high intent,
Hath brought you hether into Fary land,
Aread, prince Arthure, crowne of mar-
tiall band?»
«Full hard it is,» quoth he, «to read
aright
The course of heavenly cause, or under-
stand
The secret meaning of th' eternall Might,
That rules mens waies, and rules the
thoughts of living wight.

«For whether he, through fatal deepe
foresight,
Me hither sent, for cause to me unghost;
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which
day and night

Whilome doth rangle in my riven brest,
With forced fury following his behest,
Me hether brought by wayes yet never
found;

You to have helpt I hold myself yet
blest.»

«Ah! courteous knight,» quoth she, «what
secret wound

Could ever find to grieve the gentlest
hart on ground?»

«Dear dame,» quoth he, «you sleeping
sparkes awake,

Which, troubled once, into huge flames
will grow;

Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moysture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life doe lye in ashes low.
Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
But, told, it flames; and, hidden, it does
glow;

I will revele what ye so much desire:
Ah! Love, lay down thy bow, the whiles
I may respyre.

«It was in freshest flowre of youthly
yeares,

When corage first does creepe in manly
chest;

Then first that cole of kindly heat ap-
peares

To kindle love in every living brest:
But me had warnd old Timons wise
behest,

Those creeping flames by reason to
subdew,

Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
As miserable lovers use to rew,

Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe
stil wexeth new.

«That ydle name of love, and lovers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enemy,
I ever scorn'd, and ioyd to stirre up
strife,

In midst of their mournfull tragedy;
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard
to cry,

And blow the fire, which them to ashes
brent:

Their god himselfe, grievd at my libertie,
Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent;
But I them warded all with wary go-
vernment.

«But all in vaine: no fort can be so
strong.

Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sownd,
But will at last be wonne with battrie
long,

Or unawares at disadvantage fownd:
Nothing is sure that growes on earthly
grownd.

And who most trustes in arme of fleshly
might,

And boastes in beauties chaine not to
be bownd,

Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,
And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours
most despight.

«Ensample make of him your haplesse
ioy,

And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud aveng-
ing boy

Did soone pluck downe, and curbed my
libertee.

For on a day, prickt forth with iollitee
Of looser life and heat of hardiment,
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the Heavens, with
one consent,

Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour
mine intent.

«Forwearied with mysportes, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe
me layd:

The verdant gras my couch did goodly
dight,

And pillow was my helmet fayre dis-
playd:

Whiles every sence the humour sweet
embayd,

And slombring soft my hart did steale
away,

Me seemed, by my side a royall mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did
lay:

So fayre a creature yet saw never sun-
ny day.

«Most goodly glee and lovely blandish-
ment

She to me made, and badd me love her
deare;

For dearely sure her love was to me bent,
As, when iust time expired, should ap-
peare.

But, whether dreames delude, or true
it were,

Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,
As she to me delivered all that night;
And at her parting said, she queene of
Faries hight.

«When I awoke, and found her place
devoyd,

And nought but pressed gras where she
had lyen,

I sorrowed all so much as earst I ioyd,
And washed all her place with watry
eyen.

From that day forth I lov'd that face
divyne;
From that day forth I cast in carefull
mynd,
To seek her out with labor and long tyne,
And never vowd to rest till her I fynd:
Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet ni'll
that vow unbynd.»

Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,
And chaunge of hew great passion did
bewray;
Yett still he strove to cloke his inward
bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire
display;
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say;
«O happy queene, of Faries, that hast
fownd,
Mongst many, one that with his prow-
esse may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes con-
fownd!
True loves are often sown, but seldom
grow on grownd.»

«Thine, O! then,» said the gentle Red-
crosse knight,
«Next to that ladies love, shal be the
place,
O fayrest virgin, full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly
race,
Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.
And you, my lord, the patrone of my
life,
Of that great queene may well gaine
worthie grace;
For onely worthie you through prowes
priefe,
Yf living man mote worthie be, to be
her lief.»

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden Sunne his glistring head
gan shew,
And sad remembrance now the prince
amoves
With fresh desire his voyage to pursew:
Als Una earnd her traveill to renew.
Then those two knights, fast frendship
for to bynd,
And love establish each to other trew,
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of grate-
full mynd,
And eke, as pledges firme, right hands
together ioynd.

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of diamond
sure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous or-
nament,

Wherein were closd few drops of liquor
pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wownd could heale incontinent.
Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight
him gave
A booke, wherein his Saveours Testament
Was writt with golden letters rich and
brave;
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable
soules to save.

Thus beene they parted; Arthur on his
way
To seeke his love, and th' other for to
fight
With Unaes foe, that all her realme
did pray.
But she, now weighing the decayed plight
And shrunken synewes of her chosen
knight,
Would not a while her forward course
pursew
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull
fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew:
For him to be yet weake and wearie
well she knew.

So as they traveild, lo! they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop
fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other griesly thing, that him aghast.
Still, as he fledd, his eye was backward
cast,
As if his feare still followed him behynd:
Als flew his steed, as he his bandes had
brast,
And with his winged heeles did tread
the wynd,
As he had been a fole of Pegasus his
kynd.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive
his head
To be unarmt, and curld uncombed
heares
Upstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth
dread:
Nor drop of blood in all his face ap-
peares,
Nor life in limbe; and, to increase his
feares,
In fowle reproch of knighthoodes fayre
degree,
About his neck an hempen rope he
weares,
That with his glistring armes does ill
agree:
But he of rope, or armes, has now no
memoree.

The Redcrosse knight toward him crossed fast,
 To weet what mister wight was so dismayd:
 There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
 That of himselfe he seemd to be afrayd;
 Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
 Till he these wordes to him deliver might;
 «Sir Knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
 And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight?
 For never knight I saw in such mis-seeming plight.»

He answerd nought at all; but adding new
 Feare to his first amazment, staring wyde
 With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,
 Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
 Infernall Furies with their chaines untide.
 Him yett againe, and yett againe, bespake
 The gentle knight; who nought to him replyde;
 But, trembling every ioynt, did inly quake,
 And foltring tongue at last these words seemd forth to shake:

«For Gods deare love, sir Knight, doe me not stay;
 For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee!»
 Eft looking back would faine have runne away;
 But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
 The secrete cause of his perplexitie:
 Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach
 Could his blood-frozen hart emboldned bee,
 But through his boldnes rather feare did reach;
 Yett, forst, at last he made through silence suddein breach:

«And am I now in safetie sure,» quoth he,
 «From him, that would have forced me to dye?
 And is the point of death now turned fro mee,
 That I may tell this haplesse history?»
 «Fear nought,» quoth he, «no daunger now is nye.»
 «Then shall I you recount a ruefull case,»
 Said he, «the which with this unlucky eye

I late beheld; and, had not greater grace
 Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

«I lately chaunst (would I had never chaunst!)
 With a fayre knight to keepen companee,
 Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
 In all affayres, and was both bold and free;
 But not so happy as mote happy bee:
 He lov'd, as was his lot, a lady gent,
 That him againe lov'd in the least degree;
 For she was proud, and of too high intent,
 And ioyd to see her lover languish and lament:

«From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,
 As on the way together we did fare,
 We met that villen, (God from him me blesse!)
 That cursen wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
 A man of Hell, that calls himselfe *Despayre*:
 Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes
 Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare:
 So creeping close, as snake in hidden weedes,
 Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

«Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
 Embost with bale, and bitter byting griefe,
 Which Love had launched with his deadly darts;
 With wounding words, and termes of foule reprieft,
 He pluckt from us all hope of dew relieft,
 That earst us held in love of lingring life:
 Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
 Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife;
 To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife:

«With which sad instrument of hasty death,
 That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
 A wyde way made to let forth living breath.

But I, more fearfull or more lucky wight,
Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying
feare;

Ne yet assur'd of life by you, sir Knight,
Whose like infirmity like chaunce may
beare:

But God you never let his charmed
speaches heare!»

«How many a man,» said he, «with idle
speech

Be wonne to spoyle the castle of his
health?»

«I wote,» quoth he, «whom tryall late
did teach,

That like would not for all this worl-
des wealth.

His subtile tong, like dropping honny,
mealt'h

Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine;
That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is reft, and weaknes doth
remaine.

O never, sir, desire to try his guilefull
traine!»

«Certes,» sayd he, «hence shall I never
rest,

Till I that treachours art have heard
and tryde:

And you, sir Knight, whose name mote
I request,

Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde.»
«I, that hight Trevisan,» quoth he, «will
ryde,

Against my liking, backe to doe you
grace:

But not for gold nor glee will I abyde
By you, when ye arrive in that same
place;

For lever had I die then see his deadly
face.»

Ere long they come, where that same
wicked wight

His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,

Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy
grave,

That still for carrion carcasses doth crave:
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly
owle,

Shrieking his balefull note, which ever
drave

Far from that haunt all other cheare-
full fowle;

And all about it wandring ghostes did
wayle and howle:

And all about old stockes and stubs of
trees,

Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seen,

Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged
beene,

Whose carcasses were scattred on the
greene,

And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived
there,

That bare-head knight, for dread and
dolefull teene,

Would faine have fled, ne durst ap-
prochen neare;

Buth th' other forst him staye, and com-
forted in feare.

That darkesome cave they enter, where
they find

That cursed man, low sitting on the
ground,

Musing full sadly in his sullein mind:
His griesie lockes, long growen and un-
bound,

Disordred hong about his shoulders
round,

And hid his face; through which his
hollow eyne

Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie
and pine,

Were shronke into his iawes, as he did
never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged
clouts,

With thornes together pind and patched
was,

The which his naked sides he wrapt
abouts:

And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did
pas,

All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme
blood,

That from his wound yet welled fresh,
alas!

In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the
gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,

Whenas the gentle Redcrosse knight did
vew;

With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge, before his blood were
cold;

And to the villein sayd; «Thou damned
wight,

The authour of this fact we here behold,
What iustice can but iudge against thee
right,

With thine owne blood to price his blood,
here shed in sight?»

«What franticke fit,» quoth he, «hath thus
distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to
give?
What iustice ever other iudgement taught,
But he should dye, who merites not to
live?
None els to death this man despayring
drive
But his owne guiltie mind, deserving
death.
Is then uniust to each his dew to give?
Or let him dye, that loatheth living
breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here
uneath?

«Who travailes by the wearie wandring
way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood, that doth his pas-
sage stay;
Is not great grace to helpe him over
past,
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke
fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neigh-
bours good;
And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou
hast;
Why wilt not let him passe, that long
hath stood
Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not
pas the flood?

«He there does now enioy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doest want
and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little payne the passage
have,
That makes frayle flesh to feare the
bitter wave;
Is not short payne well borne, that
bringes long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet
grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does
greatly please.»

The knight much wondred at his sud-
deine wit,
And sayd; «The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it:
The souldier may not move from watch-
full sted,
Nor leave his stand untill his captaine
bed.»

«Who life did limit by Almighty doome,»
Quoth he, «knowes best the termes es-
tablished;

And he, that points the centonell his
roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of
morning droome.

«Is not his deed, what ever thing is
donne
In Heaven and Earth? Did not he all
create
To die againe? All ends, that was be-
gonne:
Their times in his eternall booke of fate
Are written sure, and have their cer-
tein date.
Who then can strive with strong neces-
sitie,
That holds the world in his still chaung-
ing state;
Or shunne the death, or daynd by destinie?
When houre of death is come, let none
aske whence, nor why.

«The lenger life, I wote the greater sin;
The greater sin, the greater punishment:
All those great battels, which thou boasts
to win
Through strife, and blood-shed, and
avengement,
Now praysd, hereafter deare thou shalt
repent:
For life must life, and blood must blood,
repay.
Is not enough thy evill life forespent?
For he that once hath missed the right
way,
The further he doth goe, the further
he doth stray.

«Then doe no further goe, no further
stray;
But here ly downe, and to thy rest
betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may.
For what hath life, that may it loved
make,
And gives not rather cause it to for-
sake?
Feare, siknesse, age, losse, labour, sor-
row, strife,
Payne, hunger, cold that makes the heart
to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife;
All which, and thousands mo, do make
a loathsome life.

«Thou, wretched man, of death hast
greatest need,
If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy
state;
For never knight, that dared warlike
deed,
More luckless dissaventures did amate:

Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of
late
Thy life shutt up for death so oft did
call;
And though good lucke prolonged hath
thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps
forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou maist hap-
pen fall.

«Why then doest thou, O man of sin,
desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last
degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
Against the day of wrath, to burden
thee?
Is not enough, that to this lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy faith with periuree,
And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,
With whom in all abuse thou hast thy
selfe defild?

«Is not he iust, that all this doth behold
From highest Heven, and beares an
equall eie?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge
fold,
And guilty be of thine impietie?
Is not his law, Let every sinner die,
Die shall all flesh? What then must
needs be donne,
Is it not better to doe willinglie,
Then linger till the glas be all out ronne?
Death is the end [of woes: die soone,
O Faries sonne.»

The knight was much enmoved with his
speach,
That as a sword poynt through his hart
did perse,
And in his conscience made a secrete
breach,
Well knowing trew all that he did re-
herse,
And to his fresh remembraunce did re-
verse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes;
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As he were charmed with enchanted
rimes;
That oftentimes he qnakt, and fainted
oftentimes.

In which amazement when the mis-
creaunt
Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his con-
science daunt,
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;

To drive him to despaire, and quite to
quaile,
Hee shewd him painted in a table plaine
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments
waile,
And thousand feends, that doe them
endlesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for ever
shall remaine.

The sight whereof so thoroughly him dis-
maid,
That nought but death before his eies
he saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By rigtheous sentence of th' Almightyes
law.
Then gan the villein him to overcraw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes,
poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him choose, what death he
would desire:
For death was dew to him, that had
provokt Gods ire.

But, whenas none of them he saw him
take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and
keene,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did
quake
And tremble like a leafe of aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale
face was seene
To come and goe, with tidings from
the heart,
As it a ronning messenger had beene.
At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe
did start.

Which whenas Una saw, through every
vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne: but, soone reliv'd
againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed
knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said; «Fie, fie, faint hearted
knight,
What meanest thou by this reprochfull
strife?
Is this the battaile, which thou vauntst
to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible
and bright?

«Come; come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly
wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,

Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright:
 In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
 Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art?
 Where iustice growes, there grows eke greater grace,
 The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
 And that accurst hand-writing doth deface:
 Arise, sir Knight; arise, and leave this cursed place.»

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
 Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
 Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight;
 He chose an halter from among the rest,
 And with it hong himselfe, unbid, unblest.
 But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
 For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,
 Yet nathëlesse it could not doe him die,
 Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

PROTHALAMION.

(with reduced spelling).

Calm was the day, and through the trembling air
 Sweet-breathing Zepherus did sortly play —
 A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
 Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair;
 When I, (whom sullen care,
 Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
 In princes' court, and expectation vain
 Of idle hopes, which still do fly away
 Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain)
 Walk'd forth to ease my pain
 Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames;
 Whose ruddy bank, the which his river hems,
 Was painted all with variable flowers,
 And all the meads adorned with dainty gems
 Fit to deck maidens bowers,
 And crown their paramours
 Against the bridal day, which is not long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

There in a meadow by the river's side
 A flock of mymphs I chanced to espy,
 All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
 With goodly greenish locks all loose untied
 As each had been a bride;
 And each one had a little wicker basket
 Made of fine twigs, entrailéd curiously,
 In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket,

And with fine fingers cropt full feateously
 The tender stalks on high.
 Of every sort which in that meadow grew
 They gather'd some; the violet, pallid blue,
 The little daisy that at evening closes,
 The virgin lily and the primrose true:
 With store of vermeil roses,
 To deck their bridegroom's posies
 Against the bridal day, which was not long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, etc.

With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
 Come softly swimming down along the lee;
 Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
 The snow which doth the top of Pin-dus strow
 Did never whiter show,
 Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
 For love of Leda, whiter did appear;
 Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near;
 So purely white they were
 That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
 Seem'd foul to them, and bade his billows spare
 To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
 Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,

And mar their beauties bright
That shone as Heaven's light
Against their bridal day, which was
not long:

Sweet Thames! run softly, etc.

Eftsoons the nymphs, which now had
flowers their fill
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood
As they came floating on the crystal
flood;

Whom when they saw, they stood
amazed still

Their wondering eyes to fill;

Then seem'd they never saw a sight so
fair

Of fowls, so lovely, that they sure did
deem

Them heavenly born, or to be that same
pair

Which through the sky draw Venus
silver team;

For sure they did not seem

To be begot of any earthly seed,

Buth rather angels, or of angels' breed;

Yet were they bred of summer's heat,
they say,

In sweetest season, when each flower
and weed

The earth did fresh array;

So fresh they seem'd as day,

Even as their bridal day, which was
not long:

Sweet Thames! run softly, etc.

Then forth they all out of their baskets
drew

Great store of flowers, the honour of
the field,

That to the sense did fragrant colours
yield,

All which upon those goodly birds they
threw

And all the waves did strew,

That like old Peneus' waters they did
seem

When down along by pleasant Tempe's
shore

Scatter'd with flowers, through Thessaly
they stream,

That they appear, through lilies' plen-
teous store,

Like a bride's chamber-floor.

Two of those nymphs meanwhile two
garlands bound

Of freshest flowers which in that mead
they found,

The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowy foreheads therewithal they
crown'd;

Whilst one did sing this lay
Prepared against that day,

Against their bridal day, which was
not long:

Sweet Thames! run softly, etc.

«Ye gentle birds! the world's fair or-
nament,

And Heaven's glory, whom this happy
hour

Doth lead unto your lovers' blissful bower,
Joy may you have, and gentle hearts
content

Of your love's complement;

And let fair Venus, that is queen of love,
With her heart-quelling son upon you

smile,

Whose smile, they say, hath virtue to
remove

All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty
guile

For ever to assoil.

Let endless peace your stedfast hearts
accord,

And blessed plenty wait upon your
board;

And let your bed with pleasures chaste
abound,

That fruitful issue may to you afford

Which may your foes confound,

And make your joys redound

Upon your bridal day, which is not
long:

Sweet Thames! run softly, etc.

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,

Which said their bridal day should not
be long;

And gentle Echo from the neighbour
ground

Their accents did resound.

So forth those joyous birds did pass
along

Adown the lee that to them murmur'd
low,

As he would speak but that he lack'd
a tongue,

Yed did by signs his glad affection show,
Making his stream run slow.

And all the fowl which in his flood did
dwell

'Gan flock about these twain, that did
excel

The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser stars. So they, enragéd well,

Did on those two attend,

And their best service lend

Against their wedding day, which was
not long:

Sweet Thames! run softly, etc.

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,

That to me gave this life's first native
 source,
 Though from another place I take my
 name,
 An house of ancient fame
 There when they came whereas those
 bricky towers
 The which on Thames broad aged back
 do ride,
 Where now the studious lawyers have
 their bowers,
 There whilome went the Templar-knights
 to bide,
 Till they decay'd through pride;
 Next whereunto there stands a stately
 place,
 Where oft I gainéd gifts and goodly
 grace
 Of that great lord, which therein went
 to dwell,
 Whose want too well now feels my
 friendless case,
 But ah; here fits not well
 Old woes, but joys to tell
 Against the bridal day, which is not
 long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, etc.
 Yet therein now doth lodge a noble
 peer,
 Great England's glory and the world's
 wide wonder,
 Whose dreadful name late thro' all Spain
 did thunder,
 And Hercules' two pillars standing near
 Did make to quake and fear:
 Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry!
 That fillest England with thy triumph's
 fame
 Joy have thou of thy noble victory,

And endless happiness on thine own name
 That promiseth the same;
 That through thy prowess and victorious
 arms
 Thy country may be freed from foreign
 harms,
 And great Eliza's glorious name may
 ring
 Through all the world, fill'd with thy
 wide alarms
 Which some brave Muse may sing
 To ages following,
 Upon the bridal day, which is not long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, etc.
 From those high towers this noble lord
 issuing
 Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hair
 In th' ocean billows he hath bathéd fair,
 Descended to the river's open viewing
 With a great train ensuing.
 Above the rest were goodly to be seen
 Two gentle knights of lovely face and
 feature,
 Beseeming well the bower of any queen,
 With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature
 Fit for so goodly stature,
 That like the twins of Jove they seem'd
 in sight
 Which deck the baldric of the Heavens
 bright;
 They two, forth pacing to the river's side,
 Received those two fair brides, their
 love's delight;
 Which, at th' appointed tide,
 Each one did make his bride
 Against their bridal day, which is not
 long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
 my song.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

SONNETS.

1.
 Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning
 dew,
 Whose short refresh upon the tender
 green,
 Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth
 shew,
 And straight 'tis gone as it had never
 been.
 Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest
 flourish,
 Short is the glory of the blushing rose:

The hue which thou so carefully dost
 nourish,
 Yet which at length thou must be forc'd
 to lose.
 When thou, surcharg'd with burthen of
 thy years,
 Shall bend thy wrinkles homeward to
 the earth,
 And when in beauty's lease, expir'd,
 appears
 The date of age, the calends of our
 death —

But ah! no more — this must not be fore-
told,
For women grieve to think they must
be old.

2.

I must not grieve my love, whose eyes
would read
Lines of delight whereon her youth
might smile,
Flowers have time before they come
to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport
the while.
And sport (sweet maid) in season of
these years,
And learn to gather flowers before they
wither
And where the sweetest blossom first
appears,
Let love and youth conduct thy pleas-
ures thither.
Lighten forth smiles to cheer the clouded
air,
And calm the tempest which my sighs
do raise,
Pity and smiles do best become the fair,
Pity and smiles must only yield thee
praise.
Make me to say, when all my griefs
are gone,
Happy the heart that sigh'd for such
a one.

3.

Look, Delia, how we 'steem the half-
blown rose,
The image of thy blush, and summer's
honour;
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undis-
close
That full of beauty time bestows upon her!
No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But strait her wide-blown pomp comes
to decline;
She then is scorn'd, that late adorn'd
the fair:
So fade the roses of those cheeks of
thine!
No April can revive thy wither'd flow'rs,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory
now;
Swift speedy Time, feather'd with flying
hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure waste
in vain;
But love now, whilst thou may'st be
lov'd again.

4.

Let others sing of knights and pal-
ladines,
In aged accents and untimely words,

Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wits
records;
But I must sing of thee, and those fair
eyes!

Authentic shall my verse in time to
come,
When yet th' unborn shall say — «Lo,
where she lies,
Whose beauty made him speak, that
else was dumb!»
These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age;
And these thy sacred virtues must
protect
Against the dark, and time's consuming
rage.
Though th' error of my youth they
shall discover;
Suffice they shew — I liv'd, and was
thy lover!

5.

Restore thy tresses to the golden ore,
To Cytherea's son those arks of love;
Bequeath the Heavens the stars that I
adore,
And to the Orient do thy pearls remove:
Yield thy hands' pride unto the Ivory
white;
To Arabian odours give thy breathing
sweet;
Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright,
To Thetis give the honour of thy feet:
Let Venus have thy graces her resign'd,
And thy sweet voice give back unto
the Spheres,
But then restore thy fierce and cruel
mind
To Hyrcan tigers, and to ruthless bears:
Yield to the marble thy hard heart
again;
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to
plain.

6.

And whither, poor Forsaken! wilt
thou go,
To go from sorrow, and thine own
distress;
When ev'ry place presents like face of
woe,
And no remove can make thy sorrows
less?
Yet go, Forsaken! leave these woods,
these plains;
Leave her and all, and all for her that
leaves
Thee and thy love forlorn, and both
disdains,
And of both wrongful deems, and ill
conceives.

Seek out some place; and see if any
 place
 Can give the least release unto thy
 grief;
 Convey thee from the thought of thy
 disgrace,
 Steal from thyself, and be thy care's own
 thief.
 But yet what comfort shall I hereby
 gain?
 Bearing the wound, I needs must feel
 the pain!

7.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable
 Night,
 Brother to Death, in silent darkness
 born,

Relieve my languish, and restore the
 light;
 With dark forgetting of my care return.
 And let the day be time enough to mourn
 The shipwreck of my ill adventured
 youth:
 Let waking eyes suffice to wail their
 scorn,
 Without the torment of the night's
 untruth,
 Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
 To model forth the passions of the
 morrow,
 Never let rising Sun approve you liars
 To add more grief to aggravate my
 sorrow:
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in
 vain,
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

NYMPHIDIA

(a Fragment).

Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
 Mad Rablais of Pantagruel,
 A later third of Dowsabel,
 With such poor trifles playing:
 Others the like have labour'd at,
 Some of this thing, and some of that,
 And many of they know not what,
 But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
 Be talking of the FAIRIES still,
 Nor never can they have their fill,
 As they were wedded to them:
 No tales of them their thirst can slake,
 So much delight therein they take,
 And some strange thing they fain would
 make,
 Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no Muse hath been so bold,
 Or of the later, or the old,
 Those elvish secrets to unfold,
 Which lie from others reading;
 My active Muse to light shall bring
 The court of that proud fairy king,
 And tell there of the revelling:
 Jove prosper my proceeding.

And thou Nymphidia, gentle fay,
 Which meeting me upon the way,
 These secrets didst to me bewray,
 Which now I am in telling:

My pretty light fantastic maid,
 I here invoke to thee my aid,
 That I may speak what thou hast said,
 In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
 By necromancy placed there,
 That it no tempests needs to fear,
 Which way soe'er it blow it:
 And somewhat southward tow'rd the
 noon,
 Whence lies a way up to the moon,
 And thence the fairy can as soon
 Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders legs are made,
 Well morticé and finely laid,
 He was the master of his trade,
 It curiously that builded:
 The windows of the eyes of cats,
 And for the roof, instead of slats,
 Is cover'd with the skins of bats,
 With moonshine that are gilded.

Hence Oberon, him sport to make,
 (Their rest when weary mortals take,
 And none but only fairies wake)
 Descendeth for his pleasure:
 And Mab, his merry queen, by night
 Bestrides young folks that lie upright,
 (In elder times the mare that hight)
 Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,
Of little frisking elves and apes,
To earth do make their wanton scapes,
As hope of pastime hastes them:
Which maids think on the hearth they see,
When fires well-near consumed be,
There dancing hayes by two and three,
Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping:
And in their courses make that round,
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so call'd the Fairy-ground,
Of which they have the keeping.

These, when a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother:
Some silly doating brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
Say, that the fairy left this aulf,
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell
A chance in Fairy that befell,
Which certainly may please some well,
In love and arms delighting:
Of Oberon, that jealous grew
Of one of his own fairy crew,
Too well (he fear'd) his queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggen was this fairy knight,
One wond'rous gracious in the sight
Of fair queen Mab, which day and night
He amorously observed:
Which made king Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness and often checkt,
And could have wish'd him starved.

Pigwiggen gladly would commend
Some token to queen Mab to send,
If sea or land him aught could lend,
Were worthy of her wearing:
At lenght this lover doth devise,
A bracelet made of emmets eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
No whit her state impairing.

And to the queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
Of love, she would be pleased
To meet him her true servant, where
They might without suspect or fear
Themselves to one another clear,
And have their poor hearts eased.

«At midnight the appointed hour,
And for the queen a fitting bow'r,»
Quoth he, «is that fair cowslip flow'r,
On Hipcut-hill that groweth:
In all your train there's not a fay,
That ever went to gather May,
Buth she hath made it in her way,
The tallest there that groweth.»

When by Tom Thum a fairy page
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,
It secretly to carry:
Which done, the queen her maids doth
call,
And bids them to be ready all,
She would go see her summer hall,
She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready strait is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay'd,
For naught must her be letting:
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excell;
The fair queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning:
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a py'd butterfly,
I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels compos'd of crickets bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistle-down they shod it:
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanc'd to hear,
That Mab his queen should have been
there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drap so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign dear,
Her special maids of honour;
Fib, and Tib, and Pinck, and Pin,
Tick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them.
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow,
Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave queen Mab a while,
Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
That now had gotten by this wile,
Her dear Pigwiggen kissing;
And tell how Oberon doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any hare,
When he had sought each place with
care,
And found his queen was missing.

By griesly Pluto he doth swear,
He rent his clothes, and tore his hair,
And as he runneth here and there,
An aeron-cup he getteth;
Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
About his head he lets it walk,
Nor doth he any creature baulk,
But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuscan poet doth advance
The frantic Paladine of France,
And those more ancient do inhance
Alcides in his fury,
And others Ajax Telamon:
But to this time there hath been none
So bedlam as our Oberon,
Of which I dare assure ye.

And first encount'ring with a wasp,
He in his arms the fly doth clasp,
As tho' his breath he forth would grasp,
Him for Pigwiggen taking:
«Where is my wife, thou rogue?» (quoth he)
«Pigwiggen, she is come to thee;
Restore her, or thou dy'st by me.»
Whereat the poor wasp quaking,

Cries, «Oberon, great fairy king,
Content thee, I am no such thing;
I am a wasp, behold my sting!»
At which the fairy started.
When soon away the wasp doth go,
Poor wretch was never frightened so,
He thought his wings were much too
slow,
O'erjoy'd they so were parted.

He next upon a glow-worm light,
(You must suppose it now was night)
Which, for her hinder part was bright,
He took to be a devil;
And furiously doth her assail
For carrying fier in her tail;
He trash'd her rough coat with his flail,
The mad king fear'd no evil.

«O!» (quoth the glow-worm) «hold thy
hand.
Thou puissant king of Fairy-land,
Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?
Hold, or of life despair I.»
Together then herself doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole,
She seem'd as black as any coal,
Which vext away the fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive,
Amongst the bees he letteth drive,
And down their combs begins to rive,
All likely to have spoiled:
Which with their wax his face besmear'd,
And with their honey daub'd his beard;
It would have made a man affear'd,
To see how he was moiled.

A new adventure him betides:
He met an ant, which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble,
And came full over on her snout,
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,
And all beslurried head and face,
On runs he in this wildgoose chase,
As here and there he rambles,
Half blind, against a mole-hill hit,
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit,
Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himself he could not stop,
But down on th' other side doth chop,
And to the foot came rumbling:
So that the grubs therein that bred,
Hearing such turmoil over head,
Thought surely they had all been dead,
So fearful was the jumbling,

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury it doth somewhat slake,
He calleth for a ferry:
Where you may some recovery note,
What was his club he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float,
As safe as in a wherry.

Men talk of the adventures strange,
Of Don Quishot, and of their change,
Through which he armed oft did range,
Of Sancha Pancha's travel:
But should a man tell every thing
Done by this frantic fairy king,
And them in lofty numbers sing,
It well his wits might gravel.

Scare set on shore, but therewithal
He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall

With words from phrenzy spoken:
«Hoh, hoh,» quoth Hob, «God save thy
 grace,
Who drest thee in this piteous case?
He thus that spoil'd my sov'reign's face,
I would his neck were broken.»

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,

Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us, makes us to stray
Long winter nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us.

«Dear Puck,» quoth he, «my wife is
 gone;

As ere thou lov'st king Oberon,
Let every thing but this alone,
With vengeance and pursue her:
Bring her to me, alive or dead;
Or that vile thief Pigwiggen's head;
That villain hath defil'd my bed,
He to this folly drew her.»

Quoth Puck, «My liege, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in,
My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it.»

Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mier,
Thorough water, thorough fier,
And thus goes Puck about it.

POLY-OLBION.

INTRODUCTION TO THE FIRST SONG.

Of Albion's glorious isle the wonders
 whilst I write,
The sundry varying soils, the pleasures
 infinite,
(Where heat kills not the cold nor cold
 expells the heat,
The calms too mildly small, nor winds
 too roughly great,
Nor night doth hinder day, nor day
 the night doth wrong,
The summer not too short, the winter
 not too long)
What help shall I invoke to aid my Muse
 the while?

Thou genius of the place (this most
 renowned isle)
Which lived'st long before the all-earth-
 drowning flood,
Whilst yet the world did swarm with
 her gigantic brood,
Go thou before me still thy circling
 shores about,
And in this wand'ring maze help to
 conduct me out:
Direct my course so right, as with thy
 hand to show
Which way thy forests range, which way
 thy rivers flow;
Wise genius, by thy help that so I may
 descry
How thy fair mountains stand, and how
 thy vallies lie;
From those clear pearly cliff's which
 see the morning's pride,
And check the surly imps of Neptune
 when they chide,

Unto the big-swoln waves in the Iberian
 stream,
Where Titan still unyokes his fiery-hoofed
 team,
And oft his flaming locks in luscious
 nectar steep,
When from Olympus' top he plungeth in
 the deeps:
That from th' Armoric sands, on surging
 Neptune's leas,
Through the Hibernic gulf (those rough
 Vergivian seas)
My verse with wings of skill may fly
 a lofty gait,
As Amphitrite clips this island for-
 tunate,
Till through the sleepy main to Thuly
 I have gone,
And seen the frozen isles, the cold Deu-
 calidon,
Amongst whose iron rocks grim Saturn
 yet remains,
Bound in those gloomy caves with
 adamantine chains.

Ye sacred bards, that to your harps
 melodious strings
Sung th' ancient heroes deeds (the mo-
 numents of kings)
And in your dreadful verse ingrav'd the
 prophecies,
The aged world's descents and genea-
 logies;
If, as those Druids taught, which kept
 the British rites,
And dwelt in darksome groves, there
 counselling with sprites

(But their opinions fail'd, by error led
 awry,
 As since clear truth hath shew'd to their
 posterity)
 When these our souls by death our bo-
 dies do forsake,
 I could have wisht your spirits redoubled
 in my breast,
 To give my verse applause to time's
 eternal rest.

Thus scarcely said the Muse, but ho-
 vering while she hung
 Upon the Celtic wastes, the sea-nymphs
 loudly sung:
 «O ever-happy isles! your heads so high
 that bear,
 By nature strongly fenc'd, which never
 need to fear
 On Neptune's wat'ry realms when Eölus
 raiseth wars,
 And every billow bounds, as though to
 quench the stars:
 Fair Jersey first of these here scatter'd
 in the deep,
 Peculiarly that boasts thy double-horned
 sheep:
 Inferior nor to thee, thou Guernsey,
 bravely crown'd
 With rough-embattled rocks, whose
 venom-hating ground
 The hard'ned emeril hath, which thou
 abroad dost send:
 Thou Ligon her belov'd, and Serk, that
 doth attend
 Her pleasure every hour; as Jethow,
 them at need,
 With pheasants, fallow deer, and conies
 that dost feed:
 Ye seven small sister isles, and Sorlings,
 which to see
 The half-sunk seaman joys; or whatsoe'er
 you be,
 From fruitful Aurney, near the ancient
 Celtic shore,
 To Ushant and the Seams, whereas those
 nuns of yore

Gave answers from their caves, and took
 what shapes they please:
 Ye happy islands set within the British seas
 With shrill and jocund shouts, th' un-
 measur'd deeps awake,
 And let the gods of sea their secret
 bow'rs forsake,
 Whilst our industrious Muse great Bri-
 tain forth shall bring,
 Crown'd with those glorious wreaths
 that beautify the spring;
 And whilst green Thetis' nymphs, with
 many an amorous lay
 Sing our invention safe unto her long-
 wisht bay.»
 Upon the utmost end of Cornwall's fur-
 rowing beak,
 Where Bresan from the land the tilting
 waves doth break;
 The shore let her transcend, the pro-
 mont to descry,
 And view about the point th' unnumber'd
 fowl that fly;
 Some rising like a storm from off the
 troubled sand,
 Seem in their hov'ring flight to shadow
 all the land;
 Some sitting on the beach to prune
 their painted breasts,
 As if both earth and air they only did
 possess;
 Whence climbing to the cliffs, herself
 she firmly sets
 The bourns, the brooks, the beckes, the
 rills, the rivulets,
 Exactly to derive; receiving in her way
 That streight'ned tongue of land, where
 at Mount-Michael's bay,
 Rude Neptune cutting in, a cantle forth
 doth take;
 And on the other side, Hayle's vaster
 mouth doth make
 A chersonese thereof, the corner clip-
 ping in;
 Where to th' industrious Muse the Mount
 doth thus begin.

SONNETS.

1.

Love, banish'd Heaven, on earth was
 held in scorn,
 Wand'ring abroad in need and beggary;
 And wanting friends, though of a god-
 des born,
 Yet crav'd the alms of such as passed by:
 I, like a man devout and charitable,
 Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wandring
 Guest;

With sighs and tears still furnishing
 his table,
 With what might make the miserable
 blest.
 But this Ungrateful, for my good desert,
 Intic'd my thoughts against me to con-
 spire,
 Who gave consent to steal away my
 heart;
 And set my breast, his lodging, on a
 fire.

Well, well my friends! When beggars
grow thus bold,
No marvel, then, though charity grow
cold!

2.

Dear! why should you command me to
my rest,
When now the Night doth summon all
to sleep?
Methinks, this time becometh lovers best;
Night was ordain'd together friends to
keep.
How happy are all other living things,
Which, though the day disjoin by several
flight,
The quiet evening yet together brings;
And each returns unto his Love at night!
O, thou that art so courteous else to all,
Why shouldst thou, Night! abuse me
only thus;
That ev'ry creature to his kind do'st call,
And yet 'tis thou dost only sever us?
Well, could I wish it would be ever day,
If, when night comes, you bid me go
away.

3.

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss
and part, —
Nay I have done, you get no more of
me;
And I am glad, yea glad with all my
heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free:
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our
vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of love's latest
breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speech-
less lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of
death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,
— Now if thou wouldst, when all have
given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him
yet recover.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

THE INTRODUCTION.

Why did my parents send me to the
schools,
That I with knowledge might enrich
my mind?
Since the desire to know first made men
fools,
And did corrupt the root of all man-
kind;
For when God's hand had written in the
hearts
Of the first parents, all the rules of
good,
So that their skill infus'd, did pass all
arts
That ever were, before, or since the
flood;
And when their reason's eye was sharp
and clear,
And (as an eagle can behold the sun)
Could have approach'd th' eternal light
as near,
As th' intellectual angels could have
done:

E'en then to them the spirit of lies
suggests,
That they were blind, because they
saw not ill,
And breath'd into their incorrupted
breasts
A curious wish, which did corrupt
their will.
For that same ill they straight desir'd
to know;
Which ill, being naught but a defect
of good,
In all God's works the Devil could not
show,
While man their lord in his perfec-
tion stood.
So that themselves were first to do the ill,
Ere they thereof the knowledge could
attain,
Like him that knew not poison's power
to kill,
Until (by tasting it) himself was slain.

E'en so by tasting of that fruit forbid,
Where they sought knowledge they
did error find,
Ill they desir'd to know, and ill they did;
And to give passion eyes, made reason
blind.

For then their minds did first in passion
see
Those wretched shapes of misery and
woe,
Of nakedness, of shame, of poverty,
Which then their own experience made
them know.

But then grew reason dark, that she
no more
Could the fair forms of good and truth
discern;
Bats they became, that eagles were be-
fore;
And this they got by their desire to
learn.

But we, their wretched offspring, what
do we?
Do not we still taste of the fruit for-
bid?
Whilst with fond fruitless curiosity,
In books profane we seek for know-
ledge hid.

What is this knowledge? but the sky-
stol'n fire,
For which the thief still chain'd in
ice doth sit?
And which the poor rude satyr did ad-
mire,
And needs would kiss, but burnt his
lips with it.

What is it? but the cloud of empty rain,
Which when Jove's guest embrac'd,
he monsters got?
Or the false pails, which oft being fill'd
with pain,
Receiv'd the water, but retain'd it not?

In fine, what is it? but the fiery coach
Which the youth sought, and sought
his death withal?
Or the boy's wings, which when he did
approach
The sun's hot beams, did melt and
let him fall?

And yet, alas! when all our lamps are
burn'd,
Our bodies wasted, and our spirits
spent;
When we have all the learned volumes
turn'd
Which yield men's wits both help and
ornament:

What can we know? or what can we
discern?

When error choaks the windows of
the mind;
The divers forms of things, how can we
learn,
That have been ever from our birth-
day blind?

When reason's lamp, which (like the sun
in sky)
Throughout man's little world her
beams did spread,
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
Under the ashes, halfextinct, and dead;

How can we hope, that through eye
and ear,
This dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,
Can recollect these beams of knowledge
clear,
Which were infus'd in the first minds
by grace?

So might the heir, whose father hath
in play
Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient
rent,
By painful earning of one groat a day,
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that div'd most deep, and soar'd
most high,
Seeking man's pow'rs, have found his
weakness such:
«Skill comes so slow, and life so fast
doth fly,
We learn so little and forget so much.»

For this the wisest of all moral men
Said, he knew nought, but that he
nought did know,
And the great mocking-master mock'd
not then,
When he said, Truth was buried deep
below.

For how may we to other things attain,
When none of us his own soul under-
stands?
For which the Devil mocks our curious
brain,
When, Know thyself, his oracle com-
mands.

For why should we the busy soul be-
lieve,
When boldly she concludes of that
and this,
When of herself she can no judgment
give,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor
what she is?

All things without, which round about
we see,
We seek to know, and how therewith
to do:
But that whereby we reason, live, and be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are
thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each
sphere,
And the strange cause of th' ebbs and
floods of Nile;
But of that clock within our breasts we
bear,
The subtle motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with ev'ry
zone,
And pass both tropics, and behold
each pole,
When we come home, are to ourselves
unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own
soul.

We study speech, but others we persuade;
We leech-craft learn, but others cure
with it;
We interpret laws, which other men have
made,
But read not those which in our hearts
are writ.

Is it because the mind is like the eye,
Through which it gathers knowledge
by degrees,
Whose rays reflect not, but spread out-
wardly;
Not seeing itself when other things
it sees?

No, doubtless; for the mind can back-
ward cast
Upon herself, her understanding's light,
But she is so corrupt, and so defac'd,
As her own image doth herself affright.

As is the fable of the lady fair,
Which for her lust was turn'd into a
cow,
When thirsty to a stream she did repair,
And saw herself transform'd she wist
not how:

At first she startles, then she stands
amaz'd;
At last with terror she from thence
doth fly,
And loathes the wat'ry glass wherein
she gaz'd,
And shuns it still, though she for
thirst doth die:

E'en so man's soul which did God's im-
age bear,
And was at first fair, good, and spot-
less pure,
Since with her sins her beauties blotted
were,
Doth of all sights her own sight least
endure:

For e'en at first reflection she espies
Such strange chimeras, and such mon-
sters there,
Such toys, such antics, and such vanities,
As she retires, and shrinks for shame
and fear.

And as the man loves least at home
to be,
That hath a sluttish house haunted
with sprites;
So she impatient her own faults to see,
Turns from herself, and in strange
things delights.

For this few know themselves: for mer-
chants broke
View their estate with discontent and
pain,
And seas are troubled, when they do
revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves
again.

And while the face of outward things
we find,
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport, and carry out
the mind,
That with herself the mind can never
meet.

Yet if Affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feeble sense with sword
and fire,
The mind contracts herself, and shrink-
eth in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire:

As spiders touch'd, seek their web's in-
most part;
As bees in storms back to their hives
return;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart;
As men seek towns, when foes the
country burn.

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's
looks,
(Making us pry into our selves so near)
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all
books,
Or all the learned schools that ever
were.

This mistress lately pluck'd me by the
 ear,
 And many a golden lesson hath me
 taught;
 Hath made my senses quick, and rea-
 son clear;
 Reform'd my will, and rectify'd my
 thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse
 the air:
 So working seas settle and purge the
 wine:
 So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish
 fair:
 So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned Muse,
 Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the
 wise,
 Could in my brain those beams of skill
 infuse,
 As but the glance of this dame's angry
 eyes.

She within lists my ranging mind hath
 brought,
 That now beyond myself I will not go;
 Myself am centre of my circling thought,
 Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
 As force without, fevers within can
 kill:

I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
 But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will:

I know my soul hath power to know
 all things,
 Yet is she blind and ignorant in all:
 I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
 Yet to the least and vilest things am
 thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span;
 I know my sense is mock'd in ev'ry
 thing:

And to conclude, I know myself a man,
 Which is a proud, and yet a wretched
 thing.

JOHN DONNE.

THE BAIT.

Come, live with me, and be my love,
 And we will some new pleasures prove
 Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
 With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run,
 Warm'd by thine eyes more than the sun:
 And there th' enamour'd fish will play,
 Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
 Each fish, which every channel hath,
 Will amorously to thee swim,
 Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou to be so seen art loath
 By sun or moon, thou darken'st both;

And if myself have leave to see,
 I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
 And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
 Or treacherously poor fish beset,
 With strangling snare, or winding net:

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
 The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
 Or curious traitors sleeve silk flies,
 Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes:

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
 For thou thyself art thine own bait;
 That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
 Alas! is wiser far than I.

SONNETS.

1.

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work
 decay?
 Repair me now, for now mine end doth
 haste;

I run to death, and death meets me as
 fast,

And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
 I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
 Despair behind, and death before doth
 cast

Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth
waste
By sin in it, which it t'wards hell doth
weigh.
Only thou art above, and when t'wards
thee
By thy leave I can look, I rise again;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain;
Thy grace may wing me to prevent his
art,
And thou like adamant draw mine iron
heart.

2.

As due by many titles, I resign
Myself to thee, O God. First I was made
By thee and for thee; and, when I was
decay'd,
Thy blood bought that, the which be-
fore was thine;
I am thy son, made with thyself to shine,
Thy servant, whose pains thou hast still
repay'd,
Thy sheep, thine image, and, till I be-
tray'd
Myself, a temple of thy spirit divine.
Why doth the devil then usurp on me?
Why doth he steal, nay, ravish that's
thy right?
Except thou rise, and for thine own
work fight,
Oh! I shall soon despair, when I shall see
That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt
not choose me,
And Satan hates me, yet is loth to lose
me.

3.

Oh! might these sighs and tears return
again
Into my breast and eyes, which I have
spent,
That I might in this holy discontent
Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourn'd
in vain;
In mine idolatry what show'rs of rain
Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my
heart did rent?
That sufferance was my sin I now repent;
'Cause I did suffer, I must suffer pain.
Th' hydroptic drunkard, and night-scout-
ing thief,
The itchy lecher, and self-tickling proud,
Have th' remembrance of past joys, for
relief
Of coming ills. To poor me is allow'd
No ease; for long, yet vehement, grief
hath been
Th' effect and cause, the punishment
and sin.

4.

Oh! my black soul, now thou art sum-
moned
By sickness, Death's herald and cham-
pion;
Thou 'rt like a pilgrim, which abroad
hath done
Treason, and durst not turn to whence
he is fled;
Or like a thief, which till death's doom
be read,
Wisheth himself delivered from prison;
But damn'd and hawl'd to execution,
Wisheth that still he might b' impri-
soned:
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst
not lack;
But who shall give thee that grace to
begin?
Oh, make thyself with holy mourning
black,
And red with blushing, as thou art
with sin;
Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which
hath this might,
That, being red, it dies red souls to
white.

5.

I am a little world made cunningly
Of elements and an angelic spright;
But black sin hath betray'd to endless
night
My world's both parts, and, oh! both
parts must die.
You, which beyond that heav'n, which
was most high,
Have found new spheres, and of new
land can write,
Pour new seas in mine eyes, that so I
might
Drown my world with my weeping ear-
nestly;
Or wash it, if it must be drown'd no
more:
But oh it must be burnt; alas! the fire
Of lust and envy burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler: let their flames
retire,
And burn me, O Lord, with a fiery zeal
Of thee and thy house, which doth in
eating heal.

6.

This is my play's last scene, here hea-
vens appoint
My pilgrimage's last mile; and my race,
Idly yet quickly run, hath this last pace,
My span's last inch, my minutes latest
point;

And gluttonous Death will instantly
 unjoint
 My body and soul, and I shall sleep a
 space;
 But my ever-waking part shall see that
 face,
 Whose fear already shakes my every
 joint:
 Then as my soul to heav'n, her first
 seat, takes flight,

And earth-born body in the earth shall
 dwell,
 So fall my sins, that all may have their
 right,
 To where they 're bred, and would press
 me to hell.
 Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of
 evil;
 For thus I leave the world, the flesh,
 the devil.

SPECIMENS OF THE DRAMATIC PRECURSORS OF SHAKSPEARE.

GORBODUC, A TRAGEDY.

By THOMAS SACKVILLE and THOMAS NORTON.

*Whilst king GORBODUC in the presence of his coun-
 cillors laments the death of his eldest son, FER-
 REX, whom PORREX, the younger son, has
 slain; MARCELLA, a court lady, enters and
 relates the miserable end of PORREX, stabbed
 by his mother in his bed.*

GORBODUC, AROSTUS, EUBULUS, and others.

Gorb. What cruel destiny,
 What froward fate hath sorted us this
 chance?
 That even in those where we should
 comfort find,
 Where our delight now in our aged days
 Should rest and be, even there our only
 grief
 And deepest sorrows to abridge our life,
 Most pining cares and deadly thoughts
 do grave.

Arost. Your grace should now, in
 these grave years of yours,
 Have found ere this the price of mortal
 joys,
 How full of change, how brittle our
 estate,
 How short they be, how fading here in
 earth,
 Of nothing sure, save only of the death,
 To whom both man and all the world
 doth owe
 Their end at last; neither should na-
 ture's power
 In other sort against your heart prevail,
 Than as the naked hand whose stroke
 assays
 The armed breast where force doth light
 in vain.

Gorb. Many can yield right grave
 and sage advice
 Of patient sprite to others wrapt in woe,

And can in speech both rule and con-
 quer kind,
 Who, if by proof they might feel na-
 ture's force,
 Would shew themselves men as they
 are indeed,
 Which now will needs be gods: but what
 doth mean
 The sorry cheer of her that here doth
 come?

MARCELLA enters.

Marc. Oh where is ruth? or where
 is pity now?
 Whither is gentle heart and mercy fled?
 Are they exil'd out of our stony breasts,
 Never to make return? is all the world
 Drowned in blood, and sunk in cruelty?
 If not in women mercy may be found,
 If not (alas) within the mother's breast
 To her own child, to her own flesh and
 blood;
 If ruth be banisht thence, if pity there
 May have no place, if there no gentle
 heart
 Do live and dwell, where should we seek
 it then?

Gorb. Madam (alas) what means your
 woful tale?

Marc. O silly woman I, why to this
 hour
 Have kind and fortune thus deferr'd my
 breath,
 That I should live to see this doleful day?
 Will ever wight believe that such hard
 heart
 Could rest within the cruel mother's
 breast,
 With her own hand to slay her only son?

But out (alas) these eyes beheld the same,
They saw the dreary sight, and are be-
come

Most ruthless records of the bloody fact.
Porrex, alas, is by his mother slain,
And with her hand, a woful thing to
tell,

While slumb'ring on his careful bed he
rests,
His heart stabb'd in with knife is reft
of life.

• *Gorb.* O Eubulus, oh draw this sword
of ours,

And pierce this heart with speed. O
hateful light,

O loathsome life, O sweet and welcome
death.

Dear Eubulus, work this we thee be-
seech.

Eub. Patient your grace, perhaps he
liveth yet,

With wound receiv'd but not of certain
death.

Gorb. O let us then repair unto the
place,

And see if that Porrex live, or thus be
slain. [*Exit.*

Marc. Alas he liveth not, it is too
true,

That with these eyes, of him a peerless
prince,

Son to a king, and in the flower of
youth,

Even with a twink a senseless stock I
saw.

Arost. O damned deed!

Marc. But hear his ruthless end.

The noble prince, pierced with the sud-
den wounds,

Out of his wretched slumber hastily start,
Whose strength now failing, straight he
overthrew,

When in the fall his eyes ev'n now un-
closed,

Beheld the queen, and cried to her for
help;

We then, alas, the ladies which that time
Did there attend, seeing that heinous
deed

And hearing him oft call the wretched
name

Of mother, and to cry to her for aid,
Whose direful hand gave him the mortal
wound,

Pitying alas (for nought else could we
do)

His rueful end, ran to the woful bed,
Despoiled straight his breast, and all
we might

Wiped in vain with napkins next at hand
The sudden streams of blood, that flush-
ed fast

Out of the gaping wound: O what a look,
O what a ruthless stedfast eye methought
He fixt upon my face, which to my death
Will never part from me, — wherewith
abraid

A deep fetch'd sigh he gave, and there-
withall

Clasping his hands, to heaven he cast
his sight;

And straight, pale death pressing within
his face,

The flying ghost his mortal corps for-
sook.

Arost. Never did age bring forth so
vile a fact.

Marc. O hard and cruel hap that thus
assign'd

Unto so worthy wight so wretched end:
But most hard cruel heart that could
consent,

To lend the hateful destinies that hand,
By which, alas, so heinous crime was
wrought; —

O queen of adamant, O marble breast,
If not the favour of his comely face,
If not his princely chear and counten-
ance,

His valiant active arms, his manly breast,
If not his fair and seemly personage;

His noble limbs, in such proportion cast,
As would have rapt a silly woman's
thought;

If this might not have mov'd the bloody
heart,

And that most cruel hand the wretched
weapon

Even to let fall, and kist him in the face,
With tears, for ruth to reave such one
by death;

Should nature yet consent to slay her son?
O mother, thou to murder thus thy child!

Even Jove with justice must with light'-
ning flames

From heaven send down some strange
revenge on thee.

Ah noble prince, how oft have I beheld
Thee mounted on thy fierce and tramp-
ling steed,

Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
And with thy mistress' sleeve tied on
thy helm;

There charge thy staff, to please thy
lady's eye,

That bow'd the head piece of thy friendly
foe!

How oft in arms on horse to bend the
mace,

How oft in arms on foot to break the
sword,

Which never now these eyes may see
again.

Arost. Madam, alas, in vain these
 plaints are shed.
 Rather with me depart, and help to
 assuage
 The thoughtful griefs, that in the aged
 king
 Must needs by nature grow, by death
 of this
 His only son, whom he did hold so dear.

Marc. What wight is that which saw
 that I did see,
 And could refrain to wail with plaint
 and tears?
 Not I, alas, that heart is not in me;
 But let us go, for I am griev'd anew,
 To call to mind the wretched father's
 woe. *[Exeunt.]*

Chorus of aged men. When greedy
 lust in royal seat to reign
 Hath reft all care of gods and eke of
 men;
 And cruel heart, wrath, treason, and
 disdain,
 Within th' ambitious breast are lodged,
 then
 Behold how mischief wide herself dis-
 plays,
 And with the brother's hand the brother
 slays.

When blood thus shed doth stain this
 heaven's face,
 Crying to Jove for vengeance of the deed,

The mighty God even moveth from his
 place
 With wrath to wreak; then sends he
 forth with speed
 The dreadful Furies, daughters of the
 night,
 With serpents girt, carrying the whip
 of ire,
 With hair of stinging snakes, and shin-
 ing bright
 With flames and blood, and with a brand
 of fire:
 These, for revenge of wretched murder
 done,
 Doth cause the mother kill her only son.
 Blood asketh blood, and death must
 death requit;
 Jove by his just and everlasting doom
 Justly hath ever so requited it.
 This times before record and times to
 come
 Shall find it true, and so doth present
 proof
 Present before our eyes for our behoof.
 O happy wight that suffers not the
 snare
 Of murderous mind to tangle him in
 blood:
 And happy he that can in time beware
 By others harms, and turn it to his good:
 But woe to him that fearing not to offend,
 Doth serve his lust, and will not see the
 end.

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY: OR HIERONIMO IS MAD AGAIN.

A TRAGEDY by THOMAS KYD.

HORATIO, the son of HIERONIMO, is murdered while he is sitting with his mistress BELIMPERIA by night in an arbour in his father's garden. The murderers (BALTHAZAR, his rival, and LORENZO, the brother of BELIMPERIA) hang his body on a tree. HIERONIMO is awakened by the cries of BELIMPERIA, and coming out into his garden, discovers by the light of a torch, that the murdered man is his son. Upon this he goes distracted.

HIERONIMO mad.

Hier. My son! and what 's a son?
 A thing begot within a pair of minutes,
 there about:
 A lump bred up in darkness, and doth
 serve
 To balance those light creatures we call
 women;
 And at the nine months' end creeps
 forth to light.
 What is there yet in a son,
 To make a father doat, rave, or run
 mad?

Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds
 teeth.
 What is there yet in a son?
 He must be fed, be taught to go, and
 speak.
 Ay, or yet? why might not a man love
 a calf as well?
 Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid,
 as for a son?
 Methinks a young bacon,
 Or a fine little smooth horse colt,
 Should move a man as much as doth
 a son;
 For one of these, in very little time,
 Will grow to some good use; whereas
 a son
 The more he grows in stature and in
 years,
 The more unsquar'd, unlevell'd he ap-
 pears;
 Reckons his parents among the rank of
 fools,

Strikes cares upon their heads with his
 mad riots,
 Makes them look old before they meet
 with age;
 This is a son; and what a loss is this,
 considered truly!
 Oh, but my Horatio grew out of reach
 of those
 Insatiate humours: he lov'd his loving
 parents: [joy,
 He was my comfort, and his mother's
 The very arm that did hold up our
 house —
 Our hopes were stored up in him,
 None but a damned murderer could hate
 him. [years,
 He had not seen the back of nineteen
 When his strong arm unhors'd the proud
 prince Balthazar;
 And his great mind, too full of honour,
 took
 To mercy that valiant but ignoble Por-
 tuguese.
 Well heaven is heaven still!
 And there is Nemesis, and furies,
 And things call'd whips,
 And they sometimes do meet with mur-
 derers:
 They do not always 'scape, that 's some
 comfort.
 Ay, ay, ay, and then time steals on, and
 steals, and steals,
 Till violence leaps forth, like thunder
 Wrapt in a ball of fire,
 And so doth bring confusion to them
 all. [Exit.

JAQUES and PEDRO, Servants.

Jaq. I wonder, Pedro, why our master
 thus
 At midnight sends us with our torches
 light,
 When man and bird and beast are all
 at rest,
 Save those that watch for rape and bloody
 murder.

Ped. O Jaques, know thou that our
 master's mind
 Is much distract since his Horatio died:
 And, now his aged years should sleep
 in rest,
 His heart in quiet, like a desperate man
 Grows lunatic and childish for his son:
 Sometimes as he doth at his table sit,
 He speaks as if Horatio stood by him.
 Then starting in a rage, falls on the
 earth,
 Cries out Horatio, where is my Horatio?
 So that with extreme grief, and cutting
 sorrow,
 There is not left in him one inch of man:
 See here he comes.

HIERONIMO enters.

Hier. I pry thro' every crevice of each
 wall,
 Look at each tree, and search thro' every
 brake,
 Beat on the bushes, stamp our grandame
 earth,
 Dive in the water, and stare up to
 heaven;
 Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio.
 Hownow, who 's there, sprights, sprights?

Ped. We are your servants that at-
 tend you, sir.

Hier. What make you with your
 torches in the dark?

Ped. You bid us light them, and at-
 tend you here.

Hier. No, no, you are deceiv'd, not
 I, you are deceiv'd:
 Was I so mad to bid you light your
 torches now?
 Light me your torches at the mid of
 noon,
 When as the sun god rides in all his
 glory;
 Light me your torches then.

Ped. Then we burn day light.

Hier. Let it be burnt; night is a
 murd'rous slut,
 That would not have her treasons to be
 seen:
 And yonder pale fac'd Hecate there, the
 moon,
 Doth give consent to that is done in
 darkness.
 And all those stars that gaze upon her
 face,
 Are aglets on her sleeve, pins on her
 train:
 And those that should be powerful and
 divine,
 Do sleep in darkness when they most
 should shine.

Ped. Provoke them not, fair sir, with
 tempting words,
 The heavens are gracious; and your
 miseries
 And sorrow make you speak you know
 not what.

Hier. Villain thou lyest, and thou
 doest nought
 But tell me I am mad: thou lyest, I am
 not mad:
 I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques.
 I 'll prove it to thee; and were I mad,
 how could I?
 Where was she the same night, when
 my Horatio was murder'd?
 She should have shone: search thou the
 book:

Had the moon shone in my boy's face,
 there was a kind of grace,
 That I know, nay I do know had the
 murd'rer seen him,
 His weapon would have fallen, and cut
 the earth,
 Had he been fram'd of nought but blood
 and death;
 Alack, when mischief doth it knows not
 what,
 What shall we say to mischief?

ISABELLA, his wife, enters.

Isa. Dear Hieronimo, come in a doors,
 O seek not means to increase thy sor-
 row.

Hier. Indeed Isabella, we do nothing
 here;
 I do not cry, ask Pedro and Jaques:
 Not I indeed, we are very merry, very
 merry.

Isa. How? be merry here, be merry
 here?
 Is not this the place, and this the very
 tree,
 Where my Horatio died, where he was
 murder'd?

Hier. Was, do not say what: let her
 weep it out.
 This was the tree, I set it of a kernel;
 And when our hot Spain could not let
 it grow,
 But that the infant and the human sap
 Began to wither, duly twice a morning
 Would I be sprinkling it with fountain
 water:
 At last it grew and grew, and bore and
 bore:
 Till at length it grew a gallow, and
 did bear our son.
 It bore thy fruit and mine. O wicked,
 wicked plant.
 See who knocks there.

[One knocks within at the door.]

Ped. It is a painter, sir.

Hier. Bid him come in, and paint
 some comfort,
 For surely there's none lives but pain-
 ted comfort.
 Let him come in, one knows not what
 may chance.
 God's will that I should set this tree!
 but even so
 Masters ungrateful servants rear from
 nought,
 And then they hate them that did bring
 them up.

The Painter enters.

Pain. God bless you, sir.

Hier. Wherefore? why, thou scorn-
 ful villain?

How, where, or by what means should
 I be blest?

Isa. What wouldst thou have, good
 fellow?

Pain. Justice, madam.

Hier. O ambitious beggar, wouldst
 thou have that
 That lives not in the world?
 Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
 An ounce of justice, 'tis a jewel so in-
 estimable.

I tell thee, God hath engross'd all jus-
 tice in his hands,
 And there is none but what comes from
 him.

Pain. O then I see that God must
 right me for my murder'd son.

Hier. How, was thy son murder'd?

Pain. Ay, sir, no man did hold a son
 so dear.

Hier. What, not as thine? that's a lie,
 As massy as the earth: I had a son,
 Whose least unvalued hair did weigh
 A thousand of thy sons, and he was
 murder'd.

Pain. Alas, sir, I had no more but he.

Hier. Nor I, nor I; but this same
 one of mine
 Was worth a legion. But all is one,
 Pedro, Jaques, go in a doors, Isabella, go,
 And this good fellow here, and I,
 Will range this hideous orchard up and
 down,
 Like two she lions, 'reaved of their young.
 Go in a doors I say. *[Exeunt.]*

[The Painter and he sit down.]

Come let's talk wisely now.
 Was thy son murder'd?

Pain. Ay, sir.

Hier. So was mine.
 How dost thou take it? art thou not
 sometime mad?
 Is there no tricks that come before
 thine eyes?

Pain. O lord, yes, sir.

Hier. Art a painter? canst paint me
 a tear, a wound?
 A groan or a sigh? canst paint me such
 a tree as this?

Pain. Sir, I am sure you have heard
 of my painting;
 My name's Bazardo.

Hier. Bazardo! 'fore God an excellent
 fellow. Look you, sir.
 Do you see? I'd have you paint me in
 my gallery, in your oil colours matted,
 and draw me five years younger than I
 am: do you see, sir? let five years go,
 let them go, — my wife Isabella stand-
 ing by me, with a speaking look to my
 son Horatio, which should intend to this,
 or some such like purpose: *God bless*

thee, my sweet son; and my hand leaning upon his head thus, sir, do you see? may it be done?

Pain. Very well, sir.

Hier. Nay, I pray, mark me, sir. Then, sir, would I have you paint me this tree, this very tree: Canst paint a doleful cry?

Pain. Seemingly, sir.

Hier. Nay, it should cry; but all is one.

Well, sir, paint me a youth run thro' and thro' with villains' swords hanging upon this tree. Canst thou draw a murd'rer?

Pain. I 'll warrant you, sir; I have the pattern of the most notorious villains that ever lived in all Spain.

Hier. O, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine art, And let their beards be of Judas's own colour, And let their eye-brows jut over: in any case observe that; Then, sir, after some violent noise, Bring me forth in my shirt and my gown under my arm, with my torch in my hand, and my sword rear'd up thus, — And with these words: *What noise is this? who calls Hieronimo?* May it be done?

Pain. Yea, sir.

Hier. Well, sir then bring me forth, bring me thro' alley and alley, still with a distracted countenance going along, and let my hair heave up my night-cap.

Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve.

And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tott'ring, and tott'ring, as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him down.

And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio.

There you may shew a passion, there you may shew a passion.

Draw me like old Priam of Troy, crying, the house is a fire, the house is a fire; and the torch over my head; make me curse, make me rave, make me cry, make me mad, make me well again, make me curse hell, invoke, and in the end leave me in a trance, and so forth.

Pain. And is this the end?

Hier. O no, there is no end: the end is death and madness; And I am never better than when I am mad; Then methinks I am a brave fellow; Then I do wonders; but reason abuseth me; And there 's the torment, there 's the hell; At last, sir, bring me to one of the murderers; Were he as strong as Hector, Thus would I tear and drag him up and down.

[*He beats the Painter in.*]

DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

By CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

How FAUSTUS fell to the study of magic.

— born of parents base of stock
In Germany, within a town called Rhodes:
At riper years to Wirtemberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought
him up.
So much he profits in Divinity,
That shortly he was graced with Doctor's name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In the heavenly matters of theology:
Till swoln with cunning and a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,

And melting, heaven conspired his overthrow:

For falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with Learning's golden gifts,

He surfeits on the cursed necromancy
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.

FAUSTUS, in his study, runs through the circle of the sciences; and being satisfied with none of them, determines to addict himself to magic.

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:

Having commenc'd, be a Divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd
me.

Bene disserere est finis Logices.

Is, to dispute well, Logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd
that end.

A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit.
Bid Economy farewell: and Galen come.
Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold,
And be eterniz'd for some wond'rous cure.

Summum bonum medicinae sanitas:

The end of physic is our bodies' health.
Why, Faustus: hast thou not attain'd
that end?

Are not thy bills hung up as monu-
ments,

Whereby whole cities have escap'd the
plague,

And divers desperate maladies been
cured?

Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a
man.

Couldst thou make men but live etern-
ally,

Or being dead raise men to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell. Where is Justinian?

*Si una eademque res legatur duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.*

A petty case of paltry legacies.

*Exhereditari filium non potest pater,
nisi, &c.*

Such is the subject of the Institute,
And universal body of the Law.

This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but eternal trash,
Too servile and illiberal for me.

When all is done, Divinity is best.

Jerome's Bible, Faustus: view it well.

*Stipendium peccati mors est: ha! Sti-
pendium, &c.*

The reward of sin is death: that's hard.

*Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla
est in nobis veritas.*

If we say that we have no sin, we de-
ceive ourselves, and there is no
truth in us.

Why then belike we must sin, and so
consequently die.

Aye, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this? *Che sarà
sarà:*

What will be shall be. Divinity adieu.

These Metaphysics of Magicians,

And necromantic books, are heavenly.

Lines, Circles, Letters, Characters:

Aye, these are those that Faustus most
desires.

O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artizan!

All things that move between the quiet
poles

Shall be at my command. Emperors
and Kings

Are but obey'd in their several pro-
vinces;

But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of
man:

A sound Magician is a Demigod.

Here tire my brains to gain a deity.

How am I glutt'd with conceit of this!

Shall I make Spirits fetch me what I
please?

Resolve me of all ambiguities?

Perform what desperate enterprises I
will?

I 'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,

And search all corners of the new-found
world

For pleasant fruits and princely deli-
cates.

I 'll have them read me strange philo-
sophy;

And tell the secrets of all foreign kings:

I 'll have them wall all Germany with
brass,

And with swift Rhine circle all Wirtem-
berg:

I 'll have them fill the public schools
with skill,

Wherewith the students shall be bra-
vely clad:

I 'll levy soldiers with the coin they
bring,

And chase the Prince of Parma from
our land;

And reign sole king of all the pro-
vinces;

Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of
war,

Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp
bridge,

I 'll make my servile Spirits to invent.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,

And make me wise with your sage con-
ference.

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.

Faust. Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cor-
nelius,

Know that your words have won me
at the last

To practise magic and concealed Arts.

Philosophy is odious and obscure:

Both Law and Physic are for petty wits:

'Tis Magic, Magic, that hath ravish'd
me.

Then gentle friends aid me in this attempt;
 And I that have with subtil syllogisms
 Gravell'd the Pastors of the German
 Church,
 And made the flowering pride of Wir-
 temberg
 Swarm to my problems, as th' infernal
 Spirits
 On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
 Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
 Whose shadow made all Europe honour
 him.

Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit,
 and our experience,
 Shall make all nations canonize us.
 As Indian Moors obey their Spanish
 Lords,
 So shall the Spirits of every Element
 Be always serviceable to us three:
 Like Lions shall they guard us when
 we please;
 Like Almain Rutters with their horse-
 men's staves,
 Or Lapland Giants trotting by our sides:
 Sometimes like Women, or unwedded
 Maids,
 Shadowing more beauty in their airy
 brows
 Than have the white breasts of the
 Queen of Love.

Corn. The miracles that magic will
 perform,
 Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
 He that is grounded in astrology,
 Enricht with tongues, well seen in mi-
 nerals,
 Hath all the principles magic doth re-
 quire.

Faust. Come, show me some demon-
 strations magical,
 That I may conjure in some bushy grove,
 And have these joys in full possession.

Vald. Then haste thee to some soli-
 tary grove,
 And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus'
 works,
 The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testa-
 ment;
 And whatsoever else is requisite
 We will inform thee, ere our conference
 cease.

*FAUSTUS being instructed in the elements of magic
 by his friends VALDES and CORNELIUS, sells
 his soul to the devil, to have an Evil Spirit at
 his command for twenty-four years. — When the
 years are expired, the devils claim his soul.*

*FAUSTUS — the night of his death. WAGNER,
 his Servant.*

Faust. Say, Wagner, thou hast perused
 my Will,
 How dost thou like it?

Wag. Sir, so wondrous well,
 As in all humble duty I do yield
 My life and lasting service for your
 love. *[Exit.*

Three Scholars enter.

Faust. Gramercy, Wagner.
 Welcome, Gentlemen.

First Sch. Now, worthy Faustus,
 methinks your looks are chang'd.

Faust. Oh, Gentlemen.

Sec. Sch. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow,
 had I lived with thee, then had I lived
 still, but now must die eternally. Look,
 Sirs, comes he not? comes he not?

First Sch. Oh my dear Faustus, what
 imports this fear?

Sec. Sch. Is all our pleasure turned
 to melancholy?

Third Sch. He is not well with being
 over solitary.

Sec. Sch. If it be so, we will have
 physicians, and Faustus shall be
 cured.

Third Sch. 'Tis but a surfeit, Sir:
 fear nothing.

Faust. A surfeit of a deadly sin that
 hath damn'd both body and soul.

Sec. Sch. Yet, Faustus, look up to
 heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

Faust. But Faustus' offence can ne'er
 be pardoned. The serpent that tempted
 Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. O
 Gentlemen, hear me with patience, and
 tremble not at my speeches. Though
 my heart pant and quiver to remember
 that I have been a student here these
 thirty years. O would I had ne'er seen
 Wirtemberg, never read book! and what
 wonders have I done, all Germany can
 witness, yea, all the world: for which,
 Faustus hath lost both Germany and
 the world: yea, heaven itself, heaven the
 seat of God, the throne of the blessed,
 the kingdom of joy, and must remain
 in hell for ever. Hell, O hell, for ever.
 Sweet friends, what shall become of
 Faustus being in hell for ever?

Sec. Sch. Yet Faustus call on God.

Faust. On God whom Faustus hath
 abjured? on God whom Faustus hath
 blasphemed? O my God, I would weep,
 but the devil draws in my tears. Gush
 forth blood instead of tears, yea life and
 soul. Oh, he stays my tongue: I would
 lift up my hands, but see, they hold
 'em, they hold 'em.

Scholars. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Why, Lucifer and Mephosto-
 philis. O gentlemen, I gave them my
 soul for cunning.

Scholars. O God forbid it indeed, but Faustus hath done it: for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood, the date is expired: this is the time, and he will fetch me.

First. Sch. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that Divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch me body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity; and now it is too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Sec. Sch. O what may we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me but save yourselves and depart.

Third Sch. God will strengthen me, I will stay with Faustus.

First. Sch. Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.

Faust. Aye, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Sec. Sch. Pray thou, and we will pray, that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell; if I live till morning, I'll visit you: if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

Scholars. Faustus, farewell.

FAUSTUS alone. — *The clock strikes eleven.*

Faust. O Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.
Stand still you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come.
Fair Nature's eye, rise again, and make Perpetual day: or let this hour be but A year, a month, a week, a natural day, That Faustus may repent and save his soul.

O lente lente currite noctis equi.

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O I will leap to heaven, who pulls me down?
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament:
One drop of blood will save me: Oh, my Christ,

Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ.

Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer.

Where is it now? 'tis gone?

And see, a threat'ning arm, and angry brow.

Mountains and hills come, come, and fall on me,

And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven.

No? then I will headlong run into the earth:

Gape earth. O no, it will not harbour me.

You stars that reign'd at my nativity, Whose influence have allotted death and hell,

Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud; That when you vomit forth into the air, My limbs may issue from your smoaky mouths,

But let my soul mount, and ascend to heaven.

The watch strikes.

O half the hour is past: 'twill all be past anon.

O if my soul must suffer for my sin, Impose some end to my incessant pain. Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years, A hundred thousand, and at the last be saved:

No end is limited to damned souls.

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?

Or why is this immortal that thou hast? Oh, Pythagoras, Metempsychosis, were that true,

This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd

Into some brutish beast.

All beasts are happy, for when they die, Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements:

But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.

Curst be the parents that engender'd me: No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer, That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

The clock strikes twelve.

It strikes, it strikes; now, body, turn to air,

Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell. O soul, be chang'd into small water drops,

And fall into the ocean; ne'er be found.

Thunder, and enter the Devils.

O mercy heaven, look not so fierce on me.
Adders and serpents, let me breathe
awhile:

Ugly hell gape not; come not Lucifer:
I'll burn my books: Oh Mephostophilis!

Enter SCHOLARS.

First Sch. Come gentlemen, let us
go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never
seen

Since first the world's creation did begin;
Such fearful shrieks and cries were ne-
ver heard.

Pray heaven the Doctor have escaped
the danger.

Sec. Sch. O help us heavens! see here
are Faustus' limbs
All torn asunder by the hand of death.

Third Sch. The devil whom Faustus
serv'd hath torn him thus:
For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one,
methought
I heard him shriek, and call aloud for
help;

At which same time the house seem'd
all on fire

With dreadful horror of these damned
fiends.

Sec. Sch. Well, gentlemen, though
Faustus' end be such
As every Christian heart laments to
think on:

Yet, for he was a scholar once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our Ger-
man schools,

We'll give his mangled limbs due burial:
And all the scholars, cloth'd in mourn-
ing black,

Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.

Chorus. Cut is the branch that might
have grown full strait,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough
That sometime grew within this learned
man:

Faustus is gone! Regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the
wise

Only to wonder at unlawful things:
Whose deepness doth entice such for-
ward wits

To practise more than heavenly power
permits.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

SONNETS.

1. (5.)

Those hours, that with gentle work did
frame,

The lovely gaze where every eye doth
dwell,

Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair, which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him
there;

Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves
quite gone,

Beauty o'er-snow'd, and bareness every
where:

Then, were not summer's distillation
left,

A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with
winter meet,

Leese but their shew; their substance
still lives sweet.

2. (6.)

Then let not winter's ragged hand de-
face

In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some phial, treasure thou
some place

With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-
kill'd.

That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the will-
ing loan;

That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it then for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than
thou art,

If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then what could death do, if thou
should'st depart,

Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too
fair

To be death's conquest, and make worms
thine heir.

3. (8.)

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music
sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights
in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou re-
ceiv'st not gladly?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine an-
noy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who
confounds
In singleness the parts that thou should'st
bear:
Mark, how one string, sweet husband to
another,
Strikes each in each, by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy
mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do
sing:
Whose speechless song, being many,
seeming one,
Sings this to thee, «thou single wilt
prove none.»

4. (12.)

When I do count the clock that tells
the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous
night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with
white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the
herd,
And summer's green all girded up in
sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly
beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time
must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves
forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can
make defence,
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes
thee hence.

5. (15.)

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment;
That this huge state presenteth nought
but shews
Whereon the stars in secret influence
comment;

When I perceive that men as plants in-
crease,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-
same sky;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height
decrease,
And wear their brave state out of me-
mory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my
sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with de-
cay,
To change your day of youth to sullied
night;
And, all in war with time, for love of
you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

6. (18.)

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more tem-
perate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds
of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short
a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven
shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime de-
clines,
By chance, or nature's changing course,
untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou
owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in
his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou
growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes
can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to
thee.

7. (25.)

Let those who are in favour with their
stars,
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph
bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves
spread,
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies bu-
ried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd:

Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he
toil'd.

Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,
Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

8. (29.)

When in disgrace with fortune and men's
eyes,

I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my boot-
less cries,

And look upon myself, and curse my
fate,

Wishing me like to one more rich in
hope,

Featur'd like him, like him with friends
possess'd,

Desiring this man's art, and that man's
scope,

With what I most enjoy contented least:
Yet in these thoughts myself almost
despising,

Haply I think on thee, — and then my
state

(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at hea-
ven's gate:

For thy sweet love remember'd, such
wealth brings,

That then I scorn to change my state
with kings.

9. (30.)

When to the sessions of sweet silent
thought

I summon up remembrance of things
past,

I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear
time's waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to
flow,

For precious friends hid in death's da-
teless night,

And weep afresh love's long-since-can-
cell'd woe,

And moan the expense of many a va-
nish'd sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances fore-
gone,

And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,

Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear
friend,

All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

10. (32.)

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with
dust shall cover;

And shalt by fortune once more re-
survey

These poor rude lines of thy deceased
lover,

Compare them with the bettering of the
time,

And though they be out-stripp'd by
every pen,

Reserve them for my love, not for their
rhyme,

Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving
thought:

*Had my friend's muse grown with this
growing age;*

*A dearer birth than this his love had
brought,*

To march in ranks of better equipage:

But since he died, and poets better prove,

*Theirs for their style I'll read, his for
his love.*

11. (33.)

Full many a glorious morning have I
seen

Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign
eye,

Kissing with golden face the meadows
green,

Gilding pale streams with heavenly al-
chymy;

Anon permit the basest clouds to rid
With ugly rack on his celestial face,

And from the forlorn world his visage
hide,

Stealing unseen to west with this dis-
grace:

Even so my sun one early morn did
shine,

With all triumphant splendour on my
brow;

But out, alack! he was but one hour
mine,

The region cloud hath mask'd him from
me now.

Yet him for this my love no wit dis-
daineth;

Suns of the world may stain, when
heaven's sun staineth.

12. (34.)

Why didst thou promise such a beau-
teous day,

And make me travel forth without my
cloak,

To let base clouds o'er-take me in my
way,

Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud
thou break,

To dry the rain on my storm-beaten
face,

For no man well of such a salve can
 speak,
 That heals the wound, and cures not the
 disgrace:
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my
 grief;
 Though thou repent, yet I have still
 the loss:
 The offender's sorrow lends but weak
 relief
 To him that bears the strong offence's
 cross.
 Ah! but those tears are pearl, which
 thy love sheds,
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill
 deeds.

13. (35.)

No more be griev'd at that which thou
 hast done;
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains
 mud;
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon
 and sun,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest
 bud.
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorizing thy trespass with compare;
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense
 (Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea com-
 mence:
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,
 That I an accessory needs must be
 To that sweet thief, which sourly robs
 from me.

14. (53.)

What is your substance, whereof are
 you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on
 you tend?
 Since every one hath, every one, one
 shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
 Is poorly imitated after you;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted
 new:
 Speak of the spring, and foison of the
 year;
 The one doth shadow of your beauty
 shew,
 The other as your bounty doth appear;
 And you in every blessed shape we know,
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant
 heart.

15. (54.)

O, how much more doth beauty beau-
 teous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth
 doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in
 it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep
 a dye,
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses;
 Hang on such thorns, and play as want-
 only
 When summer's breath their masked buds
 discloses;
 But, for their virtue only is their shew,
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
 Die to themselves; Sweet roses do not so;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours
 made;
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely
 youth,
 When that shall fade, my verse distills
 your truth.

16. (55.)

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall out-live this powerful
 rhyme;
 But you shall shine more bright in these
 contents
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with
 sluttish time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of mas-
 onry,
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire
 shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall
 still find room
 Even in the eyes of all posterity,
 That wear this world out to the ending
 doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

17. (57.)

Being your slave, what should I do but
 tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end
 hour,
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock
 for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
 When you have bid your servant once
 adieu;

Nor dare I question with my jealous
 thought,
 Where you may be, or your affairs sup-
 pose;
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of
 nought,
 Save, where you are, how happy you
 make those:
 So true a fool is love, that in your will
 (Though you do any thing) he thinks
 no ill.

18. (60.)

Like as the waves make towards the
 pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;
 Each changing place with that which
 goes before;
 In sequent toil all forwards to contend.
 Nativity once in the main of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being
 crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And time that gave, doth now his gift
 confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on
 youth,
 And delves the parallels in beauty's
 brow;
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe
 to mow:
 And yet, to times in hope, my verse
 shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel
 hand.

19. (64.)

When I have seen by Time's fell hand
 defac'd
 The rich-proud cost of out-worn bury'd
 age;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-
 raz'd,
 And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage:
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery
 main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with
 store;
 When I have seen such interchange of
 state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay;
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare —
 That time will come, and take my love
 away.
 This thought is as a death, which cannot
 choose
 But weep to have that which it fears
 to lose.

20. (65.)

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor
 boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold
 a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a
 flower?
 O, how shall summer's honey breath
 hold out
 Against the wreckful siege of battering
 days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but time
 decays?
 O fearful meditation! where, alack,
 Shall time's best jewel from time's chest
 lie hid?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift
 foot back?
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
 O none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still
 shine bright.

21. (66.)

Tir'd with all these, for restful death
 I cry, —
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
 And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully dis-
 grac'd,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
 And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
 And captive Good attending captain Ill:
 Tir'd with all these, from these would
 I be gone,
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

22. (71.)

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world, that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms
 to dwell;
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would
 be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make
 you woe.
 O if, I say, you look upon this verse,
 When I perhaps compounded am with
 clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse
 But let your love even with my life decay

Lest the wise world should look into
 your moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

23. (73.)

That time of year thou may'st in me
 behold,
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few,
 do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against
 the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet
 birds sang.
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day
 As after sun-set fadeth in the west;
 Which by and by black night doth take
 away,
 Death's second self, that seals [up all
 in rest.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which [it was
 nourish'd by:
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy
 love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave
 ere long.

24. (87.)

Farewell! thou art too dear for my
 possessing,
 And like enough thou know'st thy
 estimate:
 The charter of thy worth gives thee
 releasing,
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.
 For how do I hold thee but by thy
 granting?
 And for that riches where is my de-
 serving?
 The cause of this fair gift in me is
 wanting,
 And so my patent back again is swerving.
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then
 not knowing,
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else
 mistaking;
 So thy great gift, upon misprision grow-
 ing,
 Comes home again, on better judgment
 making.
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth
 flatter;
 In sleep a king; but waking, no such
 matter.

25. (91.)

Some glory in their birth, some in their
 skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their
 body's force;

Some in their garments, though new-
 fangled ill;
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some
 in their horse;
 And every humour hath his adjunct
 pleasure,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
 But these particulars are not my mea-
 sure,
 All these I better in one general best.
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than gar-
 ments' cost,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
 And having thee, of all men's pride I
 boast.
 Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st
 take
 All this away, and me most wretched
 make.

26. (92.)

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assured mine,
 And life no longer than thy love will
 stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine.
 Then need I not to fear the worst of
 wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath
 end.
 I see a better state to me belongs
 Than that which on thy humour doth
 depend:
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant
 mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
 O, what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears
 no blot?
 Thou may'st be false, and yet I know
 it not.

27. (94.)

They that have power to hurt and will
 do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do
 shew,
 Who, moving others, are themselves as
 stone,
 Unmovéd, cold, and to temptation slow;
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 And husband nature's riches from ex-
 pense;
 They are the lords and owners of their
 faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer
 sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die;

But if that flower with base infection
meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by
their deeds:
Lilies that fester, smell far worse than
weeds.

28. (97.)

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting
year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark
days seen?
What old December's bareness every
where!
And yet this time remov'd was summer's
time:
The teeming autumn, big with rich
increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords'
decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on
thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the win-
ter's near.

29. (100.)

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st
so long
To speak of that which gives thee all
thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless
song,
Darkening thy power, to lend base sub-
jects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight
redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argu-
ment.
Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face
survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every
where.
Give my love fame faster than Time
wastes life;
So thou prevent'st this scythe, and crooked
knife.

30. (101.)

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?

Both truth and beauty on my love
depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignify'd.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not
haply say,
*Truth needs no colour, with his co-
lour fix'd;*
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou
be dumb?

Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee
To make him much out-live a gilded
tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee
how
To make him seem long hence as he
shews now.

31. (102.)

My love is strengthen'd, though more
weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the shew
appear:
That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich
esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every
where.
Our love was new, and then but in the
spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my
lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper
days;
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush
the night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their
dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my
tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my
song.

32. (104.)

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye
I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three
winters cold
Have from the forests shook three sum-
mers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow
autumn turn'd,
In process of the seasons have I seen;
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes
burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet
are green.

Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace
perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still
doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be
deceiv'd:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age
unbred,
Ere you were born, was beauty's sum-
mer dead.

33. (105.)

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol shew,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out dif-
ference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argu-
ment,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other
words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous
scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd
alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat
in one.

34. (106.)

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely
knights;
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's
best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have ex-
press'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all, you prefiguring;
And for they look'd but with divining
eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth
to sing:
For we, which now behold these present
days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues
to praise.

35. (109.)

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to
qualify:

As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast
doth lie;
That is my home of love; if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time
exchang'd, —
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature
reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of
blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good:
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

36. (110.)

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and
there,
And made myself a motley to the view;
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap
what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new:
Most true it is, that I have look'd on
truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another
youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best
of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have
no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven
the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving
breast.

37. (116.)

Let me not to the marriage of true
minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds;
Or bends, with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never
shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his
height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips
and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass
come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

38. (143.)

Lo, as a careful house-wife runs to catch
 One of her feather'd creatures broke
 away,
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift
 despatch
 In pursuit of the thing, she would have
 stay;
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in
 chace,
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is
 bent
 To follow that which flies before her face,
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
 So run'st thou after that which flies from
 thee,
 Whilst I thy babe chace thee afar behind;
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back
 to me,
 And play the mother's part, kiss me,
 be kind:
 So will I pray that thou may'st have
 thy Will,
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying
 still.

39. (146.)

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee
 array,
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer
 dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a
 lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?

Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's
 loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of
 dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds
 on men,
 And, death once dead, there's no more
 dying then.

40. (148.)

O me! what eyes hath love put in my
 head
 Which have no correspondence with true
 sight?
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment
 fled,
 That censures falsely what they see
 aright?
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
 What means the world to say it is not so?
 If it be not, then love doth well denote
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's: No,
 How can it? O, how can Love's eye be
 true,
 That is so vex'd with watching and with
 tears?
 No marvel then though I mistake my
 view:
 The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.
 O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st
 me blind,
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults
 should find!

SONGS.

1.

Crabbed age and youth
 Cannot live together;
 Youth is full of pleasance,
 Age is full of care:
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather;
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare.
 Youth is full of sport,
 Age's breath is short,
 Youth is nimble, age is lame;
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee,
 Youth, I do adore thee;
 O, my love, my love is young;
 Age, I do defy thee;
 O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

2.

My flocks feed not,
 My ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not,
 All is amiss:
 Love's denying,
 Faith's defying,
 Heart's renying,
 Causer of this.
 All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in
 love,
 There a nay is plac'd without remove.
 One silly cross
 Wrought all my loss;
 O frowning fortune, cursed, fickle
 dame!
 For now I see
 Inconstancy
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
 All fears scorn I,
 Love hath forlorn me,
 Living in thrall:
 Heart is bleeding,
 All help needing,
 (O cruel speeding!)
 Fraughted with gall!
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell:
 My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
 My sighs so deep,
 Procure to weep,
 In howling-wise, to see my doleful
 plight.
 How sighs resound
 Through harkless ground,
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in
 bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,
 Sweet birds sing not,
 Loud bells ring not
 Cheerfully;
 Herds stand weeping,
 Flocks all sleeping,
 Nymphs back creeping
 Fearfully:
 All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
 All our merry meetings on the plains,
 All our evening sport from us is fled,
 All our love is lost, for love is dead.
 Farewell, sweet lass,
 Thy like ne'er was
 For a sweet content, the cause of all
 my moan:
 Poor Coridon
 Must live alone,
 Other help for him I see that there is
 none.

3.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.
 Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that April wears:
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

4.

Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat —

Come hither, come hither, come hither
 Here shall we see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
 And loves to live i' the un,
 Seeking the food he eats
 And pleased with what he gets —
 Come hither, come hither, come hither
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

5.

It was a lover and his lass
 With a hey and a ho, and a hey-nonino
 That o'er the green cornfield did pass
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring
 time,
 When birds do sing hey ding a ding;
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye
 These pretty country folks would
 This carol they began that hour,
 How that life was but a flower

And therefore take the present time
 With a hey and a ho and a hey-nonino!
 For love is crowned with the prime
 In spring time, the only ring time,
 When birds do sing hey ding a ding:
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

6.

Love's Perjuries.

On a day, alack the day!
 Love, whose mouth is ever May,
 Spied a blossom passing fair
 Playing in the wanton air:
 Through the velvet leaves the wind
 All unseen 'gan passage find;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
 Air, would I might triumph so!
 But, alack! my hand is sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Do not call it sin in me
 That I am forsworn for thee:
 Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiope were,
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.

7.

Carpe Diem.

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
 O stay and hear! your true-love's coming

That can sing both high and low
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting —
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty, —
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

8.

Winter.

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom 'bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tuwhoo!

Tuwhit! tuwhoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl —
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tuwhoo!

Tuwhit! tuwhoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

9.

Ingratitude.

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green
holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving
mere folly;

Then heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! etc. etc.

10.

Fidele.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages;

Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak;
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

11.

A Sea Dirge.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange;
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them, —
Ding, dong, Bell.

12.

Madrigal.

Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourish'd?

Reply, reply,
It is engender'd in the eyes
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us ring Fancy's knell;
I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell,
— Ding, dong, bell.

13.

Song of Fairies.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon,
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task foredone.
Now the wasted brands do glow;
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the churchway paths to glide;
And we Fairies, that do run

By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic. Not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house;
I am sent with broom before
To sweep the dust behind the door.

14.

Ariel's Song.

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly,
After sun-set merrily;
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough.

15.

Sympathizing Love.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made;
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn;
And there sung the mournful'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Tereu, tereu, by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;

For her griefs, so lively shown
Made me think upon my own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee,
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing;
Whilst as fickle fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled;
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend to misery.
Words are easy, like the wind,
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:
But, if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such-like flattering,
«Pity but he was a king.»
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women be he bent,
They have him at commandment;
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee at thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep,
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus, of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS FROM SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMAS.

1. *The future anticipated by the past.*

There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times de-
ceased:
The which observed, a man may pro-
phesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of
things
As yet not come to life; which in their
seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.

2. *Wise men superior to woes.*

Wise men ne'er wail their present
woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppreseth
strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto
your foe,
And so your follies fight against your-
self.

3. *Self-interest, its influence.*

Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing
bias,

This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from allindifferency,
From all direction, purpose, curse, intent.

4. *Blessings undervalued, till irrecoverable.*

Love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That 's good, that 's gone: our
rash faults

Make trivial price of serious things we
have,

Not knowing them, until we know their
grave:

Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep
their dust.

5. *Wishes, unsubstantial.*

'Tis pity
That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poor-
rer born,

Whose baser stars do shut us up in
wishes,

Might with effects of them follow our
friends,

And shew what we alone must think;
which ne'er

Returns us thanks.

6. *Intemperance.*

As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns; to restraint: Our natures do
pursue

(Like rats that ravin down their proper
bane)

A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we
die.

7. *Elevation, exposed to censure.*

O place and greatness, millions of false
eyes

Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contra-
rious quests

Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!

8. *Human actions viewed by Heaven.*

If pow'rs divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)

I doubt not then, but innocence shall
make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.

9. *Honours not hereditary.*

Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them
derive

Than our fore-goers: the mere word 's
a slave,

Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the
tomb

Of honour'd bones indeed.

10. *Confidence, not to be placed in man.*

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace
of God!

Who builds his hope in air of your fair
looks,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

11. *Submission to Providence.*

I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to pre-
vent

The time of life: — (arming myself with
patience)

To stay the providence of some high
powers,

That govern us below.

12. *The effects of Sorrow.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing
hours,

Makes the night morning, and the noon-
tide night.

Princes have but their titles for their
glories,

An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,

They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low
name,

There 's nothing differs but the outward
fame.

13. *Nature and Art.*

Labouring art can never ransom nature
From her unaidable estate.

— Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er
that art,

Which, you say, adds to nature, is an
art,

That nature makes. You see, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature, — change it
rather: but
The art itself is nature.

14. *Custom, supreme in its power.*

What custom wills, in all things should
we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie
unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly
heap'd
For truth to over-peer.

15. *Virtue contrasted with Vice.*

What stronger breast-plate than a heart
untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quar-
rel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up
in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is cor-
rupted.

16. *The wretchedness of human dependence.*

O how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on prin-
ces' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would
aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their
ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or
women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

17. *Pride, its universality.*

Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoul-
ders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean
her,
When such a one as she, such is her
neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost
(Thinking that I mean him), but therein
suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?

There then; How, what then? Let me
see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do
him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be
free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild-goose
flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.

18. *Calumny.*

The jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold
'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching
will
Wear gold; and so no man that hath
a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it
shame.

19. *Reputation invaluable.*

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is — spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted
clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is — a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

20. *Friendship.*

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their
own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a
witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into
blood.

21. *Happiness, where delusive.*

O, how bitter a thing it is to look into
happiness through another man's eyes!

22. *Intellectual advancement.*

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but as this temple
waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal.

23. *Guile.*

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

24. *Hypocrisy.*

The devil can cite scripture for his pur-
pose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,

Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

25. *Duplicity.*

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things!

26. *Mercy.*

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is
tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

27. *Authority.*

Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er
be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder: no-
thing but thunder. —
Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sul-
phurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled
oak,
Than the soft myrtle! — O, but man,
proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority —
Most ignorant of what he's most as-
sured,
His glassy essence, — like an angry
ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high
heaven,
As make the angels weep.

28. *Things to be valued by their worth.*

From lowest place when virtuous things
proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell, and virtue
none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title.

29. *Virtue and Vice.*

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue
fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and
answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

30. *Carnality.*

Ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure
mind,
That from it all consideration slips.

31. *Mental deformity and virtue.*

In nature there's no blemish, but the
mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the
unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the
devil.

32. *Virtue and Vice, their influence.*

Virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape
of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

33. *Hypocrisy.*

'Tis too much proved, — that, with de-
votion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

34. *Frailty of man.*

Where's that palace, whereinto foul
things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast
so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in ses-
sion sit
With meditations lawful?

35. *Knowledge to be communicated.*

That man — how dearly ever
parted,
How much in having, or without, or
in, —
Cannot make boast to have that which
he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by
reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat
again
To the first giver.

36. *Man not to be a slave to sense.*

What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no
more.

Sure, He, that made us with such large
discourse,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused.

37. *Tripling with Time.*

We play the fools with the time; and
the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds,
and mock us.

38. *Posthumous fame.*

If a man do not erect in this age his
own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no
longer in monument than the bell rings,
and the widow weeps.

39. *Mind the test of man.*

'Tis the mind that makes the body
rich;
And as the sun breaks through the
darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than
the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the
eye?

40. *Merit, too often unrewarded.*

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly! and that
clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the
wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand
bare!
How many be commanded, that com-
mand!
How much low peasantry would then
be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how
much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the
times,
To be new varnish'd!

41. *The power of prejudice.*

There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink;
depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his
knowledge
Is not infected, but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make
known
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge,
his sides,
With violent hefts.

42. *Posthumous good and evil.*

The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their
bones.

43. *Human nature.*

Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour weight, and heat, pour'd all
together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet
stand off
In differences so mighty.

44. *Adversity, the test of character.*

In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men. The sea
being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their
way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid
mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist ele-
ments,
Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the
saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even
now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour
fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth,
divide
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray
and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the
brize,
Than by the tiger: but when the splitt-
ing wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why, then
the thing of courage,
As roused with rage, with rage doth
sympathize,
And with an accent tuned in self-same
key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

45. *Tried fidelity.*

He that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master
conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

46. *Theory and Practice.*

There was never yet philosopher,

That could endure the tooth-ache pa-
tiently;
However, they have writ the style of
gods,
And made a pish at chance and suffer-
ance.

47. *Prudence.*

Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a
week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape, who will the vine
destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the
crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be
strucken down?

48. *Grief.*

Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but
weight.

49. *Judgment governed by circum-
stances.*

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do
appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate
sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless
breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth
pierce it.

50. *Contentment, its happiness.*

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in con-
tent,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening
grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

51. *Humility, feigned.*

'Tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young Ambition's lad-
der,
Whereto the climber upward turns his
face;
But when he once attains the upmost
round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base
degrees
By which he did ascend.

52. *Corporal sufferings.*

The poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as
great
As when a giant dies.

53. *Life, its character.*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-
morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to
day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief
candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow; a poor
player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the
stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

54. *Treason, silent in its operations.*

Smooth runs the water where the brook
is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours
treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal
the lamb.

55. *The value of a good name.*

Good name, in man, and woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis
something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave
to thousands:
But he, that filches from me my good
name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches
him,
And makes me poor indeed.

56. *A tide in human life.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries:
And we must take the current when it
serves,
Or lose our ventures.

57. *Natural defects impair virtues.*

Oft it chanceth in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole of nature
in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not
guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts
of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-
leavens

The form of plausible manners; — that
 these men, —
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star, —
 Their virtues else (be they as pure as
 grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo)
 Shall in the general censure take cor-
 ruption
 From that particular fault: The dram
 of base
 Doth all the noble substance often dout,
 To his own scandal.

58. *Sufferings softened by sympathy.*

When we our betters see bearing our
 woes,
 We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
 Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the
 mind;
 Leaving free things, and happy shows,
 behind:
 But then the mind much sufferance doth
 o'erskip,
 When grief hath mates, and bearing
 fellowship.

59. *Man values only what he sees and knows.*

'Tis very pregnant,
 The jewel that we find, we stoop and
 take it,
 Because we see it; but what we do not
 see,
 We tread upon, and never think of it.

60. *Nature, oft perverted by man.*

O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true
 qualities:
 For nought so vile, that on the earth
 doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth
 give;
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from
 that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on
 abuse:
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
 And vice sometime 's by action dignified.

61. *The love of life.*

O our lives' sweetness!
 That with the pain of death we'd hourly
 die,
 Rather than die at once!

62. *Energy.*

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
 Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated
 sky

Gives us free scope; only, doth back-
 ward pull
 Our slow designs, when we ourselves
 are dull.

63. *Fortitude in trials.*

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
 But cheerly seek how to redress their
 harms.
 What though the mast be now blown
 over-board,
 The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
 And half our sailors swallow'd in the
 flood?
 Yet lives our pilot still: Is 't meet, that he
 Should leave the helms, and, like a fear-
 ful lad,
 With tearful eyes, add water to the sea,
 And give more strength to that which
 hath too much;
 Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on
 the rock,
 Which industry and courage might have
 saved?

64. *Grief unavailing.*

When remedies are past, the griefs are
 ended,
 By seeing the worst, which late on
 hopes depended.
 To mourn a mischief that is past and
 gone,
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
 What cannot be preserved when fortune
 takes,
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd, that smiles, steals some-
 thing from the thief;
 He robs himself, that spends a bootless
 grief.

65. *Self-exertion.*

Men at some time are masters of their
 fates;
 The fault is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves.

66. *Patience.*

How poor are they, that have not pa-
 tience! —
 What wound did ever heal, but by de-
 grees?

67. *Decaying nature of Love.*

There lives within the very flame of love
 A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
 And nothing is at a like goodness still;
 For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
 Dies in his own too-much.

68. *Time produces ingratitude.*

Time hath a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-sized monster of ingratitude;
 Those scraps are good deeds past; which
 are devour'd
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done: Perséverance
 Keeps honour bright: To have done, is
 to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery.

69. *The present opportunity to be taken.*

Take the instant way;
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast: keep then
 the path;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue: If you give
 way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forth-
 right,
 Like o an enter'd tide, they all rush
 by,
 And eave you hindmost; —
 Or, like: allant horse fallen in first
 nk,
 Lie there or pavement to the abject
 rear,
 O'er-run and trampled on.

70. *Hollow friendship.*

The great man down, you mark, his
 favourite flies;
 The poor advanced makes friends of
 enemies.
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
 For who not needs, shall never lack, a
 friend;
 And who in want a hollow friend doth
 try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.

71. *Affections not felt are disbelieved
or despised.*

How sometimes nature will betray its
 folly,
 Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
 To harder bosoms!

72. *The clearest sight without wisdom,
blindness.*

What an infinite mock is this, that
 a man should have the best use of eyes,
 to see the way of blindness!

73. *The variableness of mankind.*

The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold,
 and then
 We pout upon the morning, are unapt

To give or to forgive; but when we
 have stuff'd
 These pipes, and these conveyances of
 our blood,
 With wine and feeding, we have suppler
 souls
 Than in our priest-like fasts.

74. *Retribution.*

The gods are just, and of our pleasant
 vices
 Make instruments to scourge us.

75. *Time, its fleetness.*

It is ten o'clock:
 Thus may we see, how the world wags:
 'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
 And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;
 And so, from hour to hour, we rot and
 rot,
 And thereby hangs a tale.

76. *Human life.*

Reason thus with life:
 A breath thou art,
 (Servile to all the skiey influences,)
 That dost this habitation, where thou
 keep'st,
 Hourly afflict: merely, thou art Death's
 fool;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to
 shun,
 And yet run'st toward him still: Thou
 art not noble;
 For all the accommodations that thou
 bear'st
 Are nursed by baseness: Thou art by
 no means valiant;
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender
 fork
 Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is
 sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st.
 Thou art not thyself;
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand
 grains
 That issue out of dust: Happy thou art
 not:
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st
 to get;
 And what thou hast, forget'st: Thou art
 not certain;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange
 effects,
 After the moon: If thou art rich, thou
 art poor;
 For, like an ass, whose back with in-
 gots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a
 journey,

And Death unloads thee: Friends hast
 thou none;
 For thine own bowels, which do call
 thee sire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the
 rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast
 nor youth, nor age;
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed
 youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied eld; and when thou art old,
 and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb,
 nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. Yet in this
 life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death
 we fear.

77. *Avarice.*

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
 When gold becomes her object!
 For this, the foolish over-careful fathers
 Have broke their sleep with thoughts,
 their brains with care,
 Their bones with industry:
 For this, they have engross'd and piled up
 The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved
 gold;
 For this, they have been thoughtful to
 invest
 Their sons with arts, and martial exer-
 cises:
 When like the bee, tolling from every
 flower
 The virtuous sweets;
 Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths
 with honey,
 We bring it to the hive; and, like the
 bees,
 Are murder'd for our pains.

78. *Excess not lasting.*

Violent fires soon burn out themselves:
 Small showers last long, but sudden
 storms are short;
 He tires betimes, that spurs too fast
 betimes;
 With eager feeding, food doth choke
 the feeder:
 Light Vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

79. *Silence, eloquent.*

The silence often of pure innocence
 Persuades, when speaking fails.

80. *Mental power.*

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten
 brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links
 of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit.

81. *Marriage.*

Marriage is a matter of more worth
 Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.
 For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
 An age of discord and continual strife?
 Whereas the contrary bringeth forth
 bliss,
 And is a pattern of celestial peace.

82. *Female anger.*

A woman moved, is like a fountain
 troubled,
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of
 beauty;
 And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
 Will deign to sip, or touch one drop
 of it.

83. *Pleasure, more pursued than enjoyed.*

Who riseth from a feast,
 With that keen appetite that he sits
 down?
 Where is the horse that doth untread
 again
 His tedious measures with the unbated
 fire
 That he did pace them first? All things
 that are,
 Are with more spirit chased than en-
 joy'd.
 How, like a younker, or a prodigal,
 The scarfed bark puts from her native
 bay,
 Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet
 wind!
 How like the prodigal doth she return,
 With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged
 sails,
 Lean, rent, and beggar'd, by the strum-
 pet wind!

84. *The mind contaminated by gold.*

Gold This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions; bless the
 accursed;
 Make the hoar leprosy adored; place
 thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and appro-
 bation,
 With senators on the bench: this is it,
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed
 again;

She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous
sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms
and spices
To the April day again.

85. *Futurity wisely concealed.*

O heaven! that one might read the book
of fate;
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the conti-
nent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how
chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were
seen,
The happiest youth, — viewing his pro-
gress through,
What perils past, what crosses to en-
sue, —
Would shut the book, and sit him down
and die.

86. *No value in a name alone.*

What's in a name? that, which we call
a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.

87. *Silence most expressive of hap-
piness.*

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy:
I were but little happy, if I could say
how much.

88. *Death terrible to the wicked.*

Death is a fearful thing,
And shamed life a hateful.
To die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round
about
The pendent world, or to be worse than
worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain
thoughts
Imagine howling! — 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed wordly
life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprison-
ment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

89. *Ambition.*

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to
nought.

90. *Temperance.*

Though I look old yet I am strong and
lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

91. *Self-knowledge.*

I will chide no breather in the world,
but myself; against whom I know most
faults.

92. *Silent sorrow.*

Give sorrow words; the grief, that does
not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids
it break.

93. *Submission to the will of God.*

Look, what thy soul holds dear, ima-
gine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence
thou com'st.

94. *Plea of adversity.*

If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been, where bells have knoll'd
to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pi-
tied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

95. *Violent delights have short duration.*

Violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and
powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: the sweetest
honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appe-
tite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love
doth so,
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

96. *Providence.*

There is a special providence in the
fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not

to come; if it be not to come, it will
be now; if it be not now, yet it will
come: the readiness is all.

97. *Mercy.*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd:
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from
heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice
bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that
takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it be-
comes
The throned monarch better than his
crown:
His sceptre shews the force of temporal
power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of
kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest
God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

Consider this, —

That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for
mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all
to render
The deeds of mercy.

DELINEATIONS OF CHARACTER.

98.

He is gracious, if he be observed;
He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for melting charity;
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed,
he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well ob-
served; [rently,
Chide him for faults, and do it reve-
When you perceive his blood inclined
to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and
scope;
Till that his passions, like a whale on
ground,
Confound themselves with working.

99.

A man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

100.

A well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all, that virtue love, for virtue loved:
Most power to do most harm, least
knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape
good,
And shape to win grace though he had
no wit.

101.

His words are bonds, his oaths are
oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immacu-
late;
His tears, pure messengers sent from
his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven
from earth.

102.

He was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best
of all
Among'st the rar'st of good ones.

103.

A true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of
word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his
tongue;
Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked,
soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both
free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks,
he shews;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his
bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with
breath.

104.

I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men
have read
His fame unparallell'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size
that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay,
sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in
his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing.

105.

The grosser manner of these world's
delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser
slaves.

106.

A most incomparable man; breath'd, as
it were,
To an untirable and continue goodness.

107.

He was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be
crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

108.

He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he
loves no plays,
He hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such
a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd
his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any
thing.

109.

I have ever loved the life removed;
And held in idle price to haunt as-
semblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bra-
very, keeps.

110.

I was created with a stubborn out-
side, with an aspect of iron, that, when
I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But,
in faith, the elder I wax, the better I
shall appear: my comfort is, that old
age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do
no more spoil upon my face: thou hast
me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and
thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me,
better and better; and therefore tell me,
will you have me?

111.

I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.

112.

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were
the next.

113.

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

114.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

115.

I earn that I eat, get that I wear;
owe no man hate, envy no man's hap-
piness; glad of other men's good, con-
tent with my harm.

116.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in
one;
Take honour from me, and my life is
done.

117.

I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

118.

I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

119.

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd!
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would
well.

The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt
a will;

Whose edge hath power to cut, whose
will still wills

It should none spare that come within
his power.

120.

This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose
solid virtue,
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither grace nor pierce?

121.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might
stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a
man!*

122.

Spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth,
or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving {with
the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest com-
pliment;
Not working with the eye, without the
ear,
And, but in purged judgment, trusting
neither.

123.

He sits 'mongst men, like a descended
god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming.

124.

That churchman bears a bounteous mind
indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that
feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

125.

After your death you were better have
a bad epitaph, than ill report while you
live.

126.

May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years.
Ever beloved, and loving, may him rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to
his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

127.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expo-
sitor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

128.

He hath a daily beauty in his life.

129.

My mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me.

130.

O good old man; how well in thee ap-
pears
The constant service of the antique
world,
When service sweat for duty, not for
meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these
times,
Where none will sweat, but for pro-
motion;
And having that, do choke their ser-
vice up
Even with the having: it is not so with
thee.

131.

There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing
pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opi-
nion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle*,
And, when *I ope my lips*, let no dog
bark!

132.

O, he 's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: — I had
rather live
With cheese and garlic, in a windmill,
far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk
to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

133.

I have neither the scholar's melan-
choly, which is emulation; nor the mu-
sician's, which is fantastical; nor the
courtier's, which is proud; nor the sol-
dier's, which is ambitious; nor the law-
yer's, which is politic; nor the lady's,
which is nice; nor the lover's, which is
all these: but it is a melancholy of mine
own, compounded of many simples, ex-
tracted from many objects; and, indeed,
the sundry contemplation of my travels,
in which my often rumination wraps
me, is a most humorous sadness.

134.

He is every man in no man: if a
throstle sing, he falls straight a caper-
ing: he will fence with his own shadow.

135.

O, that 's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover! as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all 's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides.

136.

He will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

137.

To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

138.

I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs: *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air; the earth sings, when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

He's of the colour of the nutmeg. —

And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him; he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call — beasts. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: *Wonder of nature!*

139.

If he were opened, and you find so

much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

140.

Will you have me, lady?

No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day.

141.

Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fye, fye, fye.

142.

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

143.

Give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

144.

Do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other.

145.

You are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

146.

How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

147.

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart; but the saying is true, — The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.

148.

This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head. He did comply with his dug, before he suck'd it. Thus as he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

149.

This man hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man, into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it: He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

150.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines,
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?) —
His heart.

151.

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

152.

Think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, thach'd, would, as his kind, grow
mischievous.

153.

Upon thy eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.

154.

Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him.

155.

A fearful eye thou hast: Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm.

156.

He hath no friends, but who are friends
for fear.

157.

There is no more mercy in him, than
there is milk in a male tiger.

158.

O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart
and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's
might.
How hard it is for women to keep
counsel!

159.

My shame will hang upon my richest
robes,
And shew itself, attire me how I can.

160.

She 's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are
strokes,
And strokes death to her.

161.

A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her
motion
Blush'd at herself.

162.

Her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.

163.

A maiden hath no tongue but thought.

164.

There 's nothing ill can dwell in such
a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with it.

165.

She 'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well-
arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives
unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving
terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.

166.

Make the doors upon a woman's wit,
and it will out at the casement; shut
that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop
that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at
the chimney.

167.

O, she will sing the savageness out
of a bear! Of so high and plenteous wit
and invention!

168.

'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd
children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters
her;
And out of you she sees herself more
proper,
Than any of her lineaments can shew
her.

169.

She creeps;
Her motion and her station are as one;
She shews a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.

170.

I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how ra-
rely featured,
But she would spell him backward; if
fair-faced,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be
her sister;
If black, why nature, drawing of an
antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-
headed;

If low, an agate very vilely cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all
winds;
If silent, why a block, moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side
out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that,
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

171.

She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affec-
tion,
She is so self-endear'd.

172.

She speaks poniards, and every word
stabs: if her breath were as terrible as
her terminations, there were no living
near her, she would infect to the north
star. . . . She would have made Her-
cules have turned spit; yea, and have
cleft his club, to make the fire too.

173.

The tongues of mocking wenches are
as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense; so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits
have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind,
thought, swifter things.

174.

God hath given you one face, and you
make yourselves another: you jig, you
amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's
creatures, and make your wantonness
your ignorance.

175.

I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did
think,
That her old gloves were on; but 'twas
her hands;
She has a huswife's hand.

176.

To be, or not to be, that is the ques-
tion: —
Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to
suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous
fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And by opposing end them? — To die,
— to sleep, —
No more; — and, by a sleep, to say
we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand na-
tural shocks
That flesh is heir to, — 'tis a consum-
mation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, — to
sleep: —
To sleep! perchance to dream: — ay,
there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams
may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal
coil,
Must give us pause. There's the re-
spect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and
scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's
contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's
delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would these
fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after
death, —
The undiscover'd country, from whose
bourn
No traveller returns, — puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we
have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of
us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of
thought,
And enterprises of great pith and mo-
ment,
With this regard their currents turn
away,
And lose the name of action.

PAINTINGS OF NATURE AND THE
PASSIONS.

177.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon
this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of
music

Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and
the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright
gold;
There 's not the smallest orb which thou
behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cheru-
bins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot
hear it.

178.

The watery kingdom, whose ambitious
head
Spits in the face of heaven.

179.

The sun with one eye vieweth all the
world.

180.

Look, the morn. in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern
hill.

181.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins be-
times.

182.

The glowworm shews the matin to be
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

183.

The cock, that is the trumpet to the
morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding
throat
Awake the god of day.

184.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate
sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes.

185.

We often see, against some storm,

A silence in the heavens, the rack stand
still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb
below
As hush as death: anon the dreadful
thunder
Doth rend the region.

186.

The cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven.

187.

Sometime we see a cloud that 's dra-
gonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the
world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast
seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
That, which is now a horse, even with
a thought,
The rack dislimns; and makes it in-
distinct,
As water is in water.
My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape.

188.

Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks!
rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples,
drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing
fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-
bolts,
And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the
world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill
at once,
That make ingrateful man!

189.

The moon shines bright: — In such a
night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss
the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such
a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan
walls,
And sigh'd his soul towards the Gre-
cian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved
her love

To come again to Carthage.

In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old Æson.

190.

A red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the sea-man, tempest to the
field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws to herdmen and to
herds.

191.

That same dew, which sometime on the
buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient
pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowrets'
eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace
bewail.

192.

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does ap-
prove,
By his loved mansionry, that the hea-
ven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,
buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
hath made
His pendant bed, and procreant cradle.
Where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observed,
the air
Is delicate.

193.

Behold the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred
springs:
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet
hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on
each bush
Lays her full mess before you.

194.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme
blows,

And more inconstant than the wind,
 who woos
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from
 thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping
 south.

203.

'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame
o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep
her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now cano-
pied
Under these windows: White and azure,
laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct.
. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson
drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip.

204.

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains
of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

205.

O monstrous beast! how like a swine
he lies!
Grim Death! how foul and loathsome
is thine image!

206.

Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened
thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-
lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky
cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to
thy slumber;
Than in the perfumed chambers of the
great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest me-
lody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with
the vile
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly
couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock
his brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hang-
ing them

With deaf'ning clamours on the slip-
pery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awa-
kes?

Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy
repose

To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest
night,

With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?

207.

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else,
To be o'erpower'd.

208.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up
on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward
here to die.

209.

Death, —
Being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups,
soft beds,
Sweet words: or hath more ministers
than we
That draw his knives i' the war.

210.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it: he died
As one that had been studied in his
death,
To throw away the dearest thing he
owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

211.

All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral,
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried
corse,
And all things change them to the con-
trary.

212.

My mind is troubled, like a fountain
stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

213.

There's nothing in this world, can make
me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

214.

Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds.

215.

O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion and a brave re-
spect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silvery doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of
the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more
amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, —
And with a great heart heave away this
storm:
Commend these waters to those baby
eyes
That never saw the giant world en-
raged;
Nor met with fortune other than at
feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gos-
siping.

216.

Tell me, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden
sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon
the earth;
And start so often, when thou sit'st
alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in
thy cheeks;
And given my treasures, and my rights
of thee,
To thick-eyed musing, and cursed me-
lancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have
watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron
wars,

And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at
war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy
sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon
thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have
appear'd,
Such as we see, when men restrain their
breath
On some great sudden haste. O what
portents are these?

217.

I pray thee leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my
state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and
full of sin.

218.

Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my
bare head:
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost
hopes;
I should have found in some part of
my soul
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make
me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at, —
O! O!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very
well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my
heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no
life:
The fountain, from the which my cur-
rent runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in! — turn thy
complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd
cherubim,
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

219.

O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wa-
ken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills
of seas,

Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven! If it were now
to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I
fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

220.

The course of true love never did run
smooth;
But, either it was different in blood;
Or else it stood upon the choice of
friends:
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege
to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven
and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say —
Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to con-
fusion.

221.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with
the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted
blind;
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment
taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves
forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured every where.

222.

Tell this youth what 'tis to love. —
It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
It is to be all made of faith and ser-
vice; —
It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of
wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and im-
patience,
All purity, all trial, all observance.

223.

So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,

That I shall think it a most plenteous
crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now
and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

224.

But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every
power;
And gives to every power a double power;
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is
stopp'd;
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled
snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus
gross in taste:
For valour is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his
hair;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all
the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the har-
mony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's
sighs.
O, then his lines would ravish savage
ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.

APHORISMS.

225.

Sin will pluck on sin.

226.

'Tis one thing to be tempted,
Another thing to fall.

227.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.

228.

When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

229.
Be to yourself,
As you would to your friend.

230.
There 's place, and means, for every
man alive.

231.
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

232.
Who seeks, and will not take, when
once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

233.
Tears shew their love, but want their
remedies.

234.
Things may serve long, but not serve
ever.

235.
A golden mind stoops not to shows of
dross.

236.
What 's gone, and what 's past help,
Should be past grief.

237.
To weep, is to make less the depth of
grief.

238.
Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly
to heaven.

239.
Those that with haste will make a mighty
fire,
Begin it with weak straws.

240.
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in
the doing.

241.
High events strike those that make them.

242.
Few love to hear the sins they love to act.

243.
There 's small choice in rotten apples.

244.
They sell the pasture now, to buy the
horse.

245.
In delay there lies no plenty.

246.
He 's no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch
the gate.

247.
Who dares not stir by day, must walk
by night.

248.
A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot
quench.

249.
'Tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can
soar.

250.
The fool slides o'er the ice that you
should break.

251.
Time must friend, or end.

252.
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none
of our own.

253.
A man may see how this world goes,
with no eyes. Look with thine ears.

254.
Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more
than he 's worth, to season.

255.
Let them obey that know not how to
rule.

256.
Two stars keep not their motion in one
sphere.

257.
All that glisters is not gold,
Gilded tombs do worms infold.

258.
We must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

259.

Light boats sail swift, though greater
hulks draw deep.

260.

Thanks, the exchequer of the poor.

261.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an
heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor.

262.

Good words are better than bad strokes.

263.

Fortune brings in some boats, that are
not steer'd.

264.

Make not your thoughts your prisons.

265.

Love's reason 's without reason.

266.

To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

267.

There is no time so miserable, but a
man may be true.

268.

Striving to better, oft we mar what 's
well.

269.

Serpents, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison
breed.

270.

Men shut their doors against a setting
sun.

271.

Have more than thou shewest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest.

272.

Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.

273.

Dry sorrow drinks our blood.

274.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely
wits.

275.

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.

276.

Women may fall, when there 's no
strength in men.

277.

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:
For some must watch, while some must
sleep;
Thus runs the world away.

278.

Some falls are means the happier to arise.

279.

He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.

280.

To know a man well, were to know
himself.

281.

Sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.

282.

Too much to know, is, to know nought
but fame.

283.

That 's a valiant flea, that dare eat his
breakfast on the lip of a lion.

284.

The abuse of greatness is, when it dis-
joins
Remorse from power.

285.

Good wine is a good familiar creature,
if it be well used.

286.

Murder, though it have no tongue, will
speak
With most miraculous organ.

287.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their
virtues
We write in water.

288.

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them
to men's eyes.

289.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.

290.

It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.

291.

O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded
in handicrafts-men.

292.

Fishes live in the sea, as men do a-land;
the great ones eat up the little ones.

293.

Merry larks are ploughman's clocks.

294.

What need the bridge much broader
than the flood?

295.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn,
good and ill together.

296.

Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgements, blind.

297.

To be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might.

298.

When sorrows come, they come not single
spies,
But in battalions.

299.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

300.

All difficulties are but easy when they
are known.

301.

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then
thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

302.

Fashion wears out more apparel than
the man.

303.

To the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove
unkind.

304.

A little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain.

305.

Fire that is closest kept, burns most
of all.

306.

They do not love, that do not shew their
love.

307.

They love least, that let men know their
love.

308.

Beggars, mounted, run their horse to
death.

309.

The ripest fruit first falls.

310.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.

311.

Some there be, that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.

312.

'Tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are
from home.

313.

Blunt wedges rive hard knots.

314.

Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep
his house.

315.

A light wife doth make a heavy husband.

316.

'Tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits.

317.

In delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps
by day.

318.

Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure
frets;
But gold, that's put to use, more gold
begets.

SPECIMENS OF THE DRAMATIC CONTEMPORARIES OF SHAKSPEARE.

OLD FORTUNATUS.

BY THOMAS DECKER.

The GODDESS FORTUNE appears to FORTUNATUS, and offers him the choice of six things. He chooses Riches.

FORTUNE. FORTUNATUS.

Fortune. Before thy soul at this deep lottery
Draw forth her prize, ordain'd by destiny,
Know that here's no recanting a first choice.
Choose then discreetly: for the laws of fate,
Being grav'n in steel, must stand inviolate.
Fortunat. Daughters of Jove and the unblemish'd Night,
Most righteous Parcae, guide my genius right:
Wisdom, Strength, Health, Beauty, Long Life, and Riches.
Fortune. Stay Fortunatus; once more hear me speak.
If thou kiss Wisdom's cheek and make her thine,
She'll breathe into thy lips divinity,
And thou (like Phoebus) shall speak oracle;
Thy heav'n-inspired soul on Wisdom's wings
Shall fly up to the Parliament of Jove,
And read the Statutes of Eternity,
And see what's past and learn what is to come.
If thou lay claim to Strength, armies shall quake
To see thee frown: as Kings at mine do lie,
So shall thy feet trample on empery.
Make Health thine object, thou shalt be strong proof
'Gainst the deep searching darts of surfeiting,
Be ever merry, ever revelling.
Wish but for Beauty, and within thine eyes
Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim,
And on thy cheeks I'll mix such white and red,
That Jove shall turn away young Ganymede,
And with immortal arms shall circle thee.
Are thy desires Long Life? thy vital thread

Shall be stretch'd out, thou shalt behold the change
Of monarchies, and see those children die
Whose great great grandsires now in cradles lie.
If through Gold's sacred hunger thou dost pine;
Those gilded wantons which in swarms do run
To warm their slender bodies in the sun,
Shall stand for number of those golden piles
Which in rich pride shall swell before thy feet:
As those are, so shall these be infinite.
Fortunat. O whither am I wrapt beyond myself?
More violent conflicts flight in every thought
Than his whose fatal choice Troy's downfall wrought.
Shall I contract myself to Wisdom's love?
Then I lose Riches; and a wise man poor
Is like a sacred book that's never read;
To himself he lives and to all else seems dead.
This age thinks better of a gilded fool,
Than of a threadbare saint in Wisdom's school.
I will be Strong: then I refuse Long Life;
And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors:
The greatest Strength expires with loss of breath,
The mightiest in one minute stoop to death.
Then take Long Life, or Health; should I do so,
I might grow ugly, and that tedious scroll
Of months and years much misery might enroll:
Therefore I'll beg for Beauty; yet I will not:
The fairest cheek hath oftentimes a soul
Leprous as sin itself, than hell more foul.
The Wisdom of this world is idiotism;
Strength a week reed; Health Sickness' enemy,

And it at length will have the victory.
Beauty is but a painting; and Long Life
Is a long journey in December gone,
Tedious and full of tribulation,
Therefore dread sacred Empress, make
me rich:

My choice is Store of Gold; the Rich
are Wise,
He that upon his back rich garments
wears
Is Wise, though on his head grows Mi-
das' ears.

Gold is the Strength, the Sinews of the
world,
The Health, the Soul, the Beauty most
divine;

A mask of gold hides all deformities;
Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative;
Oh therefore make me Rich.

FORTUNE gives to FORTUNATUS a purse that is inexhaustible. With this he puts on costly attire, and visits all the Asian Courts, where he is caressed and made much of for his infinite wealth. At Babylon he is shown by the Soldan a wondrous hat, which in a wish transports the wearer whithersoever he pleases, over land and sea. FORTUNATUS puts it on, wishes himself at home in Cyprus; where he arrives in a minute, as his sons AMPEDO and ANDELOCIA are talking of him: and tells his Travels.

FORTUNATUS. AMPEDO. ANDELOCIA.

Fort. Touch me not, boys, I am nothing but air, let none speak to me till you have marked me well. — Am I as you are, or am I transformed?

And. Methinks, father, you look as you did, only your face is more withered.

Fort. Boys, be proud; your father hath the whole world in this compass. I am all felicity up to the brims. In a minute am I come from Babylon; I have been this half hour in Famagosta.

And. How! in a minute, father? I see travellers must lie.

Fort. I have cut through the air like a falcon. I would have it seem strange to you. But 'tis true. I would not have you believe it neither. But 'tis miraculous and true. Desire to see you brought me to Cyprus. I'll leave you more gold, and go to visit more countries.

Amp. The frosty hand of age now nips your blood,
And strews her snowy flowers upon your head,
And gives you warning that within few years

Death needs must marry you: those short lines, minutes,
That dribble out your life, must needs be spent

In peace, not travel; rest in Cyprus then.

Could you survey ten worlds, yet you must die;
And bitter is the sweet that's reapt thereby.

And. Faith, father, what pleasure have you met by walking your stations?

Fort. What pleasure, boy? I have revelled with Kings, danced with Queens, dallied with Ladies; worn strange attires; seen Fantasticoes; conversed with Humourists; been ravished with divine raptures of Doric, Lydian and Phrygian harmonies; I have spent the day in triumphs and the night in banquetting.

And. O rare: this was heavenly. — He that would not be an Arabian Phoenix to burn in these sweet fires, let him live like an owl for the world to wonder at.

Amp. Why, brother, are not all these Vanities?

Fort. Vanities! Ampedo, thy soul is made of lead, too dull, too ponderous, to mount up to the incomprehensible glory that Travel lifts men to.

And. Sweeten mine years, good father, with some more.

Fort. When in the warmth of mine own country's arms
We yawn'd like sluggards, when this small horizon

Imprison'd up my body, then mine eyes
Worshipp'd these clouds as brightest:

but, my boys,
The glist'ring beams which do abroad appear

In other heavens, fire is not half so clear.
For still in all the regions I have seen,
I scorn'd to crowd among the muddy throng

Of the rank multitude, whose thicken'd breath

(Like to condensed fogs) do choke that beauty,

Which else would dwell in every Kingdom's cheek.

No; I still boldly stept into their Courts:
For there to live 'tis rare, O 'tis divine,
There shall you see faces angelical;
There shall you see troops of chaste Goddesses,

Whose star-like eyes have power (might they still shine)

To make night day, and day more crystalline.

Near these you shall behold great Heroes,
White-headed Councillors, and Jovial Spirits,

Stand like fiery Cherubim to guard
The monarch, who in godlike glory sits
In midst of these, as if this deity

Had with a look created a new world,

The standers - by being the fair work-
manship.

And. Oh how my soul is rapt to a
Third Heaven!
I'll travel sure, and live with none but
Kings.

Amp. But tell me, father, have you
in all Courts
Beheld such glory, so majestic,
In all perfection, no way blemished?

Fort In some Courts shall you see
Ambition

Sit, piecing Dædalus's old waxen wings;
But being clapt on, and they about to fly,
Even when their hopes are busied in
the clouds,

They melt against the sun of Majesty,
And down they tumble to destruction.
By travel, boys, I have seen all these
things.

Fantastic Compliment stalks up and
down,

Trickt in outlandish feathers; all his
words,

His looks, his oaths, are all ridiculous,
All apish, childish, and Italianate. * * *

*ORLEANS to his friend GALLOWAY defends the
passion with which, (being a prisoner in the Eng-
lish king's court) he is enamoured to frenzy of the
king's daughter AGRIPYNA.*

ORLEANS. GALLOWAY.

Orl. This music makes me but more
out of tune.

O Agripyna.

Gall. Gentle friend, no more.
Thou say'st Love is a madness: hate
it then,

Even for the name's sake.

Orl. O I love that madness,
Even for the name's sake.

Gall. Let me tame this frenzy,
By telling thee thou art a prisoner here,
By telling thee she's daughter to a King,
By telling thee the King of Cyprus' son
Shines like a sun between her looks
and thine,

Whilst thou seem'st but a star to Agri-
pyne.

He loves her.

Orl. If he do, why so do I.

Gall. Love is ambitious and loves
Majesty.

Orl. Dear friend, thou art deceiv'd:
Love's voice doth sing
As sweetly in a beggar as a king.

Gall. Dear friend thou art deceiv'd:
O bid thy soul

Lift up her intellectual eyes to heaven,
And in this ample book of wonders read,
Of what celestial mould, what sacred
essence,

Her self is form'd: the search whereof
will drive

Sounds musical among the jarring spirits,
And in sweet tune set that which none
inherits.

Orl. I'll gaze on heaven if Agripyne
be there.

If not: fa, la, la, Sol, la, etc.

Gall. O call this madness in: see, from
the windows

Of every eye Derision thrusts out cheeks
Wrinkled with idiot laughter: every
finger

Is like a dart shot from the hand of
Scorn,

By which thy name is hurt, thy honour
torn.

Orl. Laugh they at me, sweet Gal-
loway?

Gall. Even at thee.

Orl. Ha, ha, I laugh at them: are
they not mad,

That let my true true sorrow make
them glad?

I dance and sing only to anger Grief,
That in his anger he might smite life
down

With his iron fist: good heart! it seemeth
then,

They laugh to see grief kill me: O fond
Men,

You laugh at others' tears; when others
smile,

You tear yourselves in pieces; vile,
vile, vile.

Ha, ha, when I behold a swarm of Fools
Crowding together to be counted Wise,
I laugh because sweet, Agripyne's not
there,

But weep because she is not any where;
And weep because (whether she be or
not)

My love was ever and is still forgot;
forgot, forgot, forgot.

Gall. Draw back this stream: why
should my Orleans mourn?

Orl. Look yonder, Galloway, dost thou
see that sun?

Nay, good friend, stare upon it, mark
it well:

Ere he be two hours elder, all that glory
Is banish'd heaven, and then, for grief,
this sky

(That's now so jocund) will mourn all
in black.

And shall not Orleans mourn? alack,
alack:

O what a savage tyranny it were
To enforce Care laugh, and Woe not
shed a tear!

Dead is my Love; I am buried in her
scorn:

That is my sunset; and shall I not
mourn!

Yes by my troth I will.

Gall. Dear friend forbear;

Beauty (like Sorrow) dwelleth every
where.

Rase out this strong idea of her face:
As fair as hers shineth in any p'ace.

Orl. Thou art a Traitor to that White
and Red,

Which sitting on her cheeks (being Cu-
pid's throne)

Is my heart's Sovereine: O when she
is dead,

This wonder (beauty) shall be found in
none.

Now Agripyne's not mine, I vow to be

In love with nothing but deformity.

O fair Deformity, I muse all eyes

Are not enamour'd of thee: thou didst
never

Murder men's hearts, or let them pine
like wax

Me'ting against the sun of thy destiny;

Thou art a faithful nurse to Chastity;

Thy beauty is not like to Agripyne's,

For cares, and age, and sickness hers
deface,

But thine's eternal: O Deformity,

Thy fairness is not like to Agripyne's,

For (dead) her beauty will no beauty
have,

But thy face looks most lovely in the
grave.

SATIRO-MASTIX. OR THE UNTRUSSING OF THE HUMOROUS POET.

BY THOMAS DECKER.

*The King exacts an oath from SIR WALTER
TERILL to send his Bride CÆLESTINA to Court
on the marriage night. Her Father, to save her
honour, gives her a poisonous mixture which she
swallows.*

TERILL. CÆLESTINA. FATHER.

Cæl. Why didst thou swear?

Ter. The King
Sat heavy on my resolution,
Till (out of breath) it panted out an
oath.

Cæl. An oath! why, what's an oath?
'tis but the smoke
Of flame and blood; the blister of the
spirit

Which riseth from the steam of rage,
the bubble

That shoots up to the tongue and scalds
the voice;

(For oaths are burning words). Thou
swor'st but one,

'Tis frozen long ago: if one be num-
ber'd,

What countrymen are they, where do
they dwell,

That speak nought else but oaths?

Ter. They're Men of Hell.

An oath! why 'tis the traffic of the soul,
'Tis law within a man; the seal of faith,
The bond of every conscience; unto whom
We set our thoughts like hands: yea,
such a one

I swore, and to the King; a King con-
tains

A thousand thousand; when I swore to
him,

I swore to them: the very hairs that
guard

His head will rise up like sharp wit-
nesses

Against my faith and loyalty: his eye
Would straight condemn me: argue
oaths no more;

My oath is high, for to the King I swore.

Cæl. Must I betray my chastity, so
long

Clean from the treason of rebelling lust?
O husband. O my father, if poor I

Must not live chaste, then let me
chastely die.

Fath. Aye, here's a charm shall keep
thee chaste, come, come,

Old time hath left us but an hour to play
Our parts; begin the scene; who shall

speak first:
Oh I, I play the King, and Kings speak

first:
Daughter, stand thou here, thou son

Terill there;

We need no prologue, the King enter-
ing first

He's a most gracious Prologue: marry,
then

For the catastrophe or Epilogue,
There's one in cloth of silver, which no

doubt
Will please the hearers well when he

steps out;
His mouth is filled with words: see

where he stands:
He'll make them clap their eyes besides

their hands.
But to my part: suppose who enters

now,
A King whose eyes are set in silver; one

That blusheth gold, speaks music, dancing walks,
Now gathers nearer, takes thee by the hand,
When straight thou think'st the very orb of heaven
Moves round about thy fingers; then he speaks,
Thus — thus — I know not how.

Cæl. Nor I to answer him.

Fath. No, girl, know'st thou not how to answer him?

Why, then, the field is lost, and he rides home

Like a great conqueror: not answer him!
Out of thy part already! foil'd the scene!
Disrank'd the lines! disarm'd the action!

Ter. Yes, yes, true chastity is tongued so weak

'Tis overcome ere it know how to speak.

Fath. Come, come, thou happy close of every wrong,

'Tis thou that canst dissolve the hardest doubt;

'Tis time for thee to speak, we all are out.

Daughter and you the man whom I call son,

I must confess I made a deed of gift
To heaven and you, and gave my child to both;

When on my blessing I did charm her soul

In the white circle of true chastity,
Still to run true till death: now, sir, if not,

She forfeits my rich blessing, and is fined
With an eternal curse; then I tell you,
She shall die now, now whilst her soul is true.

Ter. Die!

Cæl. Aye, I am death's echo.

Fath. O my son:

I am her father; every tear I shed
Is threescore ten years old; I weep and smile

Two kinds of tears; I weep that she must die,

I smile that she must die a virgin: thus
We joyful men mock tears, and tears mock us.

Ter. What speaks that cup?

Fath. White wine and poison.

Ter. Oh:

That very name of poison poisons me.
Thou winter of a man, thou walking grave,

Whose life is like a dying taper: how
Canst thou define a lover's labouring thoughts?

What scent hast thou but death! what taste but earth?

The breath that purls from thee is like the steam

Of a new-opened vault: I know thy drift;
Because thou 'rt travelling to the land of graves,

Thou covet'st company, and hither bring'st

A health of poison to pledge death: a poison

For this sweet spring; this element is mine,

This is the air I breathe; corrupt it not:
This heaven is mine, I bought it with my soul

Of him that sells a heaven to buy a soul.

Fath. Well, let her go; she's thine,
thou call'st her thine,

Thy element, the air thou breath'st; thou know'st

The air thou breath'st is common; make her so.

Perhaps thou 'lt say none but the King shall wear

Thy night-gown, she that laps thee warm with love;

And that Kings are not common: then to shew

By consequence he cannot make her so.
Indeed she may promote her shame and thine,

And with your shames speak a good word for mine.

The King shining so clear, and we so dim,

Our dark disgraces will be seen through him.

Imagine her the cup of thy moist life,
What man would pledge a King in his own Wife?

Ter. She dies: that sentence poisons her: O life!

What slave would pledge a King in his own Wife?

Cæl. Welcome, O poison, physic against lust,

Thou wholesome medicine to a constant blood;

Thou rare apothecary that canst keep
My chastity preserv'd within this box
Of tempting dust, this painted earthen pot

That stands upon the stall of the white soul,

To set the shop out like a flatterer,
To draw the customers of sin: come, come,

Thou art no poison, but a diet drink
To moderate my blood: White-innocent Wine,

Art thou made guilty of my death?
oh no,

For thou thyself art poison: take me
hence,
For Innocence shall murder Innocence.

[*Drinks.*]

Ter. Hold, hold, thou shalt not die,
my bride, my wife,
O stop that speedy messenger of death;
O let him not run down that narrow
path
Which leads unto thy heart, nor carry
news
To thy removing soul that thou must die.

Cæl. 'Tis done already, the Spiritual
Court
Is breaking up, all Offices discharg'd
My Soul removes from this weak Stand-
ding-house
Of frail mortality: Dear father, bless
Me now and ever: Dearer man, farewell;
I jointly take my leave of thee and life;
Go tell the King thou hast a constant
wife.

Fath. Smiles on my cheeks arise
To see how sweetly a true virgin dies.

THE INSATIATE COUNTESS.

A TRAGEDY. By JOHN MARSTON.

ISABELLA, (*the Countess*) after a long series of crimes of infidelity to her husband and of murder, is brought to suffer on a scaffold. ROBERTO, her husband, arrives to take a last leave of her.

Roberto. Bear record all you blessed
in heaven
I come not to torment thee in thy death;
For of himself he 's terrible enough,
But call to mind a Lady like yourself,
And think how ill in such a beauteous
soul,
Upon the instant morrow of her nup-
tials,
Apostacy and wild revolt would show.
Withal, imagine that she had a lord
Jealous, the air should ravish her chaste
looks;
Doting, like the Creator in his models,
Who views them every minute, and with
care
Mixt in his fear of their obedience to
him.
Suppose he sung through famous Italy,
More common than the looser songs of
Petrarch,
To every several Zany's instrument:
And he poor wretch, hoping some better
fate
Might call her back from her adulterate
purpose,
Lives in obscure and almost unknown
life;
Till hearing that she is condemn'd to
die,
For he once lov'd her, lends his pined
corpse
Motion to bring him to her stage of
honour,
Where, drown'd in woe at her so dis-
mal chance,
He clasps her: thus he falls into a trance.
Isabella. O my offended lord, lift up
your eyes;
But yet avert them from my lothed sight.

Had I with you enjoyed the lawful plea-
sure,
To which belongs nor fear nor public
shame,
I might have liv'd in honour, died in
fame.
Your pardon on my faltering knees I
beg;
Which shall confirm more peace unto
my death,
Than all the grave instructions of the
Church.

Roberto. Freely thou hast it. Fare-
well, my Isabella;
Let thy death ransom thy soul. O die
a rare example.
The kiss thou gav'st me in the church,
here take:
As I leave thee, so thou the world for-
sake. [*Exit.*]

Executioner. Madam, tie up your hair.

Isabella. O these golden nets,
That have insnared so many wanton
youths!
Not one but has been held a thread of
life,
And superstitiously depended on.
What else?

Executioner. Madam, I must intreat
you blind your eyes.

Isabella. I have lived too long in
darkness, my friend;
And yet mine eyes with their majestic
light,
Have got new Muses in a Poet's spright.
They've been more gaz'd at than the
God of day;
Their brightness never could be flat-
tered:
Yet thou command'st a fixed cloud of
lawn
To eclipse eternally these minutes of light.
I am prepared. —

Woman's inconstancy.

Who would have thought it? She that
 could no more
 Forsake my company, than can the day
 Forsake the glorious presence of the sun,
 When I was absent, then her galled eyes
 Would have shed April showers, and
 outwept
 The clouds in that same o'er-passionate
 mood

When they drown'd all the world: yet
 now forsakes me.
 Women, your eyes shed glances like the
 sun;
 Now shines your brightness, now your
 light is done.
 On the sweet'st flowers you shine, 'tis
 but by chance,
 And on the basest weed you 'll waste
 a glance.

BYRON'S TRAGEDY.

By GEO. CHAPMAN.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH of France blesses
 the young Dauphin.

My royal blessing, and the King of
 Heaven,
 Make thee an aged and a happy King.
 Help, nurse, to put my sword into his
 hand.
 Hold, boy, by this; and with it may
 thy arm
 Cut from thy tree of rule all traitrous
 branches,
 That strive to shadow and eclipse thy
 glories.
 Have thy old father's Angel for thy guide,
 Redoubled be his spirit in thy breast:
 Who, when this State ran like a tur-
 bulent sea,
 In civil hates and bloody enmity,
 Their wraths and envies (like so many
 winds)
 Settled and burst: and like the Hal-
 cyon's birth
 Be thine, to bring a calm upon the shore:
 In which the eyes of war may ever sleep,
 As over-watch'd with former massacres,
 When guilty mad Noblesse fed on No-
 blesse,
 All the sweet plenty of the realm ex-
 hausted;
 When the nak'd merchant was pursued
 for spoil:
 When the poor peasants frightened need-
 iest thieves
 With their pale leanness, nothing left
 on them
 But meagre carcasses, sustained with air,
 Wandering like ghosts affrighted from
 their graves;
 When, with the often and incessant sounds
 The very beasts knew the alarum-bell,
 And hearing it ran bellowing to their
 home;
 From which unchristian broils and ho-
 micides
 Let the religious sword of Justice free

Thee, and thy kingdoms govern'd after
 me;
 O Heaven! Or if the unsettled blood of
 France,
 With ease and wealth, renew her civil
 furies,
 Let all my powers be emptied in my
 Son;
 To curb and end them all as I have
 done.
 Let him by virtue quite cut off from
 Fortune
 Her feather'd shoulders, and her winged
 shoes,
 And thrust from her light feet her turn-
 ing stone;
 That she may ever tarry by his throne.
 And of his worth let after ages say,
 (He fighting for the land, and bringing
 home
 Just conquests, loaden with his enemies'
 spoils,)
 His father past all France in martial
 deeds.
 But he his Father twenty times exceeds.

*Soliloquy of KING HENRY deliberating on the
 Death of a Traitor.*

O thou that governst the keen swords
 of Kings,
 Direct my arm in this important stroke;
 Or hold it, being advanc'd: the weight
 of blood,
 Even in the basest subject, doth exact
 Deep consultation in the highest King:
 For in one subject, death's unjust af-
 frights,
 Passions, and pains, though he be ne'er
 so poor,
 Ask more remorse than the voluptuous
 spleens
 Of all Kings in the world deserve re-
 spect.
 He should be born grey-headed that will
 bear

The weight of Empire. Judgment of
the life,
Free state and reputation of a Man,
(If it be just and worthy) dwells so
dark,
That it denies access to sun and moon:
The soul's eye, sharpen'd with that sa-
cred light
Of whom the sun itself is but a beam,
Must only give that judgment. O how
much

Err those Kings then, that play with
life and death;
And nothing put into their serious states
But humour and their lusts; for which
alone
Men long for kingdoms: whose huge
counterpoise
In cares and dangers could a fool com-
prise,
He would not be a King, but would be
wise.

A WOMAN KILL'D WITH KINDNESS.

A TRAGEDY. By THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Mr. FRANKFORD *discovers that his Wife has been
unfaithful to him.*

Mrs. Fra. O by what words, what
title, or what name
Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon! oh!
I am as far from hoping such sweet grace,
As Lucifer from heaven. To call you
husband!
(O me most wretched!) I have lost that
name,
I am no more your wife.

Fran. Spare thou thy tears, for I will
weep for thee,
And keep thy countenance, for I'll blush
for thee.
Now, I protest, I think, 'tis I am tainted,
For I am most ashamed; and 'tis more
hard
For me to look upon thy guilty face,
Than on the sun's clear brow: what
wouldst thou speak?

Mrs. Fra. I would I had no tongue,
no ears, no eyes,
No apprehension, no capacity.
When do you spurn me like a dog?
when tread me
Under feet? when drag me by the hair?
Tho' I deserve a thousand thousand fold
More than you can inflict: yet, once my
husband,
For womanhood, to which I am a shame,
Though once an ornament; even for his
sake
That hath redeem'd our souls, mark not
my face,
Nor hack me with your sword: but let
me go
Perfect and undeformed to my tomb.
I am not worthy that I should prevail
In the least suit; no, not to speak to
you,
Nor look on you, nor to be in your
presence:
Yet as an abject this one suit I crave,
This granted, I am ready for my grave.

Fran. My God, with patience arm me!
rise, nay rise,
And I'll debate with thee. Was it for
want
Thou plaid'st the strumpet! Wast thou
not supply'd
With every pleasure, fashion, and new
toy;
Nay even beyond my calling?

Mrs. Fra. I was.

Fran. Was it then disability in me?
Or in thine eye seem'd he a properer
man?

Mrs. Fra. O no.

Fran. Did not I lodge thee in my
bosom?
Wear thee in my heart?

Mrs. Fra. You did.

Fran. I did indeed, witness my tears
I did.
Go bring my infants hither. O Nan,
O Nan;
If neither fear of shame, regard of ho-
nour,
The blemish of my house, nor my dear
love,
Could have withheld thee from so lewd
a fact,
Yet for these infants, these young harm-
less souls,
On whose white brows thy shame is
character'd,
And grows in greatness as they wax in
years;
Look but on them, and melt away in
tears.
Away with them; lest as her spotted
body
Hath stain'd their names with stripe of
bastardy,
So her adulterous breath may blast their
spirits
With her infectious thoughts. Away with
them.

Mrs. Fra. In this one life I die ten thousand deaths.

Fran. Stand up, stand up, I will do nothing rashly.
I will retire awhile into my study,
And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently. *[Exit.*

He returns with CRANWELL his friend. She falls on her knees.

Fran. My words are register'd in heaven already.
With patience hear me. I'll not martyr thee,
Nor mark thee for a strumpet; but with usage
Of more humility torment thy soul,
And *kill* thee even with *kindness*.

Cran. Mr. Frankford.

Fran. Good Mr. Cranwell. — Woman, hear thy judgment;
Go make thee ready in thy best attire;
Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel:
Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress,
Or by whose sight, being left here in the house,
I may remember such a woman was.
Choose thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber;
Take with thee every thing which hath thy mark,
And get thee to my manor seven miles off;
Where live; 'tis thine, I freely give it thee,
My tenants by shall furnish thee with wains
To carry all thy stuff within two hours;
No longer will I limit thee my sight.
Choose which of all my servants thou lik'st best,
And they are thine to attend thee.

Mrs. Fra. A mild sentence.

Fran. But as thou hop'st for heaven, as thou believ'st
Thy name's recorded in the book of life,
I charge thee never after this sad day
To see me or to meet me; or to send
By word, or writing, gift, or otherwise,
To move me, by thyself, or by thy friends;
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So farewell, Nan; for we will henceforth be
As we had never seen, ne'er more shall see.

Mrs. Fra. How full my heart is, in mine eyes appears;
What wants in words, I will supply in tears.

Fran. Come, take your coach, your stuff; all must along:
Servants and all make ready, all be gone.
It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one.

CRANWELL, FRANKFORD. and NICHOLAS,
a Servant.

Cran. Why do you search each room about your house,
Now that you have dispatch'd your wife away?

Fran. O sir, to see that nothing may be left
That ever was my wife's: I lov'd her dearly,
And when I do but think of her unkindness,
My thoughts are all in hell; to avoid which torment,
I would not have a bodkin nor a cuff,
A bracelet, neck ace, or rebato wire,
Nor any thing that ever was call'd hers,
Left me, by which I might remember her.

Nic. Here's her lute flung in a corner.

Fran. Her lute? Oh God! upon this instrument
Her fingers have ran quick division,
Swifter than that which now divides our hearts.
These frets have made me pleasant, that have now
Frets of my heart-strings made. O master Cranwell,
Oft hath she made this melanco'y wood
(Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance)
Speak sweet y many a note, sound many a strain
To her own ravishing voice, which being wel strung,
What pleasant strange airs have they jointly rung!
Post with it after her; now nothing's left;
Of her and hers I am at once bereft.

NICHOLAS overtakes Mrs. FRANKFORD on her journey, and delivers the lute.

Mrs. Fra. I know the lute; oft have I sung to thee:
We both are out of tune, both out of time.

Nic. My master commends him unto ye;
There's all he can find that was ever yours.
He prays you to forget him, and so he bids you farewell.

Mrs. Fra. I thank him, he is kind, and ever was.

All you that have true feeling of my
grief,
That know my loss, and have relenting
hearts,
Gird me about; and help me with your
tears
To wash my spotted sins: my lute shall
groan;
It cannot weep, but shall lament my
moan.
If you return unto your master, say,
(Tho' not from me, for I am unworthy
To blast his name so with a strumpet's
tongue)
That you have seen me weep, wish my-
self dead.
Nay you may say and swear:
For it is writ in heaven, and decreed
here.
Go break this lute on my coach's wheel,
As the last music that I e'er shall make:
Not as my husband's gift, but my fare-
well
To all earth's joy; and so your master
tell.

Nic. I'll do your commendations.

Mrs. Fra. O no:

I dare not so presume; nor to my
children:
I am disclaim'd in both, alas, I am.
O never teach them, when they come to
speak,
To name the name of mother; chide
their tongue
If they by chance light on that hated
word;
Tell them 'tis naught, for when that
word they name
(Poor pretty souls) they harp on their
own shame.
So, now unto my coach, then to my
home,
So to my death-bed; for from this sad
hour,
I never will nor eat, nor drink, nor taste
Of any cates that may preserve my life:
I never will nor smile, nor sleep, nor
rest.
But when my tears have wash'd my black
soul white,
Sweet Saviour to thy hands I yield my
sprite. —

Mrs. FRANKFORD (dying). Sir FRANCIS ACTON
(her brother). Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD.
Mr. MALBY, and other of her husband's friends.

Mal. How fare you, Mrs. Frankford?

Mrs. Fra. Sick, sick, o sick: give me
some air. I pray
Tell me, oh tell me, where is Mr. Frank-
ford.
Will he not deign to see me ere I die?

Mal. Yes, Mrs. Frankford: divers
gentlemen,
Your loving neighbours, with that just
request
Have mov'd and told him of your weak
estate:

Who, tho' with much ado to get belief,
Examining of the general circumstance,
Seeing your sorrow and your penitence,
And hearing therewithal the great desire
You have to see him ere you left the
world,

He gave to us his faith to follow us;
And sure he will be here immediately.

Mrs. Fra. You have half reviv'd me
with the pleasing news:

Raise me a little higher in my bed.
Blush I not, brother Acton? blush I not,
Sir Charles?

Can you not read my fault writ in my
cheek?

Is not my crime there? tell me, gentle-
men.

Char. Alas! good mistress, sickness
hath not left you
Blood in your face enough to make you
blush.

Mrs. Fra. Then sickness like a friend
my fault would hide.

Is my husband come? my soul but tarries
His arrival, then I am fit for heaven.

Acton. I came to chide you, but my
words of hate
Are turn'd to pity and compassionate
grief.

I came to rate you, but my brawls, you
see,
Melt into tears, and I must weep by
thee.

Here's Mr. Frankford now.

Mr. FRANKFORD enters.

Fran. Good-morrow, brother: mor-
row, gentlemen:
God, that hath laid this cross upon our
heads,
Might (had he pleas'd) have made our
cause of meeting
On a more fair and more contented
ground:
But he that made us, made us to this
woe.

Mrs. Fra. And is he come? methinks
that voice I know.

Fran. How do you, woman?

Mrs. Fra. Well, Mr. Frankford, well;
but shall be better
I hope within this hour. Will you vouch-
safe

(Out of your grace, and your humanity)
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?

Fran. This hand once held my heart
in faster bonds
Than now 'tis grip'd by me. God par-
don them
That made us first break hold.

Mrs. Fra. Amen, amen.
Out of my zeal to heaven, whither I'm
now bound,
I was so impudent to wish you here;
And once more beg your pardon. Oh!
good man,
And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, O pardon me: my fault so hei-
nous is,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world
to come.

Faintness hath so usurp'd upon my knees
That kneel I cannot: but on my heart's
knees
My prostrate soul lies thrown down at
your feet
To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon,
O pardon me!

Fran. As freely from the low depth
of my soul
As my Redeemer hath for us given his
death,
I pardon thee; I will shed tears for
thee;
Pray with thee:
And, in mere pity of thy weak estate,
I'll wish to die with thee.

All. So do we all.

Fran. Even as I hope for pardon at
that day,
When the great judge of heaven in scar-
let sits,
So be thou pardon'd. Tho' thy rash of-
fence
Divorc'd our bodies, thy repentant tears
Unite our souls.

Char. Then comfort, mistress Frank-
ford;
You see your husband hath forgiven your
fall;
Then rouse your spirits, and cheer your
fainting soul.

Susan. How is it with you?

Acton. How d'ye feel yourself?

Mrs. Fra. Not of this world.

Fran. I see you are not, and I weep
to see it,
My wife, the mother to my pretty babes;
Bot those lost names I do restore thee
back,
And with this kiss I wed thee once
again:

Tho' thou art wounded in thy honour'd
name,
And with that grief upon thy death-bed
liest;
Honest in heart, upon my soul, thou
diest.

Mrs. Fra. Pardon'd on earth, soul,
thou in heaven art free
Once more. Thy wife dies thus embrac-
ing thee.

A NEW WONDER: A WOMAN NEVER VEXT.

A COMEDY. By WILLIAM ROWLEY.

The Woman never Vext states her Case to a Divine.

WIDOW. DOCTOR.

Doc. You sent for me, gentlewoman?

Wid. Sir, I did, and to this end.
I have some scruples in my conscience;
Some doubtful problems which I cannot
answer,
Nor reconcile; I'd have you make them
plain.

Doc. This is my duty; pray speak
your mind.

Wid. And as I speak, I must remem-
ber heaven
That gave those blessings which I must
relate:
Sir, you now beheld a wonderful wo-
man;

You only wonder at the epithet;
I can approve it good: guess at mine age.

Doc. At the half-way 'twixt thirty and
forty.

Wid. 'Twas not much amiss; yet nea-
rest to the last.

How think you then, is not this a Wonder
That a Woman lives full seven-and-
thirty years,

Maid to a wife, and wife unto a widow,
Now widow'd, and mine own; yet all
this while,

From the extremest verge of my remem-
brance,

Even from my weaning hour unto this
minute,

Did never taste what was calamity.
I know not yet what grief is, yet have
sought

A hundred ways for his acquaintance:
with me

Prosperity hath kept so close a watch,
That even those things that I have meant
a cross,

Have that way turn'd a blessing. Is it
not strange?

Doc. Unparallel'd; this gift is singular,
And to you alone belonging: you are
the moon,
For there 's but one, all women else
are stars,
For there are none of like condition.
Full oft and many have I heard com-
plain
Of discontents, thwarts, and adversities;
But a second to yourself I never knew,
To groan under the superflux of bles-
sings,
To have ever been alien unto sorrow.
No trip of fate? sure it is wonderful.

Wid. Aye, Sir, 'tis wonderful, but is
it well?
For it is now my chief affliction.
I have heard you say that the Child of
Heaven

Shall suffer many tribulations;
Nay, kings and princes share them with
their subjects:
Then I that know not any chastisement,
How may I know my part of childhood?

Doc. 'Tis a good doubt; but make
it not extreme.

'Tis some affliction that you are afflicted
For want of affliction: cherish that:
Yet wrest it not to misconstruction;
For all your blessings are free gifts from
heaven,
Health, wealth, and peace; nor can they
turn into
Curses, but by abuse. Pray, let me ques-
tion you:

You lost a husband, was it no grief to you?

Wid. It was, but very small: no soo-
ner I

Had given it entertainment as a sorrow,
But straight it turn'd unto my treble
joy:

A comfortable revelation prompts me
then,

That husband (whom in life I held so
dear)

Had chang'd a frailty to unchanging
joys:

Methought I saw him stellified in heaven,
And singing hallelujahs 'mongst a quire
Of white sainted souls: then again it
spake,

And said, it was a sin for me to grieve
At his best good, that I esteemed best:
And thus this slender shadow of a grief
Vanish'd again.

Doc. All this was happy, nor
Can you wrest it from a heavenly bles-
sing. Do not

Appoint the rod: leave still the stroke
unto

The magistrate: the time is not past, but
You may feel enough. —

Wid. One taste more I had, although
but little,
Yet I would aggravate to make the most
on 't:

'Twas thus: the other day it was my hap,
In crossing of the Thames,
To drop that wedlock ring from off my
finger,

That once conjoined me and my dear
husband:

It sunk; I prized it dear; the dearer,
'cause it kept

Still in mine eye the memory of my loss:
Yet I grieved the loss; and did joy
withal,

That I had found a grief. And this is all
The sorrow I can boast of.

Doc. This is but small.

Wid. Nay, sure, I am of this opinion,
That had I suffer'd a draught to be made
for it,

The bottom would have sent it up again;
I am so wondrously fortunate.—

FOSTER, a wealthy Merchant, has a profligate Brother, STEPHEN, whom ROBERT, Son to FOSTER, relieves out of Prison with some of his Father's money entrusted to him. For this, his Father turns him out of doors and disinherits him. Meantime, by a reverse of fortune, STEPHEN becomes rich; and FOSTER by Losses in Trade is thrown into the same Prison (Ludgate) from which his Brother had been relieved. STEPHEN adopts his Nephew, on the condition that he shall not assist or go near his Father: but filial piety prevails above the consideration either of his Uncle's displeasure, or of his Father's late unkindness; and he visits his Father in Prison.

FOSTER. ROBERT.

Fos. O torment to my soul, what mak'st
thou here?

Cannot the picture of my misery
Be drawn, and hung out to the eyes
of men,

But thou must come to scorn and laugh
at it?

Rob. Dear Sir, I come to thrust my
back under your load,
To make the burthen lighter.

Fos. Hence from my sight, dissemb-
ling villain, go:

Thine uncle sends defiance to my woe,
And thou must bring it: hence, thou
Basilisk,

That killst me with thine eyes. Nay,
never kneel;

These scornful mocks more than my
woes I feel.

Rob. Alas, I mock ye not, but come
in love

And natural duty, Sir, to beg your bles-
sing;

And for mine uncle —

Fos. Him and thee I curse.
I 'll starve ere I eat bread from his purse,

Or from thy hand: out villain; tell that
 cur,
 Thy barking uncle, that I lie not here
 Upon my bed of riot, as he did,
 Cover'd with a l the villainies which man
 Had ever woven; tel him I lie not so;
 It was the hand of heaven struck me
 thus low,
 And I do thank it Get thee gone, I
 say,
 Or I shall curse thee, strike thee; pri-
 thee away:
 Or if thou 'lt laugh thy fill at my poor
 state,
 Then stay, and listen to the prison grate,
 And hear thy father, an old wretched
 man,
 That yesterday had thousands, beg and
 cry
 To get a penny: Oh, my misery.
Rob. Dear Sir, for pity hear me.
Fos. Upon my curse I charge, no
 nearer come;
 I 'll be no father to so vile a son.
Rob. O my abortive fate,
 Why for my good am I thus paid with
 hate?
 From this sad p'ace of Ludgate here I
 freed
 An unc'e, and I lost a father for it;
 Now is my father here, whom if I suc-
 cour,
 I then must lose my uncle's love and
 favour.
 My father once being rich, and uncle
 poor,
 I him relieving was thrust forth of doors,
 Baffled, reviled, and disinherited.
 Now mine own father here must beg
 for bread,
 Mine unc'e being rich; and yet, if I
 Feed him, myself must beg. Oh misery;
 How bitter is thy taste; yet I will drink
 Thy strongest poison; fret what mis-
 chief can,
 I 'll feed my father; though like the
 Peican,
 I peck mine own breast for him. —

*His Father appears above at the Grate, a Box
 hanging down.*

Fos. Bread, bread, one penny to buy
 a loaf of bread, for the tender
 mercy.

Rob. O me my shame! I know that
 voice full well;
 I 'll help thy wants although thou curse
 me stil.

He stands where he is unseen by his Father.

Fos. Bread, bread, some christian man
 send back

Your charity to a number of poor pri-
 soners.

One penny for the tender mercy —

[ROBERT puts in Money.]

The hand of heaven reward you, gentle
 Sir,

Never may you want, never feel misery;
 Let blessings in unnumber'd measure
 grow,

And fall upon your head; where'er you go.

Rob. O happy comfort: curses to the
 ground

First struck me: now with blessings I
 am crown'd.

Fos. Bread, bread, for the tender
 mercy, one penny for a loaf
 of bread.

Rob. I 'll buy more blessings: take
 thou all my store;
 I 'll keep no coin and see my father
 poor.

Fos. Good angels guard you, Sir, my
 prayers shall be
 That heaven may bless you for this
 charity.

Rob. If he knew me, sure he would
 not say so:

Yet I have comfort, if by any means
 I get a blessing from my father's hands.
 How cheap are good prayers! a poor
 penny buys

That, by which man up in a minute flies
 And mounts to heaven.

Enter STEPHEN.

Oh me, mine uncle sees me.

Step. Now, Sir, what makes you here
 So near the prison?

Rob. I was going, Sir,
 To buy meat for a poor bird I have,
 That sits so sadly in the cage of late,
 I think he 'll die for sorrow.

Step. So, Sir:
 Your pity will not quit your pains, I
 fear me.

I shall find that bird (I think) to be
 that churlish wretch

Your father, that now has taken
 Shelter here in Ludgate. Go to, Sir;
 urge me not,

You 'd best; I have giv'n you warning:
 fawn not on him,
 Nor come not near him if you 'll have
 my love.

Rob. 'las, Sir; that lamb
 Were most unnatural that should hate
 the dam.

Step. Lamb me no lambs, Sir.

Rob. Good uncle, 'las you know, when
 you lay here,

I succour'd you: so let me now help him.

Step. Yes, as he did me;

To laugh and triumph at my misery.
You freed me with his gold, but 'gainst
his will:

For him I might have rotted, and lain
still.

So shall he now.

Rob. Alack the day!

Step. If him thou pity, 'tis thine own
decay.

Fos. Bread, bread, some charitable
man remember the poor
Prisoners, bread for the tender mercy,
one penny.

Rob. O listen, uncle, that's my poor
father's voice.

Step. There let him howl. Get you
gone, and come not near him.

Rob. Oh my soul,
What tortures dost thou feel! earth ne'er
shall find

A son so true, yet forc'd to be unkind.

*ROBERT disobeys his uncle's Injunctions, and
again visits his Father.*

FOSTER. WIFE. ROBERT.

Fos. Ha! what art thou? Call for the
keeper there,
And thrust him out of doors, or lock
me up.

Wife. O 'tis your son.

Fos. I know him not.
I am no king, unless of scorn and woe,
Why kneelst thou then, why dost thou
mock me so?

Rob. O my dear father, hither am I
come,
Not like a threatening storm to increase
your wrack,
For I would take all sorrows from your
back,
To lay them all on my own.

Fos. Rise, mischief, rise; away, and
get thee gone.

Rob. O if I be thus hateful to your
eye,
I will depart, and wish I soon may die;
Yet let your blessing, Sir, but fall on me.

Fos. My heart still hates thee.

Wife. Sweet husband.

Fos. Get you both gone;
That misery takes some rest that dwells
alone.

Away, thou villain.

Rob. Heaven can tell;

Ake but your finger, I to make it well
Would cut my hand off.

Fos. Hang thee, hang thee.

Wife. Husband.

Fos. Destruction meet thee. Turn the
key there, ho.

Rob. Good Sir, I'm gone, I will not
stay to grieve you.

Oh, knew you, for your woes what pains
I feel,

You would not scorn me so. See, Sir,
to cool

Your heat of burning sorrow, I have got
Two hundred pounds, and glad it is
my lot

To lay it down with reverence at your
feet;

No comfort in the world to me is sweet,
Whilst thus you live in moan.

Fos. Stay.

Rob. Good truth, Sir, I'll have none
of it back,
Could but one penny of it save my life.

Wife. Yet stay, and hear him: Oh un-
natural strife
In a hard father's bosom.

Fos. I see mine error now: Oh, can
there grow
A rose upon a bramble? did there e'er
flow

Poison and health together in one tide?
I'm born a man: reason may step aside,
And lead a father's love out of the way:
Forgive me, my good boy, I went as-
tray;

Look, on my knees I beg it: not for
joy,

Thou bring'st this golden rubbish; which
I spurn:

But glad in this, the heavens mine eye-
balls turn,

And fix them right to look upon that
face,

Where love remains with pity, duty,
grace.

Oh my dear wronged boy.

Rob. Gladness o'erwhelms
My heart with joy: I cannot speak.

Wife. Crosses of this foolish world
Did never grieve my heart with torments
more

Than it is now grown light
With joy and comfort of this happy sight.

THE WITCH.

A TRAGI-COMEDY. By THOMAS MIDDLETON.

HEKATE, and the other Witches, at their Charms.

Hec. Titty and Tiffin, Suckin
And Pidgen, Liard, and Robin!
White spirits, black spirits, grey spirits,
red spirits,
Devil-toad, devil-ram, devil-cat, and
devil-dam,
Why Hoppo and Stadlin, Hellwain and
Puckle!

Stad. Here, sweating at the vessel.

Hec. Boil it well.

Hop. It gallops now.

Hec. Are the flames blue enough,
Or shall I use a little seeten more?

Stad. The nips of Fairies upon maids'
white hips

Are not more perfect azure.

Hec. Tend it carefully.

Send Stadlin to me with a brazen dish,
That I may fall to work upon these
serpents.

And squeeze 'em ready for the second
hour.

Why, when?

Stad. Here's Stadlin and the dish.

Hec. Here take this unbaptized brat:
Boil it well — preserve the fat:
You know 'tis precious to transfer
Our 'nointed flesh into the air,
In moonlight nights, o'er steeple tops,
Mountains, and pine trees, that like
pricks, or stops,
Seem to our height: high towers, and
roofs of princes,
Like wrinkles in the earth: whole pro-
vinces

Appear to our sight then even like
A russet-mole upon some lady's cheek.
When hundred leagues in air, we feast
and sing,

Dance, kiss, and coll, use every thing:
What young man can we wish to plea-
sure us,

But we enjoy him in an Incubus?
Thou know'st it, Stadlin?

Stad. Usually that's done.

Hec. Away, in.

Go feed the vessel for the second hour.

Stad. Where be the magical herbs?

Hec. They're down his throat,
His mouth cramm'd full; his ears and
nostrils stuff.

I thrust in Eleaselinum, lately
Aconitum, frondes populeas, and soot.
You may see that, he looks so black i'
th' mouth.

Then Sium, Acharum, Vulgaro too,
Dentaphillon, the blood of a flitter-
mouse,

Solanum somnificum et oleum.

Stad. Then there's all, Hecate.

Hec. Is the heart of wax
Stuck full of magic needles?

Stad. 'Tis done, Hecate.

Hec. And is the farmer's picture, and
his wife's,
Laid down to the fire yet?

Stad. They are a roasting both too.

Hec. Good;
Then their marrows are a melting sub-
tilly,

And three months' sickness sucks up
life in 'em.

They denied me often flour, barm, and
milk,

Goose grease and tar, when I ne'er hurt
their churnings,

Their brew-locks nor their batches, nor
forespoke

Any of their breedings. Now I'll be
meet with 'em.

Seven of their young pigs I have be-
witch'd already

Of the last litter, nine ducklings, thir-
teen goslings and a hog

Fell lame last Sunday, after even-song
too.

And mark how their sheep prosper; or
what soup

Each milch-kine gives to th' pail: I'll
send these snakes

Shall milk 'em all before hand: the dew'd
skirted dairy wenches

Shall stroke dry dugs for this, and go
home cursing:

I'll mar their sillabubs, and swarthy
feastings

Under cows' bellies, with the parish
youth.

*SEBASTIAN consults the Witch for a Charm to be
revenged on his succesful Rival.*

Hec. Urchins, elves, hags, satires, pans,
fawns, silence.

Kit with the candlestick; tritons, cen-
taurs, dwarfs, imps.

The spoon, the mare, the man i' th' oak,
the hellwain, the fire-drake,
the puckle. A. ab hur. hus.

Seb. Heaven knows with what un-
willingness and hate
I enter this damn'd place: but such ex-
tremes

Of wrongs in love fight 'gainst religion's
knowledge,
That were I led by this disease to deaths
As numberless as creatures that must die,
I could not shun the way. — I know
what 'tis
To pity mad men now: they're wretched
things
That ever were created, if they be
Of woman's making and her faithless
vows.
I fear they're now a kissing: what's a
clock?
'Tis now but supper time: but night will
come,
And all new-married couples make short
suppers.
Whate'er thou art, I have no spare time
to fear thee;
My horrors are so strong and great al-
ready
That thou seem'st nothing: Up and laze
not:
Hadst thou my business, thou couldst
ne'er sit so;
'Twould firk thee into air a thousand
mile,
Beyond thy ointments: I would I were
read
So much in thy black pow'r, as mine
own griefs.
I'm in great need of help: wilt give me
any?

Hec. Thy boldness takes me bravely;
we are all sworn
To sweat for such a spirit: see; I re-
gard thee,
I rise and bid thee welcome. What's
thy wish now?

Seb. Oh my heart swells with 't. I
must take breath first.

Hec. Is 't to confound some enemy
on the seas?
It may be done to-night. Stadlin's
within;
She raises all your sudden ruinous storms
That shipwreck barks; and tears up
growing oaks;
Flies over houses, and takes Anno Do-
mini
Out of a rich man's chimney (a sweet
place for 't,
He would be hang'd ere he would set
his own years there;
They must be chamber'd in a five pound
picture,
A green silk curtain drawn before the
eyes on 't,
His rotten diseas'd years)! Or dost thou
envy
The fat prosperity of any neighbour?

I'll call forth Hoppo!, and her incan-
tation

Can straight destroy the young of all
his catt'e:

Blast vine-yards, orchards, meadows; or
in one night

Transport his dung, hay, corn, by reeks,
whole stacks,

Into thine own ground.

Seb. This would come most richly now
To many a country grazier: But my
envy

Lies not so low as catt'e, corn, or wines:
'Twill trouble your best pow'rs to give
me ease.

Hec. Is it to starve up generation?
To strike a barrenness in man or wo-
man?

Sec. Hah!

Hec. Hah! Did you feel me there?
I knew your grief.

Seb. Can there be such things done?

Hec. Are these the skins
Of serpents? these of snakes?

Seb. I see they are.

Hec. So sure into what house these
are convey'd

Knit with these charms, and retentive
knots,

Neither the man begets, nor woman
breeds,

No, nor performs the least desire of
wedlock,

Being then a mutual duty; I could give
thee

Chiroconita, Adincantida,
Archimadon, Marmaritin, Calicia,
Which I could sort to villainous barren
ends;

But this leads the same way: More I
could instance:

As the same needles thrust into their
sheets:

A privy grissel of a man that hangs
After sun-set: Good, excellent: yet all
's there, Sir.

Seb. You could not do a man that
special kindness
To part them utterly, now? Could you
do that?

Hec. No: time must do't: we cannot
disjoin wedlock;

'Tis of heaven's fastening: we'll may we
raise jars,

Jealousies, strifes, and heart-burning dis-
agreements,

Like a thick scurf o'er life, as did our
master

Upon that patient miracle; but the work
itself

Our power cannot disjoin.

Seb. I depart happy
In what I have then, being constrain'd
to this:

And grant, you greater powers that dis-
pose men,
That I may never need this hag again.

[*Exit.*]

Hec. I know he loves me not, nor
there 's no hope on 't;
'Tis for the love of mischief I do this:
And that we are sworn to the first oath
we take. —

HECATE, STADLIN, HOPPO, *with the other Wit-
ches, preparing for their midnight journey through
the Air.* FIRESTONE, HECATE'S Son.

Hec. The moon's a gallant: see how
brisk she rides.

Stad. Here's a rich evening, Hecate.

Hec. Ay, is 't not, wenches,
To take a journey of five thousand mile?

Hop. Ours will be more to-night.

Hec. Oh 'twill be precious.
Heard you the owl yet!

Stad. Briefly in the copse,
As we came through now.

Hec. 'Tis high time for us then.

Stad. There was a bat hung at my
lips three times
As we came through the woods, and
drank her fill.
Old Puckle saw her.

Hec. You are fortunate still:
The very screech-owl lights upon your
shoulder,
And woes you like a pigeon. Are you
furnish'd?

Have you your ointments?

Stad. All.

Hec. Prepare to flight then:
I'll overtake you swiftly.

Stad. Hie thee, Hecate:
We shall be up betimes.

Hec. I'll reach you quickly.

[*The other Witches mount.*]

Fire. They are all going a birding
to-night. They talk of fowls in
the air, that fly by day: I am
sure, they'll be a company of
foul sluts there to-night. If we
have not mortality offer'd, I'll
be hanged; for they are able
to putrify it, to infect a whole
region. She spies me now.

Hec. What, Firestone, our sweet son?

Fire. A little sweeter than some of
you; or a dunghill were too
good for me.

Hec. How much hast here?

Fire. Nineteen, and all brave plump
ones; besides six lizards, and
three serpentine eggs.

Hec. Dear and sweet boy; what herbs
hast thou?

Fire. I have some Marmartin and
Mandragon.

Hec. Marmaritin and Mandragora thou
wouldst say

Fire. Here's Pannax too: I thank thee,
my pan akes I am sure
With kneeling down to cut 'em.

Hec. And Selago,
Hedge-hysop too: how near he goes my
cuttings!

Were they all cropt by moon-light?

Fire. Every blade of 'em, or I am a
moon-calf, mother.

Hec. Hie thee home with 'em.
Look well to the house to-night: I am
for aloft.

Fire. Aloft, quoth you? I would you
would break your neck once,
that I might have all quickly.
Hark, hark, mother; they are
above the Steeple already, fly-
ing over your head with a
noise of musicians.

Hec. They are indeed. Help me, help
me; I'm too late else.

Song in the Air.

Come away, come away;
Hecate, Hecate, come away.

Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stadlin?

[*Above.*] Here.

Hec. Where's Puckle?

[*Above.*] — Here:

And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too:
We lack but you; we lack but you:
Come away, make up the count.

Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I
mount.

[*A Spirit like a Cat descends.*]

[*Above.*] — There's one come down
to fetch his dues;

A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood:
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse,
I muse,

Since the air 's so sweet and good.

Hec. Oh art thou come?

What news, what news?

Spirit All goes still to our delight:
Either come, or else
Refuse, refuse.

Hec. Now I am furnish'd for the flight.

Fire. Hark, hark, the Cat sings a brave
treble in her own language.

Hec. [*Going up*] Now I go, now I fly,
Malkin my sweet Spirit and I.
Oh what a dainty pleasure 'tis

To ride in the air
 When the moon shines fair,
 And sing, and dance, and toy, and kiss:
 Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
 Over seas (our mistress' fountains)
 Over steep towers and turrets,
 We fly by night 'mongst troops of Spirits.
 No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
 No howls of wolves, no yelps of hounds;
 No, not the noise of water's-breach,
 Or cannon's throat, our height can reach.

[*Above.*] — No ring of bells, etc.

Fire. Well, mother, I thank your kindness; you must be
 Gamboling in the air, and leave me to
 walk here like a fool and a
 mortal.

A Duchess consults the Witch about inflicting a sudden Death.

DUCHESS. HECATE. FIRESTONE.

Hec. What death is 't you desire for
 Almachildes?

Duch. A sudden and a subtle.

Hec. Then I 've fitted you.
 Here lie the gifts of both; sudden and
 subtle:

His picture made in wax, and gently
 molten

By a blue fire, kindled with dead men's
 eyes,

Will waste him by degrees.

Duch. In what time prithee?

Hec. Perhaps in a moon's progress.

Duch. What, a month?

Out upon pictures, if they be so tedious:
 Give me things with some life.

Hec. Then seek no farther.

Duch. This must be done with speed,
 dispatch'd this night,
 If it be possible.

Hec. I have it for you:

Here's that will do 't: stay but perfec-
 tion's time,

And that 's not five hours hence.

Duch. Canst thou do this?

Hec. Can I?

Duch. I mean, so closely?

Hec. So closely do you mean too?

Duch. So artfully, so cunningly?

Hec. Worse and worse. Doubts and
 incredulities,

They make me mad. Let scrupulous
 creatures know:

Cum volui, ripis ipsis mirantibus,
 amnes

In fontes rediere suos; concussa-
 que sisto,

Stantia concutio cantu freta; nubila
 pello,

Nubilaque induco: ventos abigoque,
 vocoque.

Vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine
 fauces;

Et sylvas moveo, jubeoque tremis-
 cere montes,

Et mugiere solum, manesque exire
 sepulchris.

Te quoque, Luna, traho.

Can you doubt me then, daughter;
 That can make mountains tremble, miles
 of woods walk:

Whole earth's foundation bellow, and
 the spirits

Of the entomb'd to burst out from their
 marbles;

Nay, draw yon Moon to my involv'd
 designs?

Fire. I know as well as can be when
 my mother's mad, and our
 Great cat angry; for one spits French
 then, and the other spits Latin.

Duch. I did not doubt you, mother.

Hec. No! what, did you?

My power's so firm, it is not to be
 question'd.

Duch. Forgive what's past; and now
 I know th' offensiveness
 That vexes art, I'll shun the occasion
 ever.

Hec. Leave all to me and my five
 sisters, daughter.

It shall be convey'd in at howlet-time.
 Take you no care. My spirits know their
 moments:

Raven or screech-owl never fly by the
 door

But they call in (I thank 'em) and they
 lose not by't.

I give 'em barleysoak'd in infant's blood:
 They shall have semina cum sanguine,
 Their gorge cramm'd full, if they come
 once to our house:

We are no niggard. —

Fire. They fare but too well when they
 come hither: they ate up as
 much the other night as would
 have made me a good conscio-
 nable pudding.

Hec. Give me some lizard's brain,
 quickly, Firestone.

Where's grannam Stadlin, and all the
 rest of the sisters?

Fire. All at hand, forsooth.

[*The other Witches appear.*]

Hec. Give me Marmaritin; some Bear-
 breech: when?

Fire. Here's Bear-breech and lizard's-
 brain, forsooth.

Hec. Into the vessel;

And fetch three ounces of the red-hair'd
 girl

I kill'd last midnight.

Fire. Whereabout, sweet mother?

Hec. Hip; hip, or flank. Where 's the Acopus?

Fire. You shall have Acopus, forsooth.

Hec. Stir, stir, about; whilst I begin the charm.

A Charm Song about a Vessel.

Hec. Black spirits and white, red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.

Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in;
Fire-drake, Puckey, make it lucky;
Liard, Robin, you must bob in.
Round, around, around, about, about;
All Ill come running in, all Good keep out.

First Witch. Here 's the blood of a bat.

Hec. Put in that, oh, put in that.

Sec. Witch. Here 's libbard's-bane.

Hec. Put in again.

First Witch. The juice of toad: the oil of adder.

Sec. Witch. Those will make the younger madder.

Hec. Put in, there 's all, and rid the stench.

Fire. Nay, here 's three ounces of the red-hair'd wench.

All. Round, around, around, etc.

Hec. So, so, enough: into the vessel with it.

There; 't hath the true perfection: I am so light

At any mischief, there 's no villainy
But is a tune methinks.

Fire. A tune! 'tis to the tune of damnation then, I warrant you,
And that song hath a villainous burthen.

Hec. Come my sweet sisters, let the air strike our tune;

Whilst we show reverence to yon peeping moon.

[*The Witches dance, et Exeunt.*]

VITTORIA COROMBONA, OR: THE WHITE DEVIL.

A TRAGEDY. By JOHN WEBSTER.

The arraignment of VITTORIA. — PAULO GIOR-DANO URSINI, Duke of Brachiano, for the love of VITTORIA COROMBONA, a Venetian Lady, and at her suggestion, causes her Husband CAMILLO to be murdered. Suspicion falls upon VITTORIA, who is tried at Rome, on a double Charge of Murder and Incontinence, in the presence of Cardinal MONTICELSO, Cousin to the deceased CAMILLO; FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, Brother-in-Law to BRACHIANO; the Ambassadors of France, Spain, England, &c. As the arraignment is beginning, the Duke confidently enters the Court.

Mon. Forbear, my Lord, here is no place assign'd you:
This business, by his holiness, is left
To our examination.

Bra. May it thrive with you.

Fra. A chair there for his lordship.
[*Lays a rich gown under him.*]

Bra. Forbear your kindness; an unbidden guest
Should travel as Dutch women go to church,
Bear their stool with them.

Mon. At your pleasure, Sir.
Stand to the table, gentlewoman. — Now, Signior,
Fall to your plea.

Lawyer. *Domine judex converte oculos in hanc pestem mulierum corruptissimam.*

Vit. What 's he?

Fra. A lawyer, that pleads against you.

Vit. Pray, my Lord, let him speak his usual tongue,
I 'll make no answer else.

Fra. Why, you understand Latin.

Vit. I do, Sir, but amongst this auditory

Which come to hear my cause, the half or more

May be ignorant in 't.

Mon. Go on, Sir.

Vit. By your favor,
I will not have my accusation clouded
In a strange tongue: all this assembly
Shall hear what you can charge me with.

Fra. Signior,
You need not stand on 't much; pray,
change your language.

Mon. Oh, for God's sake! gentlewoman, your credit
Shall be more famous by it.

Law. Well then have at you.

Vit. I am the mark, Sir, I 'll give aim to you,
And tell you how near you shoot.

Law. Most literated judges, please your lordships
So to connive your judgments to the view

Of this debauch'd and diversivolt woman;

Who such a concatenation
Of mischief hath effected, that to extirp
The memory of it, must be the consummation

Of her, and her projections.

Vit. What 's all this?

Law. Hold your peace!
Exorbitant sins must have exulceration.

Vit. Surely, my Lords, this lawyer hath
swallowed
Some apothecaries bills, or proclama-
tions;
And now the hard and undigestible words
Come up like stones we use give hawks
for physic.

Why, this is Welch to Latin.

Law. My Lords, the woman
Knows not her tropes, nor is perfect
In the academick derivation
Of grammatical elocution.

Fra. Sir, your pains
Shall be well spared, and your deep
eloquence

Be worthily applauded among those
Which understand you.

Law. My good Lord.

Fra. Sir,
Put up your papers in your fustian bag;
[FRANCISCO speaks this as in scorn.]
Cry mercy, Sir, 'tis buckram, and ac-
cept

My notion of your learn'd verbosity.

Law. I most graduatically thank your
lordship;
I shall have use for them elsewhere.

Mon. (to Vittoria.) I shall be plainer
with you, and paint out
Your follies in more natural red and
white,
Than that upon your cheek.

Vit. O you mistake,
You raise a blood as noble in this cheek
As ever was your mother's.

Mon. I must spare you, till proof cry
whore to that.
Observe this creature here, my honor'd
Lords,

A woman of a most prodigious spirit.

Vit. My honorable Lord,
It doth not suit a reverend Cardinal
To play the Lawyer thus.

Mon. Oh your trade instructs your
language.
You see, my Lords, what goodly fruit
she seems,
Yet like those apples travellers report
To grow where Sodom and Gomorrah
stood,

I will but touch her, and you straight
shall see

She 'll fall to soot and ashes.

Vit. Your invenom'd apothecary should
do 't.

Mon. I am resolved,
Were there a second paradise to lose,
This devil would betray it.

Vit. O poor charity,
Thou art seldom found in scarlet.

Mon. Who knows not how, when se-
veral night by night

Her gates were choakt with coaches,
and her rooms
Outbrav'd the stars with several kinds
of lights;

When she did counterfeit a Prince's court
In music, banquets, and most riotous
surfeits;

This whore forsooth was holy.

Vit. Ha! whore? what 's that?

Mon. Shall I expound whore to you?
sure I shall.

I 'll give their perfect character. They
are first,

Sweetmeats which rot the eater: In
man's nostrils

Poison'd perfumes. They are cozening
alchymy;

Shipwrecks in calmest weather. What
are whores?

Cold Russian winters, that appear so
barren,

As if that nature had forgot the spring.
They are the true material fire of hell.

Worse than those tributes i' th' low
countries paid,

Exactions upon meat, drink, garments,
sleep;

Ay even on man's perdition, his sin.

They are those brittle evidences of law,
Which forfeit all a wretched man's estate
For leaving out one syllable. What are
whores?

They are those flattering bells have all
one tune,

At weddings and at funerals. Your rich
whores

Are only treasures by extortion fill'd,
And empty'd by curs'd riot. They are
worse,

Worse than dead bodies, which are
begg'd at th' gallows,

And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach
man

Wherein he is imperfect. What 's a
whore?

She 's like the guilt counterfeited coin,
Which, whosoe'er first stamps it, brings
in trouble

All that receive it.

Vit. This character 'scapes me.

Mon. You, gentlewoman?

Take from all beasts and from all mi-
nerals

Their deadly poison —

Vit. Well, what then?

Mon. I 'll tell thee,

I 'll find in thee an apothecary's shop,
To sample them all.

French Emb. She hath lived ill.

English Emb. True, but the Cardinal
's too bitter.

Mon. You know what whore is. Next
the devil adult'ry,
Enters the devil murder.

Fra. Your unhappy husband
Is dead

Vit. O he 's a happy husband,
Now he owes Nature nothing.

Fra. And by a vaulting engine.

Mon. An active plot:
He jump't into his grave.

Fra. What a prodigy was 't,
That from some two yards high, a slender man
Should break his neck?

Mon. I' th' rushes!

Fra. And what 's more,
Upon the instant lose all use of speech,
All vital motion, like a man had lain
Wound up three days. Now mark each
circumstance.

Mon. And look upon this creature
was his wife.
She comes not like a widow: she comes
arm'd
With scorn and impudence: is this a
mourning-habit?

Vit. Had I foreknown his death as you
suggest,
I would have bespoke my mourning.

Mon. O you are cunning!

Vit. You shame your wit and judgment,
To call it so; what, is my just defence
By him that is my judge call'd impudence?

Let me appeal then from this christian
court
To the uncivil Tartar.

Mon. See, my lords,
She scandals our proceedings.

Vit. Humbly thus,
Thus low, to the most worthy and respected
Leger ambassadors, my modesty
And woman-hood I tender; but withall,
So entangled in a cursed accusation,
That my defence, of force, like Perseus,
Must personate masculine virtue. To the
point.

Find me but guilty, sever head from body,
We 'll part good friends: I scorn to hold
my life

At yours, or any man's intreaty, Sir.

Engl. Emb. She hath a brave spirit.

Mon. Well, well, such counterfeit
jewels

Make true ones oft suspected.

Vit. You are deceived;
For know, that all your strict combined
heads,
Which strike against this mine of diamonds,

Shall prove but glassen hammers, they
shall break.

These are but feigned shadows of my
evils.

Terrify babes, my Lord, with painted
devils;

I am past such needless palsy. For your
names

Of whore and murther, they proceed
from you,

As if a man should spit against the wind;
The filth returns in 's face.

Mon. Pray you mistress, satisfy me
one question:

Who lodg'd beneath your roof that fatal
night

Your husband brake his neck?

Bra. That question
Inforceth me break silence; I was there.

Mon. Your business?

Bra. Why, I came to comfort her,
And take some course for settling her
estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt
To you, my Lord.

Mon. He was.

Bra. And 'twas strangely fear'd
That you would cozen her.

Mon. Who made you overseer?

Bra. Why, my charity, my charity,
which should flow
From every generous and noble spirit,
To orphans and to widows.

Mon. Your lust.

Bra. Cowardly dogs bark loudest!
sirrah, priest,
I 'll talk with you hereafter. — Do you
hear?

The sword you frame of such an excellent
temper,

I 'll sheath in your own bowels.

There are a number of thy coat resemble
Your common post-boys.

Mon. Ha!

Bra. Your mercenary post-boys.
Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your
guise

To fill your mouths with gross and impudent
lies.

Servant. My Lord, your gown.

Bra. Thou liest, 'twas my stool.
Bestow 't upon thy master, that will
challenge

The rest o' th' household stuff, for Brachiano

Was ne'er so beggarly to take a stool
Out of another's lodging: let him make
Vallance for his bed on 't, or demy
foot-cloth

For his most reverend moile. Monticelso, *nemo me impune lacessit.*

[Exit Brachiano.

Mon. Your champion's gone.

Vit. The wolf may prey the better.

Fra. My Lord, there's great suspicion of the murder,
But no sound proof who did it. For my part,

I do not think she hath a soul so black
To act a deed so bloody: if she have,
As in cold countries husband-men plant vines,

And with warm blood manure them,
even so

One summer she will bear unsavory fruit,
And ere next spring wither both branch
and root.

The act of blood let pass, only descend
To matter of incontinence.

Vit. I discern poison
Under your gilded pills.

Mon. Now the Duke's gone I will
produce a letter,
Wherein 'twas plotted, he and you shall meet,

At an apothecary's summer-house,
Down by the river Tiber. View 't, my
Lords:

Where after wanton bathing and the heat
Of a lascivious banquet — I pray read
it. —

I shame to speak the rest.

Vit. Grant I was tempted;
Temptation proves not the act:

Casta est quam nemo rogavit.

You read his hot love to me, but you
wan

My frosty answer.

Mon. Frost i' th' dog-days! strange!

Vit. Condemn you me for that the
Duke did love me

So may you blame some fair and chry-
stal river

For that some melancholic distracted man
Hath drown'd himself in 't.

Mon. Truly drown'd, indeed.

Vit. Sum up my faults, I pray, and
you shall find,

That beauty and gay clothes, a merry
heart,

And a good stomach to feast, are all,
All the poor crimes that you can charge
me with.

In faith, my Lord, you might go pistol
flies,

The sport would be more noble.

Mon. Very good.

Vit. But take you your course, it seems
you've begg'd me first,

And now would fain undo me. I have
houses,

Jewels and a poor remnant of crusa-
does;

Would these would make you charitable.

Mon. If the devil

Did ever take good shape, behold his
picture.

Vit. You have one virtue left,
You will not flatter me.

Fra. Who brought this letter?

Vit. I am not compell'd to tell you.

Mon. My Lord Duke sent to you a
thousand ducats,
The twelfth of August.

Vit. 'Twas to keep your cousin
From prison, I paid use for 't.

Mon. I rather think,
'Twas interest for his lust.

Vit. Who says so but yourself? if you
be my accuser,
Pray cease to be my judge: come from
the bench,
Give in your evidence against me, and
let these

Be moderators. My Lord Cardinal,
Were your intelligencing ears as loving,
As to my thoughts, had you an honest
tongue,
I would not care though you proclaim'd
them all.

Mon. Go to, go to.
After your goodly and vain-glorious
banquet,

I'll give you a choak-pear.

Vit. Of your own grafting?

Mon. You were born in Venice, ho-
norably descended
From the Vittelli; 'twas my cousin's
fate,

I'll may I name the hour, to marry you;
He bought you of your father.

Vit. Ha!

Mon. He spent there in six months
Twelve thousand ducats, and (to my
knowledge)

Receiv'd in dowry with you not one julio.
'Twas a hard penny-worth, the ware
being so light.

I yet but draw the curtain, now to your
picture:

You came from thence a most notorious
strumpet,
And so you have continued.

Vit. My Lord!

Mon. Nay hear me,
You shall have time to prate. My Lord
Brachiano —

Alas! I make but repetition,
Of what is ordinary and Ryalto talk,
And ballated, and would be plaid o' th'
stage

But that vice many times finds such loud
friends,

That preachers are charm'd silent.
Your public fault,

Join'd to th' condition of the present time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pity,
Such a corrupted trial have you made
Both of your life and beauty, and been
styl'd

No less an ominous fate, than blazing
stars

To Princes. Hear your sentence; you
are confin'd

Unto a house of converts.

Vit. A house of converts! what's that?

Mon. A house of penitent whores.

Vit. Do the Noblemen in Rome
Erect it for their wives, that I am sent
To lodge there?

Fra. You must have patience.

Vit. I must first have vengeance.
I fain would know if you have your
salvation

By patent, that you proceed thus.

Mon. Away with her,
Take her hence.

Vit. A rape! a rape!

Mon. How?

Vit. Yes, you have ravish'd justice;
Forc'd her to do your pleasure.

Mon. Fie, she's mad!

Vit. Die with those pills in your most
cursed maw,
Should bring you health! or while you
sit o' th' bench,

Let your own spittle choak you!

Mon. She's turn'd fury.

Vit. That the last day of judgment
may so find you,
And leave you the same Devil you were
before!

Instruct me some good horse-leach to
speak treason,
For since you cannot take my life for
deeds,

Take it for words: O woman's poor re-
venge!

Which dwells but in the tongue. I will
not weep.

No; I do scorn to call up one poor tear
To fawn on your injustice: bear me
hence

Unto his house of — what's your miti-
gating title?

Mon. Of converts.

Vit. It shall not be a house of con-
verts;
My mind shall make it honester to me
Than the Pope's palace, and more pea-
ceable

Than thy soul, though thou art a Car-
dinal,

Know this, and let it somewhat raise
your spight.

Through darkness diamonds spread their
richest light. —

MARCELLO and FIAMINEO, Sons to CORNE-
LIA, having quarrelled, FLAMINEO slays
his Brother MARCELLO, their Mother being
present.

CORNELIA. MARCELLO.

Cor. I hear a whispering all about
the court.

You are to fight: who is your opposite?
What is the quarrel?

Mar. 'Tis an idle rumour.

Cor. Will you dissemble? sure you
do not well

To fright me thus: you never look thus
pale,

But when you are most angry. I do
charge you,

Upon my blessing; nay I'll call the Duke,
And he shall school you.

Mar. Publish not a fear,
Which would convert to laughter: 'tis
not so.

Was not this crucifix my father's?

Cor. Yes.

Mar. I have heard you say, giving my
brother suck,
He took the crucifix between his hands,
And broke a limb off.

Gor. Yes; but 'tis mended.

FLAMINEO enters.

Fla. I have brought your weapon back.

[FLAMINEO runs MARCELLO through.

Cor. Ha, oh my horror!

Mar. You have brought it home, in-
deed.

Cor. Help, oh he's murder'd!

Fla. Do you turn your gall up? I'll
to sanctuary,
And send a surgeon to you.

[Exit Flam.

HORTENSIVS (an Officer) enters.

Hor. How, o' th' ground?

Mar. O mother, now remember what
I told
Of breaking off the crucifix. Farewell.
There are some sins, which heaven doth
duly punish

In a whole family. This it is to rise
By all dishonest means. Let all men
know,

That tree shall long time keep a steady
foot,

Whose branches spread no wider than
the root.

Cor. O my perpetual sorrow!

Hor. Virtuous Marcello!
He's dead. Pray leave him, lady: come,
you shall.

Cor. Alas! he is not dead; he's in
a trance

Why, here's no body shall get any thing
by his death.

Let me call him again, for God's sake!

Hor. I would you were deceived.

Cor. O you abuse me, you abuse me,
you abuse me!

How many have gone away thus, for
lack of 'tendance!

Rear up's head, rear up's head; his
bleeding inward will kill him.

Hor. You see he is departed.

Cor. Let me come to him; give me
him as he is; if he be turn'd
to earth, let me but give him
one hearty kiss, and you shall
put us both into one coffin.
Fetch a looking-glass, see if
his breath will not stain it;
or pull out some feathers from
my pillow, and lay them to
his lips: will you lose him for
a little pains taking?

Hor. Your kindest office is to pray
for him.

Cor. Alas! I would not pray for him
yet. He may live to lay me
i' th' ground, and pray for me,
if you'll let me come to him.

The Duke enters with FLAMINEO, and Page.

Bra. Was this your handy-work?

Fla. It was my misfortune.

Cor. He lies, he lies; he did not kill
him: these have kill'd him, that
would not let him be better
look'd to.

Bra. Have comfort, my griev'd mother.

Cor. O yon' screech-owl!

Hor. Forbear, good Madam.

Cor. Let me go, let me go.

*[She runs to FLAAMINEO with her knife drawn,
and coming to him, lets it fall.]*

The God of heaven forgive thee. Dost
not wonder

I pray for thee? I'll tell thee what 's
the reason:

I have scarce breath to number twenty
minutes;

I'd not spend that in cursing. Fare
thee well:

Half of thyself lies there: and may'st
thou live

To fill an hour-glass with his moulder'd
ashes,

To tell how thou should'st spend the
time to come

In blest repentance.

Bra. Mother, pray tell me
How came he by his death? what was
the quarrel?

Cor. Indeed, my younger boy presum'd
too much

Upon his manhood, gave him bitter
words,

Drew his sword first; and so, I know
not how,

For I was out of my wits, he fell with
's head

Just in my bosom.

Page. This is not true Madam.

Cor. I pr'ythee peace.
One arrow 's graz'd already: it were vain
To lose this, for that will ne'er be found
again.

* * * *

THE BROKEN HEART.

A TRAGEDY. By JOHN FORD.

ITHOCLES loves CALANTHA, Princess of Sparta;
and would have his sister PENTHEA plead for
him with the Princess. She objects to him her own
wretched condition, made miserable by a Match,
into which he forced her with BASSANES, when
she was precontracted by her dead Father's Will,
and by inclination, to ORGILUS; but at last she
consents.

ITHOCLES. PENTHEA.

Ith. Sit nearer, sister to me, nearer
yet;

We had one father, in one womb took
life,

Were brought up twins together, yet
have liv'd

At distance like two strangers. I could
wish,

That the first pillow whereon I was
cradled

Had prov'd to me a grave.

Pen. You had been happy:
Then had you never known that sin of
life

Which blots all following glories with
a vengeance;

For forfeiting the last will of the dead,
From whom you had your being.

Ith. Sad Penthea,
Thou canst not be too cruel; my rash
spleen

Hath with a violent hand pluck'd from
thy bosom

A lover-blest heart, to grind it into dust;
For which mine 's now a breaking.

Pen. Not yet, heaven,
I do beseech thee: first let some wild fires
Scorch, not consume it; may the heat
be cherish'd

With desires infinite but hopes impossible.

Ith. Wrong'd soul, thy prayers are heard.

Pen. Here, lo, I breathe,
A miserable creature, led to ruin
By an unnatural brother.

Ith. I consume
In languishing affections for that trespass,

Yet cannot die.

Pen. The handmaid to the wages,
The untroubled of country toil, drinks
streams,

With leaping kids, and with the bleating lambs,
And so allays her thirst secure; while I
Quench my hot sighs with fleetings of
my tears.

Ith. The labourer doth eat his coarsest bread,
Earn'd with his sweat, and lies him
down to sleep;

While every bit I touch turns in digestion
To gall, as bitter as Penthea's curse.
Put me to any penance for my tyranny,
And I will call thee merciful.

Pen. Pray kill me;
Rid me from living with a jealous husband;

Then we will join in friendship, be again
Brother and sister —

Ith. After my victories abroad, at home
I meet despair; ingratitude of nature
Hath made my actions monstrous: Thou
shalt stand

A deity, my sister, and be worshipp'd
For thy resolved martyrdom; wrong'd
maids

And married wives shall to thy hallow'd
shrine

Offer their orisons, and sacrifice
Pure turtles crown'd with mirtle, if thy
pity

Unto a yielding brother's pressure lend
One finger but to ease it.

Pen. O no more.

Ith. Death waits to waft me to the
Stygian banks,
And free me from this chaos of my
bondage;

And till thou wilt forgive, I must endure.

Pen. Who is the saint you serve?

Ith. Friendship, or nearness
Of birth, to any but my sister, durst not
Have mov'd that question: as a secret,
sister,

I dare not murmur to myself.

Pen. Let me,
By your new protestations I conjure ye,
Partake her name.

Ith. Her name — 'tis — 'tis — I dare
not —

Pen. All your respects are forg'd.

Ith. They are not — Peace. —
Calantha is the princess, the king's
daughter,

Sole heir of Sparta. Me most miserable,
Do I now love thee? For my injuries,
Revenge thyself with bravery, and gossip
My treasons to the king's ears. Do; Calantha

Knows it not yet, nor Prophilus my
nearest.

Pen. Suppose you were contracted to
her, would it not

Split even your very soul to see her father
Snatch her out of your arms against
her will,

And force her on the Prince of Argos?

Ith. Trouble not
The fountains of mine eyes with thine
own story:

I sweat in blood for 't.

Pen. We are reconciled.
Alas, Sir, being children, but two
branches

Of one stock, 'tis not fit we should
divide.

Have comfort, you may find it.

Ith. Yes, in thee.
Only in thee, Penthea mine.

Pen. If sorrows
Have not too much dull'd my infected
brain,

I'll cheer invention for an active strain.—

PENTHEA recommends her Brother as a dying
bequest to the Princess.

CALANTHA. PENTHEA.

Cal. Being alone, Penthea, you have
granted

The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.

Pen. 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even
in death for.

My glass of life, sweet princess, hath
few minutes

Remaining to run down; the sands are
spent:

For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and
certain.

Cal. You feed too much your melancholy.

Pen. Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing
dreams,

And shadows soon decaying: on the
stage

Of my mortality my youth hath acted

Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length;
By varied pleasures sweet'ned in the mixture,
But tragical in issue.

Cal. Contemn not your condition, for the proof
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts?

Pen. To place before ye
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.

Cal. Indeed
You have no little cause; yet none so great,
As to distrust a remedy.

Pen. That remedy
Must be a winding sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod on corner in the earth.
Not to detain your expectation, Princess;

I have an humble suit.

Cal. Speak, and enjoy it.

Pen. Vouchsafe then to be my Executrix;
And take that trouble on ye, to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath impartially:
I have not much to give, the pains are easy;

Heaven will reward your piety and thank it,
When I am dead; for sure I must not live;

I hope I cannot.

Cal. Now beshrew thy sadness;
Thou turnst me too much woman.

Pen. Her fair eyes
Melt into passion: then I have assurance

Encouraging my boldness. In this paper
My will was character'd; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.

Cal. Talk on, prithee;
It is a pretty earnest.

Pen. I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is

My youth; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.

Cal. To whom that?

Pen. To virgin wives; such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds, for ties of love
Rather than ranging of their blood: and next,
To married maids; such as prefer the number

Of honorable issue in their virtues,
Before the flattery of delights by marriage;
May those be ever young.

Cal. A second jewel
You mean to part with?

Pen. 'Tis my fame; I trust,
By scandal yet untouch'd: this I bequeath
To Memory and Time's old daughter,
Truth.

If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fall'n to dust, may it deserve

Beseeming charity without dishonour.

Cal. How handsomely thou play'st
with harmless sport

Of mere imagination! Speak the last.
I strangely like thy will.

Pen. This jewel, Madam,
Is dearly precious to me; you must use
The best of your discretion, to employ
This gift as I intend it.

Cal. Do not doubt me.

Pen. 'Tis long ago, since first I lost
my heart;
Long I have liv'd without it: but in stead

Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vow'd,
I do bequeath in holiest rites of love
Mine only brother Ithocles.

Cal. What saidst thou?

Pen. Impute not, heav'n-blest lady, to
ambition,

A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it:
Look on him, Princess, with an eye of
pity;

How like the ghost of what he late appear'd

He moves before you.

Cal. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly?

Pen. First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorch'd by your
disdain,

Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks, but with low-bent
thoughts

Accusing such presumption: as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service;
Yet this lost creature loves you. Be a
Princess

In sweetness as in blood; give him his
doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.

Cal. What new change
Appears in my behaviour, that thou
darest

Tempt my displeasure?

Pen. I must leave the world,
To revel in Elysium; and 'tis just

To wish my brother some advantage here.
 Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
 Of this pursuit. But if you please to
 kill him,
 Lend him one angry look, or one harsh
 word,
 And you shall soon conclude how strong
 a power
 Your absolute authority holds over
 His life and end.

Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
 How still I have a father.

Pen. But remember
 I am sister: though to me this brother
 Hath been, you know, unkind, O most
 unkind.

Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are
 ye? — Lady,
 Your check lies in my silence.—

While CALANTHA, (Princess of Sparta) is celebrating the Nuptials of PROPHILUS and EUPHRANEIA at Court with Music and Dancing, one enters to inform her that the King her Father, is Dead; a second brings the News that PENTHEA (Sister to ITHOCLES) is Starved; and a third comes to tell that ITHOCLES himself (to whom the Princess is contracted) is cruelly murdered.

CALANTHA. PROPHILUS. EUPHRANEIA. NEARCHUS. CROTOLON. CHRISTALLA. PHILEMA, and others.

Cal. We miss our servant Ithocles,
 and Orgilus;
 On whom attend they?

Crot. My son, gracious princess,
 Whisper'd some new device, to which
 these revels
 Should be but usher: wherein, I conceive,
 Lord Ithocles and he himself are actors.

Cal. A fair excuse for absence: as for
 Bassanes,
 Delights to him are troublesome; Armostes
 Is with the King.

Crot. He is.

Cal. On to the dance:
(To Nearchus). Dear cousin, hand you
 the bride; the bridegroom
 must be
 Intrusted to my courtship: be not jealous,
 Euphranea; I shall scarcely prove a temptress.
 Fall to our dance.

They Dance the first Change, during which ARMOSTES enters.

Arm. The King your Father's dead.

Cal. To the other change.

Arm. Is it possible?

They Dance again: BASSANES enters.

Bass. O Madam,
 Penthea, poor Penthea's starv'd.

Cal. Beshrew thee. —
 Lead to the next.

Bass. Amazement dulls my senses.

They Dance again: ORGILUS enters.

Org. Brave Ithocles is murder'd, murder'd cruelly.

Cal. How dull this music sounds!
 Strike up more sprightly:
 Our footings are not active like our heart,
 Which treads the nimbler measure,

Org. I am thunder-struck.

They Dance the last Change. The Music ceases.

Cal. So, let us breathe awhile: hath
 not this motion
 Rais'd fresher colour on your cheeks?
[To Nearchus.]

Near. Sweet Princess,
 A perfect purity of blood enamels
 The beauty of your white.

Cal. We all look chearfully:
 And, cousin, 'tis methinks a rare presumption
 In any, who prefers our lawful pleasures

Before their own sour censure, to interrupt
 The custom of this ceremony bluntly.

Near. None dares, Lady.

Cal. Yes, yes; some hollow voice deliver'd to me
 How that the King was dead.

Arm. The King is dead:
 That fatal news was mine; for in mine arms
 He breath'd his last, and with his crown
 bequeath'd you
 Your Mother's wedding ring, which here
 I tender.

Crot. Most strange.

Cal. Peace crown his ashes: we are
 Queen then.

Near. Long live Calantha, Sparta's
 sovereign Queen.

All. Long live the Queen.

Cal. What whisper'd Bassanes?

Bass. That my Penthea, miserable soul,
 Was starv'd to death.

Cal. She's happy; she hath finish'd
 A long and painful progress. — A third
 murmur

Pierc'd mine unwilling ears.

Org. That Ithocles
 Was murder'd.

Cal. By whose hand?

Org. By mine: this weapon
 Was instrument to my revenge. The
 reasons

Are just and known. Quit him of these
and then

Never liv'd gentleman of greater merit,
Hope, or abiliment to steer a kingdom.

Cal. We begin our reign
With a first act of justice: thy confession,

Unhappy Orgilus, dooms thee a sentence;
But yet thy father's or thy sister's presence

Shall be excus'd: give, Crotolon, a blessing

To thy lost son; Euphranea, take a
farewell:

And both begone.

(*To Orgilus.*) Bloody relater of thy stains
in blood;

For that thou hast reported him (whose
fortunes

And life by thee are both at once snatch'd
from him)

With honorable mention, make thy choice
Of what death likes thee best; there's
all our bounty.

But to excuse delays, let me, dear cousin,
Intreat you and these lords see execution
Instant, before ye part.

Near. Your will commands us.

Org. One suit, just Queen; my last.
Vouchsafe your clemency,
That by no common hand I be divided
From this my humble frailty.

Cal. To their wisdoms,
Who are to be spectators of thine end,
I make the reference. Those that are
dead,

Are dead; had they not now died, of
necessity

They must have paid the debt they owed
to nature

One time or other. Use dispatch, my
lords. —

We 'll suddenly prepare our Coronation.

[*Exit.*

Arm. 'Tis strange these tragedies should
never touch on

Her female pity.

Bass. She has a masculine spirit. —

*The Coronation of the Princess takes place after the
execution of ORGILUS. — She enters the Temple,
dressed in White, having a Crown on her Head.
She kneels at the Altar. The dead Body of ITHO-
CLES (whom she should have married) is borne
on a Hearse, in rich Robes, having a Crown on
his Head; and placed by the side of the Altar,
where she kneels, Her devotions ended, she rises. —*

CALANTHA. NEARCHUS. PROPHILUS. CRO-
TOLON. BASSANES. ARMOSTES. EUPHRA-
NEA. AMELUS. CHRISTALLA. PHILEMA,
and others.

Cal. Our orisons are heard, the gods
are merciful.

Now tell me, you, whose loyalties pay
tribute

To us your lawful sovereign, how un-
skilful

Your duties, or obedience is, to render
Subjection to the sceptre of a virgin;
Who have been ever fortunate in princes
Of masculine and stirring composition.
A woman has enough to govern wisely
Her own demeanours, passions, and di-
visions.

A nation warlike, and inured to practice
Of policy and labour, cannot brook
A feminine authority: we therefore
Command your counsel, how you may
advise us

In choosing of a husband, whose abi-
lities

Can better guide this kingdom.

Near. Royal Lady,
Your law is in your will.

Arm. We have seen tokens
Of constancy too lately to mistrust it.

Crot. Yet if your Highness settle on
a choice

By your own judgment both allow'd and
liked of,

Sparta may grow in power and proceed
To an increasing height.

Cal. Cousin of Argos.

Near. Madam.

Cal. Were I presently
To choose you for my Lord, I 'll open
freely

What articles I would propose to treat on,
Before our marriage.

Near. Name them, virtuous Lady.

Cal. I would presume you would re-
tain the royalty

Of Sparta in her own bounds: then in
Argos

Armotes might be viceroy; in Messene
Might Crotolon bear sway; and Bassanes
Be Sparta's marshall:

The multitudes of high employments
could not

But set a peace to private griefs. These
gentlemen,

Groneas and Lemophil, with worthy
pensions,

Should wait upon your person in your
chamber.

I would bestow Christalla on Amelus;
She'll prove a constant wife: and Phi-
lema

Should into Vesta's Temple.

Bass. This is a testament;
It sounds not like conditions on a mar-
riage.

Near. All this should be perform'd.

Cal. Lastly, for Prophilus,
He should be (cousin) solemnly invested

In all those honors, titles, and prefer-
ments,
Which his dear friend and my neglec-
ted husband
Too short a time enjoy'd.

Proph. I am unworthy
To live in your remembrance.

Euph. Excellent Lady.

Near. Madam, what means that word,
neglected husband?

Cal. Forgive me: Now I turn to thee,
thou shadow

[To the dead Body of ITHOCLES.

Of my contracted Lord: bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding ring upon
His finger; 'twas my father's last be-
quest:

Thus I new marry him, whose wife I
am;

Death shall not separate us. O my lords,

I but deceiv'd your eyes with antick
gesture,

When one news straight came huddling
on another,

Of death, and death, and death, still I
danc'd forward;

But it struck home, and here, and in
an instant.

Be such mere women, who with shrieks
and outcries

Can vow a present end to all their sor-
rows:

Yet live to vow new pleasures, and out-
live them.

They are the silent griefs which cut the
heart-strings:

Let me die smiling.

Near. 'Tis a truth too ominous.

Cal. One kiss on these cold lips; my
last. Crack, crack.

Argos now 's Sparta's King. [Dies.

VOLPONE, OR THE FOX.

A COMEDY. By BEN JONSON.

VOLPONE, a rich Venetian nobleman, who is with-
out children, feigns himself to be dying, to draw
gifts from such as pay their court to him in the
expectation of becoming his heirs. MOSCA, his
knaveish confederate, persuades each of these men
in turn, that he is named for the inheritance, and
by this means extracts from their credulity many
costly presents.

VOLPONE, as on his death-bed. MOSCA. COR-
BACCIO, an old gentleman.

Mos. Signior Corbaccio,
You are very welcome, sir.

Corb. How does your patron?

Mos. Troth, as he did, sir, no amends.

Corb. What? mends he?

Mos. No, sir, he is rather worse.

Corb. That 's well. Where is he?

Mos. Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n
asleep.

Corb. Does he sleep well?

Mos. No wink, sir, all this night,
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.

Corb. Good! he shall take
Some counsel of physicians: I have
brought him

An opiate here, from mine own doctor —

Mos. He will not hear of drugs.

Corb. Why? I myself
Stood by, while 'twas made; saw all
th' ingredients;
And know it cannot but most gently
work.

My life for his, 'tis but to make him
sleep.

Volp. Ay, his last sleep if he would
take it.

Mos. Sir,

He has no faith in physic.

Corb. Say you, say you?

Mos. He has no faith in physic: he
does think,

Most of your doctors are the greater
danger,

A worst disease, t' escape. I often have
Heard him protest, that your physician
Should never be his heir.

Corb. Not I his heir.

Mos. Not your physician, sir.

Corb. O, no, no, no,
I do not mean it.

Mos. No, sir, nor their fees
He cannot brook: he says they flay a
man,

Before they kill him.

Corb. Right, I do conceive you.

Mos. And then, they do it by expe-
riment;

For which the law not only doth absolve
'em,

But gives them great reward; and he
is loth

To hire his death so.

Corb. It is true, they kill,
With as much licence as a Judge.

Mos. Nay, more;
For he but kills, sir, where the law
condemns,

And these can kill him too.

Corb. Ay, or me;
Or any man. How does his apoplex?
Is that strong on him still?

Mos. Most violent.
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawn longer than 'twas wont. —
Corb. How? how?
Stronger than he was wont?
Mos. No, sir: his face
Drawn longer than 'twas wont.
Corb. O, good.
Mos. His mouth
Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.
Corb. Good.
Mos. A freezing numbness stiffens all
his joints,
And makes the colour of his flesh like
lead.
Corb. 'Tis good.
Mos. His pulse beats slow, and dull.
Corb. Good symptoms still.
Mos. And from his brain —
Corb. Ha? how? not from his brain?
Mos. Yes, sir, and from his brain —
Corb. I conceive you, good.
Mos. Flows a cold sweat, with a con-
tinual rheum
Forth the resolved corners of his eyes.
Corb. Is 't possible? yet I am better,
ha!
How does he with the swimming of his
head?
Mos. O, sir, 'tis past the scotomy; he
now
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to
snort:
You hardly can perceive him that he
breathes.
Corb. Excellent, excellent, sure I shall
outlast him:
This makes me young again a score of
years.
Mos. I was a coming for you, sir.
Corb. Has he made his will?
What has he giv'n me?
Mos. No, sir.
Corb. Nothing? ha?
Mos. He has not made his will, sir.
Corb. Oh, oh, oh.
What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here?
Mos. He smelt a carcase, sir, when
he but heard
My master was about his testament;
As I did urge him to it for your good —
Corb. He came unto him, did he? I
thought so.
Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece
of plate.
Corb. To be his heir?
Mos. I do not know, sir.
Corb. True,
I know it too.

Mos. By your own scale, sir.
Corb. Well, I shall prevent him yet.
See Mosca, look
Here I have brought a bag of bright
cecchines,
Will quite weigh down his plate.
Mos. Yea marry, sir,
This is true physic, this your sacred
medicine;
No talk of opiates, to this great elixir.
Corb. Tis aurum palpabile, if not po-
table.
Mos. It shall be minister'd to him in
his bowl?
Corb. Ay, do, do, do.
Mos. Most blessed cordial.
This will recover him.
Corb. Yes, do, do, do.
Mos. I think it were not best, sir.
Corb. What?
Mos. To recover him.
Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means.
Mos. Why, sir, this
Will work some strange effect if he but
feel it.
Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear, I'll
take my venture;
Give me 't again.
Mos. At no hand; pardon me
You shall not do yourself that wrong,
sir. I
Will so advise you, you shall have it all.
Corb. How?
Mos. All sir, 'tis your right, your
own; no man
Can claim a part; 'tis yours without a
rival,
Decreed by destiny.
Corb. How? how, good Mosca?
Mos. I'll tell you, sir. This fit he
shall recover.
Corb. I do conceive you.
Mos. And on first advantage
Of his gain'd sense, will I re-importune
him
Unto the making of his testament:
And shew him this.
Corb. Good, good.
Mos. 'Tis better yet,
If you will hear, sir.
Corb. Yes, with all my heart.
Mos. Now would I counsel you, make
home with speed;
There frame a will; whereto you shall
inscribe
My master your sole heir.
Corb. And disinherit
My son?

Mos. O sir, the better; for that colour
Shall make it much more taking.
Corb. O, but colour?
Mos. This will, sir, you shall send it
unto me.
Now, when I come to inforce (as I will
do)
Your cares, your watchings, and your
many prayers,
Your more than many gifts, your this
day's present,
And last produce your will; where (with-
out thought,
Or least regard unto your proper issue,
A son so brave, and highly meriting)
The stream of your diverted love hath
thrown you
Upon my master, and made him your
heir:
He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,
But out of conscience, and mere gra-
titude —
Corb. He must pronounce me his?
Mos. 'Tis true.
Corb. This plot
Did I think on before.
Mos. I do believe it.
Corb. Do you not believe it?
Mos. Yes, sir.
Corb. Mine own project.
Mos. Which when he hath done, sir —
Corb. Published me his heir?
Mos. And you so certain to survive
him —
Corb. Ay.
Mos. Being so lusty a man —
Corb. 'Tis true.
Mos. Yes, sir —
Corb. I thought on that too. See how
he should be
The very organ to express my thoughts!
Mos. You have not only done your-
self a good —
Corb. But multiplied it on my son.
Mos. 'Tis right, sir.
Corb. Still my invention.
Mos. 'Las, sir, heaven knows,
It hath been all my study, all my care
(I e'en grow grey with all) how to work
things —
Corb. I do conceive, sweet Mosca.
Mos. You are he,
For whom I labour, here.
Corb. Ay, do, do, do:
I 'll straight about it.
Mos. Rook go with you, raven.
Corb. I know thee honest.
Mos. You do lie, sir —
Corb. And —
Mos. Your knowledge is no better
than your ears, sir.

Corb. What say'st thou?
Mos. I do desire your worship to make
haste, sir.
Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done, I go,
Volp. O, I shall burst;
Let out my sides, let out my sides —
Mos. Contain
Your flux of laughter, sir: you know
this hope
Is such a bait it covers any hook.
[*Exit.*
Volp. O, but thy working, and thy
placing it!
I cannot hold: good rascal, let me kiss
thee:
I never knew thee in so rare a humour.
Mos. Alas, sir, I but do, as I am taught;
Follow your grave instructions; give 'em
words:
Pour oil into their ears: and send them
hence.
Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare
punishment
Is avarice to itself!
Mos. Ay, with our help, sir. [dies,
Volp. So many cares, so many mala-
So many fears attending on old age,
Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish
Can be more frequent with 'em, their
limbs faint,
Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing,
going,
All dead before them; yea their very
teeth,
Their instruments of eating, failing them:
Yet this is reckon'd life! Nay here was
one,
Is now gone home, that wishes to live
longer!
Feels not his gout, not palsy, feigns
himself [age,
Younger by scores of years, flatters his
With confident belying it, hopes he may
With charms, like Æson, have his youth
restored:
And with these thoughts so battens, as
if Fate
Would be as easily cheated on as he:
And all turns air! Who 's that there,
now? a third?
[*Another knocks.*
Mos. Close to your couch again: I
hear his voice.
It is Corvino, our spruce merchant.
Volp. Dead.
Mos. Another bout, sir, with your eyes.
Who 's there?

CORVINO, a Merchant, enters.

Mos. Signior Corvino! come most wisht
for! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it now!

Corv. Why? what? wherein?
Mos. The tardy hour is come, sir.
Corv. He is not dead?
Mos. Not dead, sir, but as good;
 He knows no man.
Corv. How shall I do then?
Mos. Why, sir?
Corv. I have brought him here a pearl.
Mos. Perhaps he has
 So much remembrance left, as to know
 you, sir:
 He still calls on you: nothing but your
 name
 Is in his mouth: is your pearl orient,
 sir?
Corv. Venice was never owner of the
 like.
Mos. Signior Corvino.
Corv. He calls you, step and give it
 him. He's here, sir,
 And he has brought you a rich pearl.
Mos. How do you, sir?
 Tell him it doubles the twelfth caract.
Mos. Sir,
 He cannot understand, his hearing's
 gone:
 And yet it comforts him to see you —
Corv. Say,
 I have a diamond for him too.
Mos. Best shew't, sir,
 Put it into his hand; 'tis only there
 He apprehends: he has his feeling yet.
 See how he grasps it!
Corv. 'Las, good gentleman!
 How pitiful the sight is!
Mos. Tut, forget, sir.
 The weeping of an heir should still be
 laughter,
 Under a visor.
Corv. Why, am I his heir?
Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not shew
 the will,
 Till he be dead: but, here has been Cor-
 baccio, [too,
 Here has been Voltore, here were others
 I cannot number 'm, they were so many,
 All gaping here for legacies; but I,
 Taking the vantage of his naming you,
 (Signior Corvino, Signior Corvino) took
 Paper, and pen, and ink, and there I
 ask'd him,
 Whom he would have his heir? Corvino.
 Who
 Should be executor? Corvino. And
 To any question he was silent to,
 I still interpreted the nods, he made
 Through weakness, for consent: and sent
 home the others,
 Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry,
 and curse.
Corv. O, my dear Mosca. Does he not
 perceive us?

Mos. No more than a blind harper.
 He knows no man,
 No face of friend, nor name of any ser-
 vant,
 Who 't was that fed him last, or gave
 him drink;
 Not those he hath begotten, or brought
 up,
 Can he remember.
Corv. Has he children?
Mos. Bastards,
 Some dozen, or more, that he begot on
 beggars,
 Gypsies, and Jews, and black-moors,
 when he was drunk:
 Knew you not that, sir? 'Tis the com-
 mon fable,
 The dwarf, the fool, the eunuch, are all
 his:
 He's the true father of his family,
 In all, save me: but he has given 'em
 nothing.
Corv. That's well, that's well. Art
 sure he does not hear us?
Mos. Sure, sir? why look you, credit
 your own sense.
 The pox approach, and add to your dis-
 eases,
 If it would send you hence the sooner,
 sir,
 For your incontinence, it hath deserv'd it
 Thoroughly, and thoroughly, and the plague
 to boot.
 (You may come near, sir.) Would you
 would once close
 Those filthy eyes of your's that flow with
 slime,
 Like two frog-pits: and those same hang-
 ing cheeks,
 Cover'd with hide, instead of skin: (nay
 help, sir)
 That look like frozen dish-clouts set
 on end.
Corv. Or, like an old smok'd wall,
 on which the rain
 Ran down in streaks.
Mos. Excellent, sir, speak out;
 You may be louder yet: a culvering
 Discharged in his ear, would hardly
 bore it.
Corv. His nose is like a common
 sewer, still running.
Mos. 'Tis good; and what his mouth?
Corv. A very draught.
Mos. O, stop it up —
Corv. By no means.
Mos. Pray you let me.
 Faith I could stifle him rarely with a
 pillow,
 As well as any woman that should keep
 him.
Corv. Do as you will, but I'll begone.

Mos. Be so;
 It is your presence makes him last so long.
Corv. I pray you use no violence.
Mos. No, sir, why?
 Why should you be thus scrupulous?
 'Pray you, sir.
Corv. Nay, at your discretion.
Mos. Well, good sir, be gone.
Corv. I will not trouble him now, to take my pearl.
Mos. Puh, nor your diamond. What a needless care

Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?
 Am not I here, whom you have made your creature,
 That owe my being to you?
Corv. Grateful Mosca!
 Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,
 My partner, and shall share in all my fortunes. [*Exit.*
Volp. My divine Mosca!
 Thou hast to-day out gone thyself.

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

By FRANCIS BEAUMONT, and JOHN FLETCHER.

AMINTOR, a noble Gentleman, promises marriage to ASPATIA, and forsakes her by the King's command to wed EVADNE. — The grief of ASPATIA at being forsaken, described.

This lady
 Walks discontented, with her watry eyes
 Bent on the earth: the unfrequented woods
 Are her delight; and when she sees a bank
 Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh
 Will tell
 Her servants what a pretty place it were
 To bury lovers in; and make her maids
 Pluck 'em, and strew her over like a corse.
 She carries with her an infectious grief
 That strikes all her beholders, she will sing
 The mournfull'st things that ever ear
 have heard,
 And sigh, and sing again; and when
 the rest
 Of our young ladies in their wanton blood,
 Tell mirthful tales in course that fill
 the room
 With laughter, she will with so sad a look
 Bring forth a story of the silent death
 Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
 Will put in such a phrase, that, ere she end,
 She'll send them weeping one by one
 away. —

The marriage-night of AMINTOR and EVADNE.

EVADNE. ASPATIA. DULA, and other Ladies.

Evad. Would thou could'st instill
 [To Dula
 Some of thy mirth into Aspatia.
Asp. It were a timeless smile should
 prove my cheek;

It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
 When at the altar the religious priest
 Were pacifying the offended powers
 With sacrifice, than now. This should
 have been
 My night, and all your hands have been
 employ'd
 In giving me a spotless offering
 To young Amintor's bed, as we are now
 For you: pardon, Evadne, would my worth
 Were great as your's, or that the King,
 or he,
 Or both thought so; perhaps he found
 me worthless,
 But till he did so, in these ears of mine
 (These credulous ears) he pour'd the
 sweetest words
 That art or love could frame.
Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.
Asp. Would I could, then should I
 leave the cause.
*Lay a garland on my hearse of the
 dismal yew.*
Evad. That's one of your sad songs,
 madam.
Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty
 one.
Evad. How is it, madam?
Asp. Lay a garland on my hearse
 of the dismal yew;
 Maidens, willow branches bear; say I
 died true:
 My love was false, but I was firm from
 my hour of birth;
 Upon my buried body lay lightly gentle
 earth.
 Madam, good night; — may no dis-
 content
 Grow 'twixt your love and you; but if
 there do,
 Enquire of me, and I will guide your
 moan,

Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love
your lord

No worse than I; but if you love so well,
Alas, you may displease him, so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on
me:

Ladies farewell; as soon as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about
my hearse;

Bring each a mournful story and a tear
To offer at it when I go to earth:

With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round,
Write on my brow my fortune, let my
bier

Be borne by virgins that shall sing by
course

The truth of maids and perjuries of men.

Evad. Alas, I pity thee.

[AMINTOR enters.]

Asp. Go and be happy in your lady's
love; [To AMINTOR]

May all the wrongs that you have done
to me,

Be utterly forgotten in my death.

I'll trouble you no more, yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied.
You'll come, my lord, and see the vir-
gins weep

When I am laid in earth, though you
yourself

Can know no pity: thus I wind myself
Into this willow garland, and am prouder,
That I was once your love (though now
refus'd)

Than to have had another true to me. —

*ASPATIA wills her Maidens to be sorrowful,
because she is so.*

ASPATIA. ANTIPHILA. OLYMPIAS.

Asp. Come, let's be sad my girls;
That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,
Shews a fine sorrow; mark, Antiphila,
Just such another was the nymph Oenone,
When Paris brought home Helen: now
a tear,

And then thou art a piece expressing
fully

The Carthage Queen, when from a cold
sea rock,

Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her
eyes

To the fair Trojan ships, and having
lost them,

Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear,
Antiphila.

What would this wench do, if she were
Aspatia?

Here she would stand, till some more
pitying god

Turn'd her to marble: 'tis enough, my
wench;

Shew me the piece of needle-work you
wrought.

Ant. Of Ariadne, madam?

Asp. Yes that piece.

This should be Theseus, h' as a cozen-
ing face;

You meant him for a man?

Ant. He was so, madam.

Asp. Why then 'tis well enough. Never
look back,

You have a full wind, and a false heart,
Theseus.

Does not the story say, his keel was
split,

Or his masts spent, or some kind rock
or other

Met with his vessel?

Ant. Not as I remember.

Asp. It should ha' been so: could the
gods know this,

And not of all their number raise a
storm?

But they are all as ill. This false smile
was well exprest,

Just such another caught me; you shall
not go so, Antiphila,

In this place work a quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship ploughing it, and then a
fear.

Do that fear to the life, wench.

Ant. 'Twill wrong the story.

Asp. 'Twill make the story, wrong'd
by wanton poets,

Live long and be believ'd; but where
's the lady?

Ant. There, Madam.

Asp. Fie, you have miss'd it here,
Antiphila,

You are much mistaken, wench;
These colours are not dull and pale
enough,

To shew a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was; do it by me,
Do it again by me the lost Aspatia,
And you shall find all true but the wild
island.

I stand upon the sea-beach now, and
think

Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown
with the wind,

Wild as that desert, and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken, do my face

(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila, strive to make
me look

Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees
about me,

Let them be dry and leaveless; let the
rocks

Groan with continual surges, and be-
hind me

Make all a desolation; look, look,
wenches,

A miserable life of this poor picture.

Olym. Dear madam!

Asp. I have done, sit down, and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes, that
point there;

Make a dull silence, till you feel a sud-
den sadness

Give us new souls. —

EVADNE implores forgiveness of *AMINTOR* for
marrying him while she was the King's Mistress.

Evad. O my lord.

Amin. How now!

Evad. My much abused lord!

[*Kneels.*

Amin. This cannot be.

Evad. I do not kneel to live, I dare
not hope it;

The wrongs I did are greater; look
upon me,

Though I appear with all my faults.

Amin. Stand up.

This is no new way to beget more sor-
row:

Heaven knows I have too many; do not
mock me;

Though I am tame and bred up with
my wrongs,

Which are my foster-brothers, I may
leap

Like a hand-wolf into my natural wil-
derness,

And do an outrage: pray thee do not
mock me.

Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it
infects

All my repentance: I would buy your
pardon

Though at the highest set, even with
my life.

That slight contrition, that 's no sa-
crifice

For what I have committed.

Amin. Sure I dazzle:

There cannot be a faith in that foul
woman,

That knows no god more mighty than
her mischiefs.

Thou dost still worse, still number on
thy faults,

To press my poor heart thus. Can I be-
lieve [man

There 's any seed of virtue in that wo-
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin

Known, and so known as thine is? O
Evadne!

Would there were any safety in thy sex,
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,

And credit thy repentance: but I must
not;

Thou hast brought me to the dull ca-
lamity,

To that strange misbelief of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only rememb'ring that I grieve.

Evad. My lord,

Give me your griefs: you are an in-
nocent,

A soul as white as heaven; let not my
sins

Perish your noble youth: I do not fall
here

To shadow by dissembling with my tears,
As all say women can, or to make less

What my hot will hath done, which
heaven and you

Knows to be tougher than the hand of
time

Can cut from man's remembrance; no
I do not;

I do appear the same, the same Evadne,
Drest in the shames I liv'd in, the same

monster.

But these are names of honour, to what
I am;

I do present myself the foulest creature,
Most poisonous, dangerous, and despis'd

of men,

Lerna e'er bred, or Nilus; I am hell,
Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light

into me,

The beams of your forgiveness: I am
soul-sick,

And wither with the fear of one con-
demn'd,

Till I have got your pardon.

Amin. Rise, Evadne.

Those heavenly powers that put this
good into thee,

Grant a continuance of it: I forgive
thee;

Make thyself worthy of it, and take
heed,

Take heed, Evadne, this be serious;

Mock not the powers above, that can
and dare

Give thee a great example of their justice
To all ensuing eyes, if thou play'st

With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

Evad. I have done nothing good to
win belief,

My life hath been so faithless; all the
creatures

Made for heaven's honours have their
ends, and good ones,

All but the cozening Crocodiles, false
women;

They reign here like those plagues, those
killing sores,

Men pray against; and when they die,
like tales

Ill told, and unbeliev'd, they pass away
 And go to dust forgotten: but, my lord,
 Those short days I shall number to my
 rest,
 (As many must not see me) shall, though
 too late,
 Though in my evening, yet perceive a
 will,
 Since I can do no good because a wo-
 man,
 Reach constantly at something that is
 near it;
 I will redeem one minute of my age,
 Or like another Niobe I'll weep
 Till I am water.

Amin. I am now dissolved:
 My frozen soul melts: may each sin thou
 hast,

Find a new mercy: rise, I am at peace:
 Had'st thou been thus, thus excellently
 good,
 Before that devil king tempted thy
 frailty,
 Sure thou had'st made a star: give me
 thy hand;
 From this time I will know thee, and
 as far
 As honour gives me leave, be thy Amin-
 tor:
 When we meet next, I will salute thee
 fairly,
 And pray the gods to give thee happy
 days:
 My charity shall go along with thee,
 Though my embraces must be far from
 thee. —

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

By JOHN FLETCHER.

CLORIN, a Shepherdess, watching by the Grave of
 her Lover, is found by a Satyr.

Clor. Hail holy earth, whose cold arms
 do embrace
 The truest man that ever fed his flocks
 By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly.
 Thus I salute thy grave, thus do I pay
 My early vows, and tribute of mine eyes,
 To thy still loved ashes; thus I free
 Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
 Of love: all sports, delights, and jolly
 games,
 That shepherds hold full dear, thus put
 I off.
 Now no more shall these smooth brows
 be begirt
 With youthful coronals, and lead the
 dance.
 No more the company of fresh fair maids
 And wanton shepherds be to me de-
 lightful:
 Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry
 pipes
 Under some shady dell, when the cool
 wind
 Plays on the leaves: all be far away,
 Since thou art far away, by whose dear
 side
 How often have I sate crown'd with fresh
 flowers
 For summer's queen, whilst every she-
 pherd's boy
 Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
 And hanging script of finest cordevan.
 But thou art gone, and these are gone
 with thee,
 And all are dead but thy dear memory:

That shall out-live thee, and shall ever
 spring,
 Whilst there are pipes, or jolly she-
 pherds sing.
 And here will I in honour of thy love,
 Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those
 joys
 That former times made precious to eyes,
 Only rememb'ring what my youth did
 gain
 In the dark hidden virtuous use of herbs.
 That will I practice, and as freely give
 All my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
 Of all green wounds I know the remedies
 In men or cattle, be they stung with
 snakes,
 Or charm'd with powerful words of
 wicked art;
 Or be they love-sick, or through too
 much heat
 Grown wild, or lunatic; their eyes, or
 ears,
 Thick'ned with misty film of dulling
 rheum:
 These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
 In herbs applied by a virgin's hand.
 My meat shall be what these wild woods
 afford,
 Berries and chestnuts, plantains, on
 whose cheeks
 The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
 Pull'd from the fair head of the straight-
 grown pine.
 On these I'll feed with free content and
 rest,
 When night shall blind the world, by
 thy side blest.

A Satyr enters.

Satyr. Thorough yon same bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods have I run,
Whose bottom never kist the sun.
Since the lusty spring began,
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit; for at a feast
He entertains this coming night
His paramour the Syrinx bright:
But behold a fairer sight!
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods, for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty,
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live: therefore on this mold
Lowly do I bend my knee
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits: and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells,
Fairer by the famous wells
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better, nor more true.
Here be grapes whose lusty blood
Is the learned poet's good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the squirrels teeth that crack them,
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them:
For these, black-eyed Driope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb.
See how well the lusty time
Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green,
These are of that luscious meat
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain, or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beeches shade.
I must go, I must run,
Swifter than the fiery sun. [*Exit.*]
Clor. And all my fears go with thee.

What greatness, or what private hidden power,
Is there in me to draw submission
From this rude man and beast? sure I am mortal;
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal; prick my hand
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
The selfsamewind that makes the young lambs shrink,
Makes me a-cold: my fear says I am mortal:
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me)
And now I do believe it, if I keep
My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair;
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires,
Or voices calling me in dead of night
To make me follow, and so tole me on
Through mire, and standing pools, to find my ruin.
Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself, and more misshapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there's a power
In that great name of Virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines. Then, strong Chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard; for here I'll dwell
In opposition against fate and hell. —

PERIGOT and AMORET appoint to meet at the Virtuous Well.

Peri. Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-brow'd maid,
Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
Equal with his soul's good.

Amo. Speak, I give
Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be still

The same it ever was, as free from ill,
As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city, be thou ever true.

Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my clean thoughts with ill desires,

First let our great God cease to keep
 my flocks,
 That being left alone without a guard,
 The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's
 great heat,
 And want of water, rots, or what to us
 Of ill is yet unknown, full speedily,
 And in their general ruin, let me feel.

Amo. I pray thee, gentle shepherd,
 wish not so:

I do believe thee, 'tis as hard for me
 To think thee false, and harder than
 for thee
 To hold me foul.

Peri. O you are fairer far
 Than the chaste blushing morn, or that
 fair star
 That guides the wand'ring sea-men
 through the deep,
 Straighter than straightest pine upon
 the steep
 Head of an aged mountain, and more
 white
 Than the new milk we strip before day-
 light
 From the full-freighted bags of our fair
 flocks.

Your hair more beautiful than those
 hanging locks
 Of young Apollo.

Amo. Shepherd, be not lost,
 Y' are sail'd too far already from the
 coast
 Of our discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once
 I should not love alone, I should not
 lose
 Those many passions, vows, and holy
 oaths,
 I've sent to heaven? did you not give
 your hand,
 Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do
 not then
 Give back again those sweets to other
 men,
 You yourself vow'd were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, so far as maiden's
 modesty
 May give assurance, I am once more
 thine.
 Once more I give my hand; be ever free
 From that great foe to faith, foul jea-
 lousy.

Peri. I take it as my best good; and
 desire,
 For stronger confirmation of our love,
 To meet this happy night in that fair
 grove,
 Where all true shepherds have rewar-
 ded been
 For their long service. Say, sweet, shall
 it hold?

Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame
 me if I make
 A doubt of what the silent night may
 do —
 Maids must be fearful.

Peri. O do not wrong my honest simple
 truth,
 Myself and my affections are as pure
 As those chaste flames that burn before
 the shrine
 Of the great Dian: only my intent
 To draw you thither, was to plight our
 troths,

With interchange of mutual chaste em-
 braces,

And ceremonious tying of ourselves.
 For to that holy wood is consecrate
 A Virtuous Well, about whose flowery
 banks

The nimble-footed fairies dance their
 rounds

By the pale moon-shine, dipping often-
 times

Their stolen children, so to make them
 free

From dying flesh, and dull mortality.
 By this fair fount hath many a shepherd
 sworn

And given away his freedom, many a
 chaste kiss given

In hope of coming happiness: by this
 Fresh fountain many a blushing maid
 Hath crown'd the head of her long loved
 shepherd

With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
 Lays of his love and dear captivity.
 There grow all herbs fit to cool looser
 flames

Our sensual parts provoke; chiding our
 bloods,

And quenching by their power those
 hidden sparks

That else would break out, and provoke
 our sense

To open fires — so virtuous is that
 place.

Then, gentle shepherdess, believe and
 grant;

In troth it fits not with that face to
 scant,

Your faithful shepherd of those chaste
 desires

He ever aim'd at.

Amo. Thou hast prevail'd; farewell;
 this coming night
 Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long
 wish'd delight. —

THENOT, admiring the constancy of CLORIN to
 her dead Lover, rejects the suit of CLOE.

Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee stay, where
 hast thou been,

Or whither go'st thou? Here be woods
 as green
 As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet,
 As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the
 fleet
 Face of the curled streams, with flowers
 as many
 As the young spring gives, and as choice
 as any.
 Here be all new delights, cool streams
 and wells,
 Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines, caves
 and dells;
 Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by
 and sing,
 Or gather rushes to make many a ring
 For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of
 love,
 How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
 First saw the boy Endymion, from whose
 eyes
 She took eternal fire that never dies;
 How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
 His temples bound with poppy, to the
 steep
 Head of old Latmus, where she stoops
 each night,
 Gilding the mountains with her brother's
 light,
 To kiss her sweetest.

The. Far from me are these
 Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and
 ease.
 I have forgot what love and loving
 meant;
 Rhimes, songs, and merry rounds, that
 oft are sent
 To the soft ears of maids, are strange
 to me;
 Only I live to admire a chastity,
 That neither pleasing age, smooth tongue,
 or gold,
 Could ever break upon, so pure a mold
 Is that her mind was cast in; 'tis to her
 I only am reserv'd; she is my form I
 stir
 By, breathe and move, 'tis she and only
 she
 Can make me happy, or give me misery.

Cloe. Good shepherd, may a stranger
 crave to know
 To whom this dear observance you do
 owe?

The. You may, and by her virtue learn
 to square
 And level out your life; for to be fair
 And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
 Of gaudy youth and swelling vanity.
 Then know, she 's call'd the Virgin of
 the Grove,
 She that hath long since buried her
 chaste love,

And now lives by his grave, for whose
 dear soul
 She hath vow'd herself into the holy roll
 Of strict virginity; 'tis her I so admire,
 Not any looser blood, or new desire. —

THENOT loves *CLORIN* yet fears to gain his suit.

Clor. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither
 to this place?
 No way is trodden; all the verdant grass
 The spring shot up, stands yet unbruised
 here
 Of any foot, only the dappled deer
 Far from the feared sound of crooked
 horn
 Dwells in this fastness.

The. Chaster than the morn,
 I have not wand'red, or by strong il-
 lusion
 Into this virtuous place have made in-
 trusion:
 But hither am I come (believe me, fair,)
 To seek you out, of whose great good
 the air
 Is full, and strongly labours, whilst the
 sound
 Breaks against heaven, and drives into
 a stound [can
 The amazed shepherd, that such virtue
 Be resident in lesser than a man.

Clor. If any art I have, or hidden
 skill,
 May cure thee of disease, or fester'd ill,
 Whose grief or greenness to another's eye
 May seem impossible of remedy,
 I dare yet undertake it.

The. 'Tis no pain
 I suffer through disease, no beating vein
 Conveys infection dangerous to the heart,
 No part imposthomed, to be cured by
 art,
 This body holds, and yet a feller grief
 Than ever skilful hand did give relief
 Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd
 by you,
 Fair beauteous virgin.

Clor. Then, shepherd, let me sue
 To know thy grief; that man yet never
 knew
 The way to health, that durst not shew
 his sore.

The. Then, fairest, know I love you.
Clor. Swain, no more.

Thou hast abused the strictness of this
 place,
 And offer'd sacrilegious foul disgrace
 To the sweet rest of these interred bones;
 For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
 Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
 Of death and speedy vengeance may not
 fright
 Thy very soul with horror.

The. Let me not
(Thou all perfection) merit such a blot
For my true zealous faith.

Clor. Darest thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide
And give her body up? for sure it will,
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
This hallow'd place; therefore repent
and go,
Whilst I with praise appease his ghost
below;
That else would tell thee, what it were
to be
A rival in that virtuous love that he
Embraces yet.

The. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek, that thus can
wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Though it be full and fair, your fore-
head high,
And smooth as Pelops' shoulder: not
the smile,
Lies watching in those dimples to be-
guile
The easy soul; your hands and fingers
long
With veins enamel'd richly; nor your
tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter than Arion's
harp;
Your hair, wove into many a curious
warp,
Able in endless error to enfold
The wand'ring soul; nor the true per-
fect mold
Of all your body, which as pure doth
shew
In maiden whiteness as the Alpsian snow:
All these, were but your constancy away,
Would please me less than a black stormy
day
The wretched seaman toiling through
the deep,
But whilst this honour'd strictness you
dare keep.
Though all the plagues that e'er be-
gotten were
In the great womb of air, were settled
here,
In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and
be free,
Even in the arm of danger.

Clor. Wouldst thou have
Me raise again (fond man) from silent
grave,
Those sparks that long ago were buried
here
With my dead friend's cold ashes?

The. Dearest dear,

I dare not ask it, nor you must not
grant.

Stand strongly to your vow, and do not
faint.

Remember how he lov'd ye; and be still
The same, opinion speaks ye; let not
will,

And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again; do not in-
vite

Desire and Fancy from their long exile,
To set them once more in a pleasing
smile.

Be like a rock made firmly up 'gainst all
The power of angry heaven, or the
strong fall

Of Neptune's battery; if ye yield, I die
To all affection: 'tis that loyalty,
Ye tie unto this grave, I so admire;
And yet there's something else I would
desire

If you would hear me, but withal deny.
O Pan, what an uncertain destiny
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire,
For if I longer stay, this double fire
Will lick my life up.

Clor. The gods give quick release
And happy cure unto thy hard disease.—

*The GOD of the RIVER rises with AMORET in
his arms, whom the sullen Shepherd has flung
wounded into his spring.*

River God. What powerful charms my
streams do bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force, that I their god,
Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks?
My fishes shoot into the banks,
There's not one that stays and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almost dead
Fal'n into my river head,
Hallow'd so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell.
'Tis a female young and clear,
Cast in by some ravisher.
See upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaister bound.
Yet she's warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat.
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure.
Take a drop into thy wound
From my watry locks, more round
Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure.
See she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid;
I must have this bleeding staid.
From my banks I pluck this flower

With holy hand, whose virtuous power
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber. Virgin, speak.

Amo. Who hath restored my sense,
given me new breath,
And brought me back out of the arms
of death?

River God. I have heal'd thy wounds.

Amo. Ah me!

River God. Fear not him that suc-
cour'd thee.

I am this fountain's god; below
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out;
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool streams shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I.
I will give thee for thy food,
No fish that useth in the mud,
But trout and pike that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen.
Orient pearl fit for a queen,
Will I give thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in.
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly.
And to make thee understand,
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble whilst I sing
Sweeter than the silver spring. [*Sings.*

*Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the rivers sweet:
Think not leach, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wadest in, make thee cry
And sob, but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee.*

Amo. Immortal power, that rulest this
holy flood;

I know myself unworthy to be woo'd
By thee, a god: for ere this, but for
thee,

I should have shown my weak mortality.
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am betroth'd unto a shepherd swain,
Whose comely face, I know, the gods
above

May make me leave to see, but not to
love.

River God. May he prove to thee as
true. —

Fairest virgin, now adieu,
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,
And beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their morning's watering:
Which I would not, for of late
All the neighbour people sate
On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old
Offer'd to my deity:
For which this year they shall be free
From raging floods, that as they pass
Leave their gravel in the grass:
Nor shall their meads be overflown,
When their grass is newly mown.

Amo. For thy kindness to me shown,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy streams to stop thy course:
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to damm thy brook:
Bare-foot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool streams, wife nor maid,
When the spawn on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry.

River God. Thanks, virgin, I must
down again,
Thy wound will put thee to no pain:
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone;
A holy hand was laid upon.

THE CITY MADAM.

A COMEDY, By PHILIP MASSINGER.

LUKE, from a state of indigence and dependence is
suddenly raised into immense affluence by a deed
of gift of the estates of his brother SIR JOHN
FRUGAL, a merchant, retired from the world.
He enters, from taking a survey of his new riches.

Luke. 'Twas no fantastic object but
a truth,
A real truth, no dream. I did not
slumber;

And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon 't! it did endure the touch,
I saw, and felt it. Yet what I beheld
And handled oft, did so transcend belief
(My wonder and astonishment pass'd
o'er)

I faintly could give credit to my senses.
Thou dumb magician, [*To the Key.*

That without a charm
 Didst make my entrance easy, to possess
 What wise men wish and toil for. Hermes'
 Moly;
 Sybilla's golden bough; the great elixir,
 Imagin'd only by the alchymist;
 Compar'd with thee, are shadows, thou
 the substance
 And guardian of felicity. No marvel,
 My brother made thy place of rest his
 bosom,
 Thou being the keeper of his heart, a
 mistress
 To be hugg'd ever. In by-corners of
 This sacred room, silver, in bags heap'd
 up,
 Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
 Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright
 gold,
 That flow'd about the room, conceal'd
 itself.
 There needs no artificial light, the splen-
 dour
 Makes a perpetual day there, night and
 darkness
 By that still-burning lamp for ever ba-
 nish'd.
 But when, guided by that, my eyes had
 made
 Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,
 Each sparkling diamond from itself shot
 forth
 A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
 Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the
 place
 Heaven's abstract, or epitome: Rubies,
 sapphires,
 And ropes of orient pearl, these seen,
 I could not
 But look on gold with contempt. And
 yet I found,
 What weak credulity could have no
 faith in,
 A treasure far exceeding these. Here lay
 A manor bound fast in a skin of parch-
 ment;
 The wax continuing hard, the acres
 melting.
 Here a sure deed of gift for a market
 town,
 If not redeem'd this day; which is not in
 The unthrift's power. There being scarce
 one shire
 In Wales or England, where my monies
 are not
 Lent out at usury, the certain hook
 To draw in more. —

*The extravagance of the City Madams aping court
 fashions reprehended.*

LUKE, having come into the possession of his bro-
 ther SIR JOHN FRUGAL'S estates. Lady, wife

to SIR JOHN FRUGAL, and two daughters, in
 homely attire.

Luke. Save you, sister;
 I now dare style you so. You were be-
 fore
 Too glorious to be look'd on: now you
 appear
 Like a city matron, and my pretty nieces
 Such things
 As they were born and bred there. Why
 should you ape
 The fashions of court ladies, whose high
 titles
 And pedigrees of long descent give war-
 rant
 For their superfluous bravery? 'twas
 monstrous.
 Till now you ne'er look'd lovely.

Lady. Is this spoken
 In scorn?

Luke. Fie, no; with judgment. I make
 good
 My promise, and now shew you like
 yourselves,
 In your own natural shapes.

Lady. We acknowledge
 We have deserv'd ill from you, yet des-
 pair not,
 Though we 're at your disposure, you
 'll maintain us
 Like your brother's wife and daughters.

Luke. 'Tis my purpose.

Lady. And not make us ridiculous.

Luke. Admir'd rather,
 As fair examples for our proud city
 dames
 And their proud brood to imitate. Hear
 Gently, and in gentle phrase I 'll re-
 prehend
 Your late disguis'd deformity.
 Your father was
 An honest country farmer, Goodman
 Humble,
 By his neighbours ne'er call'd master.
 Did your pride
 Descend from him? but let that pass.
 Your fortune,
 Or rather your husband's industry, ad-
 vanc'd you
 To the rank of merchant's wife. He,
 made a knight,
 And your sweet mistress-ship ladyfy'd,
 you wore
 Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,
 A velvet hood, rich borders, and some-
 times
 A dainty miniver cap, a silver pin
 Headed with a pearl worth threepence;
 and thus far
 You were privileg'd, and no man en-
 vied it:

It being for the city's honour that

There should be distinction between
 The wife of a patrician and a plebeian. —
 But when the height
 And dignity of London's blessings grew
 Contemptible, and the name lady
 mayoress
 Became a by-word, and you scorn'd the
 means
 By which you were rais'd (my brother's
 fond indulgence
 Giving the reins to 't) and no object
 pleas'd you
 But the glitt'ring pomp and bravery of
 the court;
 What a strange, nay monstrous meta-
 morphosis follow'd!
 No English workman then could please
 your fancy;
 The French and Tuscan dress, your whole
 discourse;
 This bawd to prodigality entertain'd,
 To buz into your ears, what shape this
 countess
 Appear'd in, the last mask; and how
 it drew
 The young lord's eyes upon her: and
 this usher
 Succeeded in the eldest 'prentice's place,
 To walk before you. Then, as I said,
 (The reverend hood cast off) your bor-
 row'd hair,
 Powder'd and curl'd, was by your dres-
 ser's art
 Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with dia-
 monds,
 And the richest orient pearl: your car-
 kanets,
 That did adorn your neck, of equal
 value;
 Your Hungerland bands, and Spanish
 Quellio ruffs:
 Great lords and ladies feasted, to survey

Embroider'd petticoats; and sickness
 feign'd,
 That your nightrails of forty pounds
 a-piece
 Might be seen with envy of the visi-
 tants:
 Rich pantables in ostentation shewn,
 And roses worth a family. You were
 serv'd
 In plate;
 Stirr'd not a foot without a coach; and
 going
 To church, not for devotion, but to
 shew
 Your pomp, you were tickled when the
 beggars cried:
 Heaven save your honour. This idolatry
 Paid to a painted room. And, when
 you lay
 In childbed, at the christening of this
 minx,
 I well remember it, as you had been
 An absolute princess (since they have
 no more)
 Three several chambers hung: the first
 with arras,
 And that for waiters; the second, crim-
 son satin,
 For the meaner sort of guests; the third
 of scarlet
 Of the rich Tyrian dye: a canopy
 To cover the brat's cradle; you in state,
 Like Pompey's Julia.
Lady. No more, I pray you,
Luke. Of this be sure you shall not.
 I 'll cut off
 Whatever is exorbitant in you,
 Or in your daughters; and reduce you to
 Your natural forms and habits: not in
 revenge
 Of your base usage of me; but to fright
 Others by your example.

THE TRAGEDY OF PHILIP CHABOT, ADMIRAL OF FRANCE.

By GEORGE CHAPMAN, and JAMES SHIRLEY.

The ADMIRAL is accused of treason, a criminal process is instituted against him, and his faithful servant ALLEGRE is put on the rack to make him discover: his innocence is at length established by the confession of his enemies; but the disgrace of having been suspected for a traitor by his royal Master, sinks so deep into him, that he falls into a mortal sickness.

ADMIRAL. ALLEGRE, supported between two.

Adm. Welcome my injured servant:
 what a misery
 Have they made on thee!

Al. Though some change appear
 Upon my body, whose severe affliction

Hath brought it thus to be sustain'd by
 others, [you,
 My heart is still the same in faith to
 Not broken with their rage.

Adm. Alas poor man.
 Were all my joys essential, and so mighty,
 As the affected world believes I taste,
 This object were enough t' unsweeten all.
 Though, in thy absence, I had suffering,
 And felt within me a strong sympathy,
 While for my sake their cruelty did vex
 And fright thy nerves with horror of
 thy sense,

Yet in this spectacle I apprehend
More grief, than all my imagination
Could let before into me. Didst not
curse me
Upon the torture?

Al. Good my lord, let not
The thought of what I suffer'd dwell
upon
Your memory; they could not punish
more
Than what my duty did oblige to bear
For you and justice: but there's some-
thing in
Your looks presents more fear, than all
the malice
Of my tormentors could affect my soul
with.

That paleness, and the other forms you
wear,
Would well become a guilty admiral, one
Lost to his hopes and honour, not the
man
Upon whose life the fury of injustice,
Arm'd with fierce lightning and the
power of thunder,
Can make no breach. I was not rack'd
till now.

There's more death in that falling eye,
than all
Rage ever yet brought forth. What ac-
cident, sir, can blast,
Can be so black and fatal, to distract
The calm, the triumph, that should sit
upon

Your noble brow: misfortune could
have no
Time to conspire with fate, since you
were rescued
By the great arm of Providence; nor can
Those garlands, that now grow about
your forehead,
With all the poison of the world be
blasted.

Adm. Allegre, thou dost bear thy
wounds upon thee
In wide and spacious characters, but in
The volume of my sadness thou dost
want
An eye to read. An open force hath torn
Thy manly sinews, which some time may
cure.

The engine is not seen that wounds thy
master;
Past all the remedy of art, or time,
The flatteries of court, of fame, or ho-
nours.

Thus in the summer a tall flourishing
tree,
Transplanted by strong hand, with all
her leaves
And blooming pride upon her, makes
a show

Of spring, tempting the eye with wan-
ton blossoms:

But not the sun with all her amorous
smiles,

The dews of morning, or the tears of
night,

Can root her fibres in the earth again;
Or make her bosom kind to growth
and bearing:

But the tree withers; and those very
beams,

That once were natural warmth to her
soft verdure,

Dry up her sap, and shoot a fever through
The bark and rind, till she becomes a
burden

To that which gave her life: so Chabot,
Chabot —

Al. Wander in apprehension! I must
Suspect your health indeed.

Adm. No, no, thou shalt not
Be troubled: I but stirr'd thee with a
moral,

That 's empty; contains nothing. I am
well:

See, I can walk; poor man, thou hast
not strength yet. —

*The father of the ADMIRAL makes known the con-
dition his son is in to the king.*

FATHER. KING.

King. Say, how is my admiral?
The truth upon thy life.

Fath. To secure his, I would you had.

King. Ha! who durst oppose him?

Fath. One that hath power enough,
hath practis'd on him,
And made his great heart stoop.

King. I will revenge it
With crushing, crushing that rebellious
power

To nothing. Name him.

Fath. He was his friend.

King. What mischief hath engender'd
New storms?

Fath. 'Tis the old tempest.

King. Did not we
Appease all horrors that look'd wild
upon him?

Fath. You drest his wounds, I must
confess, but made
No cure; they bleed afresh: pardon me,
sir;

Although your conscience have closed
too soon,

He is in danger, and doth want new
surgery:

Though he be right in fame, and your
opinion,

He thinks you were unkind.

King. Alas, poor Chabot:
Doth that afflict him?

Fath. So much, though he strive
With most resolv'd and adamantine
nerves,
As ever human fire in flesh and blood
Forg'd for example, to bear all; so
killing
The arrows that you shot were (still,
your pardon)
No centaur's blood could rankle so.

King. If this
Be all, I'll cure him. Kings retain
More balsam in their soul, than hurt
in anger.

Fath. Far short, sir; with one breath
they uncreate:
And kings, with only words, more wounds
can make
Than all their kingdom made in balm
can heal.
'Tis dangerous to play too wild a des-
cant
On numerous virtue; though it become
princes
To assure their adventures made in
every thing.
Goodness, confin'd within poor flesh and
blood,
Hath but a queazy and still sickly state;
A musical hand should only play on her,
Fluent as air, yet every touch command.

King. No more:
Commend us to the admiral, and say
The king will visit him, and bring health.

Fath. I will not doubt that blessing,
and shall move
Nimble with this command.

The KING visits the ADMIRAL.

KING. ADMIRAL. His wife, and father.

King. No ceremonial knees:
Give me thy heart, my dear, my honest
Chabot;
And yet in vain I challenge that; 'tis
here
Already in my own, and shall be che-
rish'd
With care of my best life: no violence
Shall ravish it from my possession;
Not those distempers that infirm my blood
And spirits, shall betray it to a fear:
When time and nature join to dispos-
sess
My body of a cold and languishing
breath;
No stroke in all my arteries, but silence
In every faculty; yet dissect me then,
And in my heart the world shall read
thee living;
And, by the virtue of thy name writ
there,

That part of me shall never putrify,
When I am lost in all my other dust.

Adm. You too much honour your poor
servant, sir;
My heart despairs so rich a monument,
But when it dies —

King. I wo' not hear a sound
Of any thing that trenched upon death.
He speaks the funeral of my crown, that
prophesies
So unkind a fate: we'll live and die
together.

And by that duty, which hath taught
you hitherto
All loyal and just services, I charge thee,
Preserve thy heart for me, and thy re-
ward,
Which now shall crown thy merits.

Adm. I have found
A glorious harvest in your favour, sir;
And by this overflow of royal grace,
All my desserts are shadows and fly
from me:

I have not in the wealth of my desires
Enough to pay you now —

King. Express it in some joy then.

Adm. I will strive
To shew that pious gratitude to you,
but —

King. But what?

Adm. My frame hath lately, sir, been
ta'en a-pieces,
And but now put together; the least
force
Of mirth will shake and unjoint all my
reason.

Your patience, royal sir.

King. I'll have no patience,
If thou forget the courage of a man.

Adm. My strength would flatter me.

King. Physicians,
Now I begin to fear his apprehension.
Why how is Chabot's spirit fall'n?

Adm. Who would not wish to live to
serve your goodness?
Stand from me. You betray me with
your fears.

The plummets may fall off that hang
upon

My heart, they were but thoughts at
first; or if

They weigh me down to death, let not
my eyes

Close with another object than the king.

King. In a prince
What a swift executioner is a frown,
Especially of great and noble souls!
How is it with my Philip?

Adm. I must beg
One other boon.

King. Upon condition
My Chabot will collect his scatter'd spirits,

And be himself again, he shall divide
My kingdom with me.

Adm. I observe
A fierce and killing wrath engender'd
in you;
For my sake, as you wish me strength
to serve you,
Forgive your chancellor; let not the
story
Of Philip Chabot, read hereafter, draw
A tear from any family; I beseech
Yonr royal mercy on his life, and free
Remission of all seizure upon his state.
I have no comfort else.

King. Endeavour
But thy own health; and pronounce ge-
neral pardon
To all through France.

Adm. Sir, I must kneel to thank you;
It is not seal'd else. Your blest hand:
live happy,
May all you trust have no less faith
than Chabot.

Oh! [Dies.]

Wife. His heart is broken.

Father. And kneeling, sir;
As his ambition were in death to shew
The truth of his obedience.

THE MAID'S REVENGE.

A TRAGEDY. By JAMES SHIRLEY.

SEBASTIANO invites ANTONIO to *Avero* Castle.

SEBASTIANO. ANTONIO.

Seb. The noble courtesies I have re-
ceiv'd
At Lisbon, worthy friend, so much en-
gage me,
That I must die indebted to your worth,
Unless you mean to accept what I have
studied,
Although but partly, to discharge the
sum
Due to your honour'd love.

Ant. How now, Sebastiano, will you
forfeit
The name of friend, then? I did hope
our love
Had out-grown compliment.

Seb. I spake my thoughts;
My tongue and heart are relatives; I
think
I have deserv'd no base opinion from
you;
I wish not only to perpetuate
Our friendship, but t' exchange that
common name
Of friend for —

Ant. What? take heed, do not pro-
fane:
Wouldst thou be more than friend? it
is a name
Virtue can only answer to: couldst thou
Unite into one all goodness whatsoe'er
Mortality can boast of, thou shalt find
The circle narrow-bounded to contain
This swelling treasure; every good ad-
mits
Degrees, but this being so good, it
cannot:
For he's no friend is not superlative.
Indulgent parents, brethren, kindred,
tied

By the natural flow of blood, alliances,
And what you can imagine, is too light
To weigh with name of friend: they
execute [to;
At best but what a nature prompts them
Are often less than friends, when they
remain
Our kinsmen still: but friend is never
lost.

Seb. Nay then, Antonio, you mistake;
I mean not
To leave off friend, which, with another
title,
Would not be lost. Come then, I'll tell
you, sir;
I would be friend and brother: thus
our friendship
Shall, like a diamond set in gold, not
lose
His sparkling, but shew fairer: I have
a pair
Of sisters, which I would commend, but
that
I might seem partial, their birth and
fortunes
Deserving noble love; if thou be'st free
From other fair engagement, I would
be proud
To speak them worthy: come, shalt go
and see them.
I would not beg them suitors; fame
hath spread
Through Portugal their persons, and
drawn to *Avero*
Many affectionate gallants.

Ant. Catalina and Berinthia.

Seb. The same.

Ant. Report speaks loud their beau-
ties, and no less
Virtue in either. Well, I see you strive
To leave no merit where you mean to
honour.

I cannot otherwise escape the censure
Of one ungrateful, but by waiting on you
Home to Averro.

Seb. You shall honour me,
And glad my noble father, to whom
you are
No stranger; your own worth before
hath been
Sufficient preparation.

Ant. Ha!
I have not so much choice, Sebastiano:
But if one sister of Antonio's
May have a commendation to your
thoughts,
(I will not spend much art in praising
her,
Her virtue speak itself) I shall be happy;
And be confirm'd your brother, though
I miss
Acceptance at Averro.

Seb. Still you out-do me. I could never
wish
My service better placed. At opportu-
nity
I'll visit you at Elvas; i' the mean time
Let 's haste to Averro, where with you
I 'll bring
My double welcome, and not fail to se-
cond
Any design.

Ant. You shall teach me a lesson
Against we meet at Elvas castle, sir.—

SEBASTIANO'S father welcomes ANTONIO to
Averro Castle.

VILLAREZO. CATALINA. BERINTHIA.
SEBASTIANO. ANTONIO.

Vil. Old Gaspar's house is honour'd
by such guests.
Now, by the tomb of my progenitors,
I envied that your fame should visit me
So oft without your person. Sebastiano
Hath been long happy in your noble
friendship,
And cannot but improve himself in vir-
tues,
That lives so near your love. — You
shall dishonour me,
Unless you think yourself as welcome
here
As at your Elvas castle. Villarezo
Was once as you are, sprightly; and
though I say it,
Maintain'd my father's reputation,
And honour of our house, with actions
Worthy our name and family: but now
Time hath let fall cold snow upon my
hairs,
Plough'd on my brows the furrows of
his anger,
Disfurnish'd me of active blood, and
wrapt me

Half in my sear-cloth, yet I have a mind
That bids me honour virtue, where I
see it

Bud forth and spring so hopefully.

Ant. You speak all nobleness, and
encourage me
To spend the greenness of my rising
years
So to th' advantage, that at last I may
Be old like you.

Vil. Daughters, speak his welcome. —

ANTONIO loves and is beloved by BERINTHIA,
the younger sister. CATALINA the elder is jea-
lous, and plots to take off her sister by poison.
ANTONIO rescues BERINTHIA from the vindic-
tive jealousy of her sister, and carries her off to
Elvas Castle; where his sister CASTABELLA and
his cousin VILLANDRAS welcome her.

ANTONIO. BERINTHIA. CASTABELLA. VIL-
LANDRAS. SFORZA, a domestic.

Ant. The welcom'st guest that ever
Elvas had.
Sister — Villandras — you 're not sen-
sible
What treasure you possess. I have no
loves,
I would not here divide.

Cast. Indeed, madam,
You are as welcome here as e'er my
mother was.

Vil. And you are here as safe,
As if you had an army for your guard.
Nor think my noble cousin meaneth you
Any dishonour here.

Ant. Dishonour! 'tis a language
I never understood yet. Throw off your
fears,
Berinthia you 're in the power of him,
That dares not think the least disho-
nour to you. —

Come, be not sad.

Cast. Put on fresh blood; you are not
cheerful, how do you?

Ber. I know not how, nor what to
answer you;
Your loves I cannot be ungrateful to;
You 're my best friends I think, but
yet I know not
With what consent you brought my body
hither.

Ant. Can you be ignorant what plot
was laid
To take your fair life from you?

Ber. If all be not a dream, I do re-
member
Your servant Diego told me wonders,
and

I owe you for my preservation, but —
Cast. It is your happiness you have
escaped

The malice of your sister.

Vil. And it is worth

A noble gratitude to have been quit
By such an honourer as Antonio is
Of fair Berinthia.

Ber. Oh, but my father; under whose
displeasure
I ever sink.

Ant. You are secure —

Ber. As the poor deer that being pur-
sued, for safety
Gets up a rock that overhangs the sea,
Where all that she can see is her des-
truction;

Before, the waves; behind, her enemies,
Promise her certain ruin.

Ant. Feign not yourself so hapless,
my Berinthia.
Raise your dejected thoughts, be merry,
come,

Think I am your Antonio.

Cast. 'Tis not wisdom
To let our passed fortunes trouble us;
Since, were they bad, the memory is
sweet

That we have past them. Look before
you, lady;

The future most concerneth.

*DIEGO, a domestic, enters, and announces that
SEBASTIANO is at the gate.*

Ant. Your brother, lady, and my ho-
nour'd friend.
Why do the gates not spread themselves
to open

At his arrival? Sforza, 'tis Berinthia's
brother;

Sebastiano, th' example of all worth
And friendship, is come after his sweet
sister.

Ber. Alas, I fear.

Ant. Be not such a coward, lady, he
cannot come
Without all goodness waiting on him.
Sforza,

Sforza, I say, what precious time we
lose!

Sebastiano — I almost lose myself
In joy to meet him. Break the iron bars,
And give him entrance. — Sebastiano's
come —

Ber. Sent by my father to —

Ant. What? to see thee. He shall see
thee here,
Respected like thyself, Berinthia,
Attended with Antonio, begirt
With armies of thy servants.

*SEBASTIANO enters, with COUNT DE MONTE
NIGRO, his friend.*

Ant. Oh, my friend.

Seb. 'Tis yet in question, sir, and will
not be
So easily prov'd.

Ant. What face have you put on? am
I awake,
Or do I dream Sebastiano frowns?

Seb. Antonio, (for here I throw off all
The ties of love) I come to fetch a sister
Dishonourably taken from her father;
Or with my sword to force thee render
her:

Now if thou be'st a soldier, redeliver,
Or keep her with the danger of thy
person.

Ant. Promise me the hearing,
And shalt have any satisfaction,
Becomes my fame. —

Wer't in your power, would you not
account it

A precious victory, in your sister's cause,
To dye your sword with any blood of
him,

Sav'd both her life and honour?

Seb. Why, would you have me think
My sister owes to you such preservation?

Ant. Oh Sebastiano! [home
Thou dost not think what devil lies at
Within a sister's bosom. Catalina
(I know not with what worst of envy)
laid

Force to this goodly building, and
through poison

Had robb'd the earth of more than all
the world,

Her virtue. —

Valasco was the man appointed by
That goodly sister to steal Berinthia,
And lord himself of this possession,
Just at that time; but hear, and tremble
at it,

She by a cunning poison should have
breath'd

Her soul into his arms within two hours,
And so Valasco should have borne the
shame

Of theft and murder.

Seb. You amaze me, sir.

Ant. 'Tis true, by honour's self: hear
it confirm'd;

And when you will, I am ready.

Seb. I cannot but believe it. Oh Be-
rinthia,

I 'm wounded ere I fight.

Ant. Holds your resolve yet constant?
if you have

Better opinion of your sword, than truth,
I am bound to answer: but I would I
had

Such an advantage 'gainst another man,
As the justice of my cause; all valour
fights

But with a sail against it.

Seb. But will you back with me then?

Ber. Excuse me, brother; I shall fall
too soon

Upon my sister's malice, whose foul guilt
Will make me expect more certain ruin.

Ant. Now Sebastiano
Puts on his judgment, and assumes his
nobleness
Whilst he loves equity.

Seb. And shall I carry shame
To Villarezo's house, neglect of father,
Whose precepts bind me to return with
her,
Or leave my life at Elvas? I must on.
I have heard you to no purpose. Shall
Berinthia
Back to Avero?

Ant. Sir, she must not yet;
'Tis dangerous.

Seb. Choose thee a second then: this
count and I
Mean to leave honour here.

Vill. Honour me, sir.

Ant. 'Tis done. Sebastiano shall report
Antonio just: and, noble Sforza, swear
Upon my sword (Oh, do not hinder me)
If victory crown Sebastiano's arm,
I charge thee by thy honesty restore
This lady to him; on whose lip I seal
My unstain'd faith. —

ANTONIO falls in a duel by the sword of SEBASTIANO. SEBASTIANO is disconsolate for having killed his friend. In his penitence, he is visited by ANTONIO'S sister, CASTABELLA, disguised as a Page.

CASTABELLA. SEBASTIANO.

Cast. He that hath sent you, sir, this
gift, did love you;
You 'll say yourself he did.

Seb. Ha, name him prithee.

Cast. The friend I came from was
Antonio,

Seb. Who hath sent thee
To tempt Sebastiano's soul to act on
thee

Another death, for thus affrighting me?

Cast. Indeed I do not mock, nor come
to affright you;
Heaven knows my heart. I know Antonio's dead.

But 'twas a gift he in his life design'd
To you, and I have brought it.

Seb. Thou dost not promise cozenage:
what gift is 't?

Cast. It is myself, sir; whilst Antonio
liv'd,
I was his boy; but never did boy lose
So kind a master; in his life he promis'd
He would bestow me (so much was his
love

To my poor merit) on his dearest friend,
And named you, sir, if heaven should
point out

To over-live him, for he knew you would

Love me the better for his sake: indeed
I will be very honest to you, and
Refuse no service to procure your love
And good opinion to me.

Seb. Can it be
Thou wert his boy? Oh, thou shouldst
hate me then.

Thou art false, I dare not trust thee;
unto him

Thou shew'st thee now unfaithful, to
accept

Of me: I kill'd thy master. 'Twas a friend
He could commit thee to; I only was,
Of all the stock of men, his enemy,
His cruel'st enemy.

Cast. Indeed I am sure it was; he
spoke all truth;

And, had he liv'd to have made his will,
I know

He had bequeath'd me as a legacy,
To be your boy; alas, I am willing, sir,
To obey him in it: had he laid on me
Command, to have mingled with his
sacred dust

My unprofitable blood, it should have
been

A most glad sacrifice, and 't had been
honour

To have done him such a duty: sir I
know

You did not kill him with a heart of
malice,

But in contention with your very soul
To part with him.

Seb. All is as true
As oracle by heaven; dost thou believe
so?

Cast. Indeed I do.

Seb. Yet be not rash;
'Tis not advantage to belong to me:
I have no power nor greatness in the
court

To raise thee to a fortune worthy of
So much observance, as I shall expect
When thou art mine.

Cast. All the ambition of my thoughts
shall be

To do my duty, sir.

Seb. Besides, I shall afflict thy ten-
derness

With solitude and passion: for I am
Only in love with sorrow, never merry,
Wear out the day in telling of sad tales,
Delight in sighs and tears; sometimes
I walk

To a wood or river, purposely to chal-
lenge

The boldest echo to send back my groans
In th' height I break them. Come, I
shall undo thee.

Cast. Sir, I shall be most happy to
bear part

In any of your sorrows; I ne'er had
So hard a heart but I could shed a tear
To bear my master company.

Seb. I will not leave thee, if thou 'lt
 dwell with me,
For wealth of Indies: be my loved boy,
Come in with me; thus I'll begin to do
Some recompence for dead Antonio.

*BERINTHIA kills her brother SEBASTIANO
 sleeping.*

CASTABELLA. SEBASTIANO.

Cast. Sir, if the opportunity I use
To comfort you be held a fault, and that
I keep not distance of a servant, lay it
Upon my love; indeed, if it be an error,
It springs out of my duty.

Seb. Prithee boy, be patient.
The more I strive to throw off the re-
 membrance
Of dead Antonio, love still rubs the
 wounds
To make them bleed afresh.

Cast. Alas, they are past;
Bind up your own for honour's sake,
 and shew
Love to yourself; pray do not lose your
 reason.

To make your grief so fruitless. I have
 procur'd
Some music, sir, to quiet those sad
 thoughts
That make such war within you.

Seb. Alas, good boy, it will but add
 more weight
Of dullness on me! I am stung with
 worse

Than the tarantula, to be cur'd with
 music;

It has th' exactest unity, but it cannot
Accord my thoughts.

Cast. Sir, this your couch
Seems to invite some small repose:
Oh, I beseech you taste it. I will beg
A little leave to sing. [*She sings.*

BERINTHIA enters softly.

Cast. Sweet sleep charm his sad senses:
And gentle thoughts let fall
Your flowing numbers here; and round
 about
Hover celestial angels with your wings,
That none offend his quiet. Sleep begins
To cast his nets o'er me too; I'll obey,
And dream on him that dreams not
 what I am.

[*She lies down by him.*

Ber. Nature doth wrestle with me,
 but revenge
Doth arm my love against it; justice is
Above all tie of blood. Sebastiano,
Thou art the first shall tell Antonio's
 ghost,
How much I lov'd him.

[*She stabs him upon his couch.*

Seb. (waking.) Oh, stay thy hand,
 Berinthia! no:
Thou 'st done 't. I wish thee heaven's
 forgiveness. I cannot
Tarry to hear thy reasons; at many doors
My life runs out, and yet Berinthia
Doth in her name give me more wounds
 than these.

Antonio, Oh, Antonio: we shall now
Be friends again. [*Dies.*

MISCELLANEOUS LYRICAL POEMS.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter's reckoning yield;
A honey tongue — a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cup, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date — nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand,
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood,
Go, tell the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good;
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others' actions,
Not lov'd unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust.
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honour how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favour how she falters.
And as they shall reply
Give each of them the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness.
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention.
And as they yield reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay.
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell manhood shakes off pity,
Tell virtue least preferreth.
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing;
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

THE SILENT LOVER.

Passions are liken'd best to floods and
streams,
The shallow murmur, but the deep are
dumb:
So, when affections yield discourse, it
seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they
come.
They that are rich in words must needs
discover,
They are but poor in that which makes
a lover.
Wrong not, sweet mistress of my
heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart
Who sues for no compassion,
Since if my plaints were not t'approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love,
But fear t'exceed my duty.
For, knowing that I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection,
I rather choose to want relief,
Than venture the revealing:
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair disdains the healing.

Silence in love betrays more woe,
 Than words, though ne'er so witty;
 A beggar that is dumb, you know,
 May challenge double pity.
 Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
 My love for secret passion;
 He smarteth most who hides his smart,
 And sues for no compassion.

SONG.

Shall I like an hermit dwell,
 On a rock, or in a cell?
 Calling home the smallest part
 That is missing of my heart,
 To bestow it where I may
 Meet a rival every day?
 If she undervalues me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel-gold;
 If a stranger may be bold,

Unrebuked, unafraid,
 To convert them to a braid,
 And, with little more a-do,
 Work them into bracelets too:
 If the mine be grown so free;
 What care I how rich it be?

Were her hands as rich a prize,
 As her hairs, or precious eyes;
 If she lay them out to take
 Kisses for good-manner's sake,
 And let every lover skip
 From her hand unto her lip:
 If she seem not chaste to me,
 What care I how chaste she be?

No; she must be perfect snow,
 In affect as well as show,
 Warming but as snow-balls do,
 Not like fire by burning too:
 But when she, by change, hath got
 To her heart a second lot;
 Then, if others share with me,
 Farewell her, whate'er she be!

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

Come live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and valleys, dale and field,
 And all the craggy mountains yield.
 There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks;
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.
 There will I make thee beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies;
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
 Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
 With buckless of the purest gold;
 A belt of straw and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs:
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.
 The shepherd swains shall dance and
 sing,
 For thy delight, each May morning:
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

SONNET.

Faint amorist! what dost thou think
 To taste love's honey, and not drink
 One dram of gall? or to devour
 A world of sweet, and taste no sour?
 Dost thou ever think to enter [ture
 Th'Elysian fields, that darest not ven-
 In Charon's barge? a lover's mind
 Must use to sail with every wind!

He that loves, and fears to try,
 Learns his mistress to deny.
 Doth she chide thee? 'tis to shew it

That thy coldness makes her do it.
 Is she silent, is she mute?
 Silence fully grants thy suit.
 Doth she pout and leave the room?
 Then she goes to bid thee come.

Is she sick? why then be sure,
 She invites thee to the cure,
 Doth she cross thy suit with «No?»
 Tush! she loves to hear thee woo.
 Doth she call the faith of men
 In question? nay, she loves thee then;
 And if e'er she makes a blot,
 She's lost if that thou hitt'st her not.

He that, after ten denials,
Dares attempt no farther trials,
Hath no warrant to acquire
The dainties of his chaste desire.

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA.

In a grove most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton music made,
May, then young, his pied weeds showing,
New perfum'd, with flow'rs fresh growing,
Astrophel, with Stella sweet,
Did for mutual comfort meet;
Both within themselves oppress'd,
But each in the other bless'd.
Him great harms had taught much care,
Her fair neck a foul yoke bare;
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoke did vanish.
Wept they had, alas, the while!
But now tears themselves did smile;
Sigh they did, but now betwixt
Sighs of woe were glad sighs mix'd;
Their ears hungry of each word,
Which the dear tongue could afford.

«Stella! whose voice, when it singeth
Angels to acquaintance bringeth;
Stella, in whose body is
Writ each character of bliss,
Whose face all, all beauty passeth,
Save thy mind, which that surpasseth;
Grant — O grant — but speech, alas!
Fails me, fearing on to pass —
Grant, O dear, on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground he then did stay)
That not I, but, since I love you,
Time and place for me may move you!
Never season was more fit,
Never room more apt for it!
Smiling air allows my reason,
The birds sing, «now use the season,»
This small wind, which so sweet is,
See how it the leaves doth kiss;
And, if dumb things be so witty,
Shall a heavenly grace want pity?»

There, his hands, in their speech, fain
Would have made tongue's language
plain;
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulse all grace excelling.
Then she spake; her speech was such
As not ears but heart did touch;
While in suchwise she love denied
As yet love she signified.

«Astrophel! (said she) my love,
Cease in these effects to prove.
Now be still: yet, still believe me,
Thy grief more than death doth grieve
me.

If that any thought in me
Can taste comfort, but of thee;
Let me feed with hellish anguish,
And joyless, helpless, endless languish!
If those eyes you praised, be
Half so dear, as you to me,
Let me home return stark-blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder minded!
If to secret of my heart,
I do any wish impart,
Where thou art not foremost placed,
Be both wish and I defaced.
If more may be said, I say
All my life on thee I lay:
If thou love — my love content thee;
For, all love, all faith is meant thee.
Trust me, while I thee deny,
In myself the smart I try.
Tyrant honour thus doth use thee,
Stella's self might not refuse thee.
Therefore, dear, this no more move,
Lest (though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framed)
I should blush when thou art named.»

Therewithal, away she went;
Leaving him by passion rent
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.

SONG.

«Who is it that this dark night,
Underneath my window plaineth?»
It is one, who from thy sight,
Being (ah!) exil'd, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.

«Why, alas! and are you he?
Are not yet these fancies changed?»
Dear, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
Let my change to ruin be.

«What if you new beauties see?
Will not they stir new affection?»
I will think they pictures be
(Image-like of saint perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

«Peace! I think that some give ear.
Come, no more, lest I get anger.»
Bliss! I will my bliss forbear,
Fearing, sweet you to endanger;
But my soul shall harbour there.

«Well, begone; begone, I say,
Lest that Argus' eyes perceive you.»
O! unjust is Fortune's sway,
Which can make me thus to leave you,
And from louts to run away!

BEN JONSON.

SONG.

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
 While we may, the sweets of love;
 Time will not be ours for ever,
 He at length our good will sever;
 Spend not then his gifts in vain,
 Suns that set may rise again;
 But if once we lose the light,
 'Tis with us perpetual night.
 Why should we defer our joys?
 Fame and rumour are but toys;
 Cannot we delude the eyes
 Of a few poor household spies?
 Or his easier ears beguile
 So removéd by our wile?
 'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;
 But the sweet theft to reveal,
 To be taken, to be seen,
 These have crimes accounted been.

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
 As you were going to a feast;
 Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd;
 Lady, it is to be presum'd,
 Tho' art's hid causes are not found,
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.
 Give me a look, give me a face,
 That makes simplicity a grace;
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me
 Than all th' adulteries of art
 That strike mine eye, but not mine heart

HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID.

Beauties, have you seen a toy,
 Called Love; a little boy
 Almost naked, wanton blind,
 Cruel now, and then as kind?
 If he be among ye, say;
 He is Venus' run-away.

She that will but now discover
 Where the wingéd wag doth hover,

Shall to-night receive a kiss,
 How and where herself would wish:
 But who brings him to his mother,
 Shall have that kiss, and another.

Marks he hath about him plenty,
 You may know him among twenty;
 All his body is a fire,
 And his breath a flame entire:
 Which being shot like lightning in,
 Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
 He will leap from lip to lip:
 Over liver, lights, and heart,
 Yet not stay in any part.
 And if chance his arrow misses,
 He will shoot himself in kisses.

He doth bear a golden bow,
 And a quiver, hanging low,
 Full of arrows, which outbrave
 Dian's shafts, where, if he have
 Any head more sharp than other,
 With that first he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuel,
 When his days are to be cruel;
 Lover's hearts are all his food,
 And his baths their warmest blood:
 Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
 And he hates none like to reason.

Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
 Seldom with his heart do meet:
 All his practice is deceit,
 Every gift is but a bait:
 Not a kiss but poison bears,
 And most treason's in his tears.

Idle minutes are his reign,
 Then the straggler makes his gain,
 By presenting maids with toys,
 And would have you think them joys
 'Tis th' ambition of the elf
 To have all childish as himself.

If by these ye please to know him,
 Beauties, be not nice, but shew him,
 Though ye had a will to hide him:
 Now, we hope ye'll not abide him,
 Since ye hear this falser's play,
 And that he is Venus' run-away.

THOMAS CAREW.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combin'd,
 Kindle never-dying fires.
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
 My resolv'd heart to return;
 I have search'd thy soul within,
 And find naught but pride and scorn:
 I have learn'd thy arts, and now
 Can disdain as much as thou.
 Some pow'r, in my revenge, convey
 That love to her I cast away.

ON SIGHT OF A GENTLEWOMAN'S
FACE IN THE WATER.

Stand still, you floods, do not deface
 That image which you bear:
 So votaries, from every place
 To you shall altars rear.

No winds but lovers' sighs blow here,
 To trouble these glad streams,
 On which no star from any sphere
 Did ever dart such beams.

To crystal then in haste congeal,
 Lest you should lose your bliss;
 And to my cruel fair reveal,
 How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious nymphs shall fear
 Their beauties will be scorn'd,
 And hire the ruder winds to tear
 That face which you adorn'd;

Then rage and foam amain, that we
 Their malice may despise;
 And from your froth we soon shall see
 A second Venus rise.

SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose;

For in your beauties, orient deep,
 These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
 The golden atoms of the day;
 For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
 The nightingale, when May is past;
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
 That downwards fall in dead of night;
 For in your eyes they sit, and there
 Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,
 The phenix builds her spicy nest;
 For unto you at last she flies,
 And in your fragrant bosom dies.

SONG.

Would you know what 's soft, I dare
 Not bring you to the down or air;
 Nor to stars to show what 's bright,
 Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would music hear,
 Call the orbs to take your ear;
 Nor, to please your sense, bring forth
 Bruised nard, or what 's more worth.

Or, on food were your thoughts plac'd,
 Bring you nectar for a taste:
 Would you have all these in one,
 Name my mistress, and 'tis done.

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
 This firstling of the infant year;
 Ask me why I send to you
 This primrose all bepearl'd with dew;
 I straight will whisper in your ears,
 The sweets of love are wash'd with tears:
 Ask me why this flow'r doth show
 So yellow, green, and sickly too;
 Ask me why the stalk is weak,
 And bending, yet it doth not break;
 I must tell you, these discover
 What doubts and fears are in a lover.

THE PROTESTATION.

A SONNET.

No more shall meads be deck'd with
flowers,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers;
Nor greenest buds on branches spring;
Nor warbling birds delight to sing;
Nor April violets paint the grove;
If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn;
The humble oak no flood shall know
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow,

Black Lethe shall oblivion leave;
If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to fly;
The sun refuse to show his light,
And day shall then be turn'd to night,
And in that night no star appear;
If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor lovers more shall love for worth;
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor souls in hell;
Grim death no more shall horrid prove;
If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

SONNETS.

1.

TO SLEEP.

Sleep, silence' child, sweet father of soft
rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all
mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to
kings;
Sole comforter to minds with grief op-
prest.
Lo! by thy charming rod all breathing
things
Lie slumbering with forgetfulness possess;
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy
wings
Thou sparest, alas! who cannot be thy
guest.
Since I am thine, oh! come, but with
that face,
To inward light, which thou art wont
to shew,
With feigned solace ease a true felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt
bequeathe,
I long to kiss the image of my death.

2.

TO HIS LUTE.

My lute, be as thou wast, when thou
didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady
grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee
move,
And birds on thee their ramage did
bestow.

Sith that dear voice which did thy sounds
approve,
Which used in such harmonious strains
to flow;
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres
above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no
more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stop a sigh, each sound draws
forth a tear;
Be therefore silent as in woods before.
Or that if any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle still her loss com-
plain.

3.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Dear quirister, who from those shadows
sends,
Ere that the blushing morn dare shew
her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night
attends
(Become all ear), stars stay to hear thy
plight;
If one, whose grief even reach of thought
transcends,
Who ne'er, not in a dream, did taste
delight,
May thee importune, who like case pre-
tends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's de-
spight;
Tell me, (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing!) for what thou thus
complains, [sky
Since winter's gone, and sun in dappled
Enamoured smiles on woods and flow'ry
plains?

The bird, as if my questions did her
 move,
 With trembling wings sigh'd forth, I
 love, I love.

4.

SONNET.

Thrice happy he, who by some shady
 grove
 Far from the clamorous world doth live,
 his own;
 Though solitary, who is not alone,
 But doth converse with that eternal love.
 O how more sweet is birds' harmonious
 moan,
 Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd
 dove,
 Than those smooth whisperings near a
 prince's throne,
 Which good make doubtful, do the ill
 approve!
 O how more sweet is zephyr's whole-
 some breath,
 And sighs embalm'd which new-born
 flow'rs unfold,
 Than that applause vain honour doth
 bequeath!
 How sweeter streams than poison drunk
 in gold!
 The world is full of horrors, troubles,
 slights;
 Wood's harmless shades have only true
 delights.

SONG.

Phœbus arise,
 And paint the sable skies
 With azure, white, and red:
 Rouse Memnon's mother from her Ti-
 thon's bed,
 That she may thy career with roses spread.
 The nightingales thy coming each-where
 sing,
 Making eternal spring,
 Gife life to this dark world that lieth
 dead.
 Spread forth thy golden hair
 In larger locks than thou wast wont
 before,
 And, emperor like, decore
 With diadem of pearl thy temples fair.
 Chase hence the ugly night,
 Which serves but to make dear thy glo-
 rious light.

This is the morn should bring unto this
 grove
 My Love, to hear, and recompence my
 love!

Fair king, who all preserves,
 But shew thy blushing beams;
 And thou two sweeter eyes
 Shalt see, than those which by Peneus'
 streams

Did once thy heart surprise.
 Now Flora decks herself in fairest guise.
 If that, ye winds, would hear
 A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
 Your furious chiding stay;
 Let zephyr only breathe,
 And with her tresses play.
 The winds all silent are,
 And Phœbus in his chair
 Ensaffroning sea and air
 Makes vanish every star.
 Night, like a drunkard, reels
 Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming
 wheels.

The fields with flowers are deck'd in
 every hue,
 The clouds with orient gold spangle their
 blue;
 Here is the pleasant place,
 And nothing wanting is, save she, alas!

TO A DEPARTED SOUL.

Sweet Soul! which in the April of thy
 years,
 For to enrich the Heaven, mad'st poor
 this round;
 And now, with flaming rays of glory
 crown'd,
 Most blest abid'st above the sphere of
 spheres!
 If heavenly laws, alas! have not thee
 bound
 From looking to this globe, that all
 upbears;
 If ruth and pity there above be found;
 O! deign to lend a look unto these tears,
 Do not disdain, dear ghost! this sacri-
 fice.
 And though I raise not pillars to thy
 praise,
 My offerings take; let this for me suffice.
 My heart a living pyramid I raise!
 And whilst king's tombs with laurels
 flourish green,
 Thine shall with myrtles and these
 flowers be seen.

GILES FLETCHER.

SONG.

Love is the blossom where there blows
 Every thing that lives or grows:
 Love doth make the Heav'ns to move,
 And the Sun doth burn in love:
 Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
 And makes the ivy climb the oak;
 Under whose shadows lions wild,
 Soften'd by love, grow tame and mild:
 Love no med'cine can appease,
 He burns the fishes in the seas;
 Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
 Not all the sea his fire can quench:
 Love did make the bloody spear
 Once a leavy coat to wear,
 While in his leaves there shrouded lay
 Sweet birds, for love, that sing and play:
 And of all love's joyful flame,
 I the bud and blossom am.

Only bend thy knee to me,
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

See, see the flowers that below,
 Now as fresh as morning blow,

And of all, the virgin rose,
 That as bright Aurora shows:
 How they all unleaved die,
 Losing their virginity;
 Like unto a summer-shade,
 But now born, and now they fade.
 Every thing doth pass away,
 There is danger in delay:
 Come, come, gather then the rose,
 Gather it, or it you lose.
 All the sand of Tagus' shore
 Into my bosom casts his ore:
 All the valleys' swimming corn
 To my house is yearly borne:
 Every grape of every vine
 Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine;
 While ten thousand kings, as proud,
 To carry up my train have bow'd,
 And a world of ladies send me
 In my chambers to attend me.
 All the stars in Heav'n that shine,
 And ten thousand more, are mine.
 Only bend thy knee to me,
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

SELECTIONS FROM 'CASTARA.'

1.

TO CASTARA.

Do not their prophane orgies hear,
 Who but to wealth no altars rear.
 The soul's oft poys'ned through the ear.

Castara, rather seek to dwell
 I' th' silence of a private cell,
 Rich discontent's a glorious Hell.

Yet Hindlip doth not want extent
 Of room (though not magnificent)
 To give free welcome to content.

There shalt thou see the early Spring,
 That wealthy stock of Nature bring,
 Of which the Sybils books did sing.

From fruitless palms shall honey flow,
 And barren Winter harvest show,
 While lilies in his bosom grow.

No North wind shall the corn infest,
 But the soft spirit of the East,
 Our scent with perfum'd banquets feast

A satyr here and there shall trip,
 In hope to purchase leave to sip
 Sweet nectar from a Fairie's lip.

The Nymphs with quivers shall adorn
 Their active sides, and rouse the morn
 With the shrill musick of their horn.

Wakened with which, and viewing thee,
 Fair Daphne her fair self shall free,
 From the chaste prison of a tree:

And with Narcissus (to thy face
 Who humbly will ascribe all grace)
 Shall once again pursue the chase.

So they whose wisdom did discuss
 Of these as fictions, shall in us
 Find, they were more than fabulous.

2.

THE DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

Like the violet which alone
 Prospers in some happy shade;
 My Castara lives unknown,
 To no looser eye betray'd,
 For she's to her self untrue,
 Who delights i' th' publick view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
 Have enricht with borrowed grace.
 Her high birth no pride imparts,
 For she blushes in her place.

Folly boasts a glorious blood,
She is noblest being good.

Cautious she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Not speaks loud to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent.
Of herself survey she takes,
But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeyes with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands.
And so innocent, that ill,
She nor acts, nor understands.
Women's feet run still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sailes by that rock, the court,
Where oft honour splits her mast:
And retir'dness thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast.
Vertue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
Where sin waits not on delight;
Without mask, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night.
O'r that darkness whence is thrust,
Prayer and sleep oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,
While wild passions captive lie;
And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to Heaven flie:
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.

3.

TO CASTARA.

Give me a heart where no impure
Disorder'd passions rage,
Which jealousie doth not obscure,
Nor vanity t' expence engage,
Nor wooed to madness by quaint oaths,
Or the fine rhetorick of cloaths,
Which not the softness of the age
To vice or folly doth decline;
Give me that heart, Castara, for 'tis thine.
Take thou a heart where no new look
Provokes new appetite:
With no fresh charm of beauty took,
Or wanton stratagem of wit;
Not idly wandring here and there,
Led by an am'rous eye or ear.
Aiming each beautiful mark to hit;
Which vertue doth to one confine:
Take thou that heart, Castara, for 'tis
mine.

And now my heart is lodg'd with thee,
Observe but how it still

Doth listen how thine doth with me;
And guard it well, for else it will
Run hither back; not to be where
I am, but 'cause thy heart is here.
But without discipline, or skill,
Our hearts shall freely 'tween us move:
Should thou or I want hearts, we'd
breathe by love.

4.

TO CASTARA.

Of true delight.

Why doth the ear so tempt the voyce,
That cunningly divides the ayr?
Why doth the pallate buy the choyce
Delights o'th' sea, to enrich her fare?

As soon as I my ear obey,
The eccho's lost even with the breath.
And when the sewer takes away
I'm left with no more taste, than death.

Be curious in pursuit of eyes
To procreate new loves with thine;
Satiety makes sense despise
What superstition thought divine.

Quick fancy, how it mocks delight!
As we conceive, things are not such,
The glow-worm is as warm as bright,
Till the deceitful flame we touch.

When I have sold my heart to lust
And bought repentance with a kiss,
I find the malice of my dust,
That told me Hell contain'd a bliss.

The rose yields her sweet blandishment
Lost in the fold of lovers' wreaths,
The violent enchants the scent
When early in the spring she breathes.

But winter comes and makes each flower
Shrink from the pillow where it grows,
Or an intruding cold hath power
To scorn the perfume of the rose.

Our senses like false glasses show
Smooth beauty where brows wrinkled are,
And makes the cosen'd fancy glow.
Chaste vertue's only true and fair.

5.

VERSA EST IN LUCTUM CYTHARA MEA.

1ob.

Love! I no orgies sing
Whereby thy mercies to invoke:
Nor from the East rich perfumes bring
To cloud thy altars with the precious
smoke.

Nor while I did frequent
Those fanes by lovers rais'd to thee,
Did I loose heathenish rites invent,
To force a blush from injur'd chastitie.

Religious was the charm
I used affection to entice:
And thought none burnt more bright
or warm,
Yet chaste as winter was the sacrifice.

But now I thee bequeath
To the soft silken youths at court:
Who may their witty passions breath,
To raise their mistress' smile, or make
her sport.

They'll smooth thee into rime,
Such as shall catch the wanton ear:
And win opinion with the time,
To make them a high sail of honour bear.

And may a powerful smile
Cherish their flatteries of wit!
While I my life of fame beguile,
And under my own vine uncourted sit.

For I have seen the pine
Famed for its travels o'er the sea:
Broken with storms and age decline,
And in some creek unpittied rot away.

I have seen cædars fall,
And in their room a mushrome grow:
I have seen comets, threatning all,
Vanish themselves: I have seen princes so.

Vain trivial dust! weak man!
Where is that vertue of thy breath,
That others save or ruin can,
When thou thy self art call'd t' account
by Death?

When I consider thee
The scorn of Time, and sport of Fate,
How can I turn to jollitie
My ill-strung harp, and court the de-
licate?

How can I but disdain
The emptie fallacies of mirth;
And in my midnight thoughts retain,
How high so e'er I spread, my root's in
earth.

Fond youth! too long I play'd
The wanton with a false delight,
Which when I touch'd, I found a shade,
That only wrought on th' error of my
sight.

Then since pride doth betray
The soul to flatter'd ignorance:
I from the world will steal away,
And by humility my thoughts advance.

6.

NON NOBIS DOMINE.

David.

No marble statue, nor high
Aspiring pyramid, be rais'd
To lose its head within the skie!
What claim have I to memory?
God, be thou only prais'd!

Thou in a moment canst defeat
The mighty conquests of the proud,
And blast the laurels of the great,
Thou canst make brightest glorie set
O'th' sudden in a cloud.

How can the feeble works of art
Hold out 'gainst the assault of storms?
Or how can brass to him impart
Sense of surviving fame, whose heart
Is now resolv'd to worms?

Blind folly of triumphing pride!
Æternitie why buildst thou here?
Dost thou not see the highest tide
Its humbled stream in th' ocean hide,
And near the same appear?

That tide which did its banks o'er-flow,
As sent abroad by th' angry sea
To level vastest buildings low,
And all our trophies overthrow,
Ebbs like a thief away.

And thou, who to preserve thy name,
Leav'st statues in some conquer'd land
How will posterity scorn fame,
When th' idol shall receive a maim,
And loose a foot or hand?

How will thou hate thy wars, when he,
Who only for his hire did raise
Thy counterfeit in stone, with thee
Shall stand competitor, and be
Perhaps thought worthier praise?

No laurel wreath about my brow!
To thee, my God, all praise, whose law
The conquer'd doth and conqueror bow!
For both dissolve to ayr, if thou
Thy influence but withdraw.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

TO LUCASTA,
going beyond the seas.

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone,
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blust'ring wind, or shallow-
ing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue-god's rage;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though! seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels
greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after fate,
And are alive i'th' skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfin'd
In heav'n, their earthly bodies left behind.

TO LUCASTA,
going to the wars.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True: a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

TO LUCASTA.

From prison.

Long in thy shackles, liberty,
I ask not from these walls, but thee;

Left for a while another's bride
To fancy all the world beside.

Yet e'er I do begin to love,
See! how I all my objects prove;
Then my free soul to that confine,
'Twere possible I might call mine.

First I would be in love with peace,
And her rich swelling breasts increase;
But how, alas! how may that be,
Despising earth, she will love me?

Fain would I be in love with war,
As my dear just avenging star;
But war is lov'd so ev'ry where,
Ev'n he disdains a lodging here.

Thee and thy wounds I would bemoan
Fair thorough-shot religion;
But he lives only that kills thee,
And whoso binds thy hands is free.

I would love a parliament
As a main prop from heav'n sent;
But, ah! who's he that would be wedded
To th' fairest body that's beheaded!

Next would I court my liberty,
And then my birthright, property;
But can that be, when it is known
There's nothing you can call your own?

A reformation I would have,
As for our griefs a sov'reign salve;
That is, a cleansing of each wheel
Of state, that yet some rust doth feel:

But not a reformation so,
As to reform were to o'erthrow;
Like watches by unskilful men
Disjointed, and set ill again.

The public faith I would adore,
But she is bankrupt of her store;
Nor how to trust her can I see,
For she that cozens all, must me.

Since then none of these can be
Fit objects for my love and me;
What then remains, but th' only spring
Of all our loves and joys? The King.

He, who being the whole ball
Of day on earth, lends it to all;
When seeking to eclipse his right,
Blinded, we stand in our own light.

And now an universal mist
Of error is spread o'er each breast,
With such a fury edg'd, as is
Not found in th' inwards of th' abyss.

Oh, from thy glorious starry wain
Dispense on me one sacred beam,
To light me where I soon may see
How to serve you, and you trust me.

TO ALTHEA.

From Prison

When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates;
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates:
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye;
The birds that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,

Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When (like committed linnets) I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud, how good
He is, how great should be;
Enlarged winds that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my soul am free;
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

NICOLAS BRETON.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
With a troop of damsels playing,
Forth I yode forsooth a-maying.
When anon by a wood side
Where that May was in his pride.
I espied, all alone
Phillida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot,
He would love and she would not;
She said, never man was true;
He says, none was false to you.
He said, he had lov'd her long;
She says, love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then;
She says, maids must kiss no men,
Till they do for good and all;
When she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never lov'd a truer youth;
Then with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as seely shepherds use
When they will not love abuse;
Love that had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded:
And Phillida with garlands gay,
Was made the lady of the May.

THE SHEPHERD'S ADDRESS TO
HIS MUSE.

Good muse, rock me asleep
With some sweet harmony:
This weary eyes is not to keep
Thy wary company.

Sweet love, begone a while,
Thou seest my heaviness:
Beauty is born but to beguile
My heart of happiness.

See how my little flock,
That lov'd to feed on high,
Do headlong tumble down the rock,
And in the valley die.

The bushes and the trees,
That were so fresh and green,
Do all their dainty colours leese,
And not a leaf is seen.

The black-bird and the thrush,
That made the woods to ring,
With all the rest, are now at hush,
And not a note they sing.

Sweet Philomel, the bird
That hath the heavenly throat,
Dot now, alas! not once afford
Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
The herbs have lost their savour;
And Phillida the fair hath lost
For me her wonted favour.

Thus all these careful sights
So kill me in conceit,
That now to hope upon delights
It is but mere deceit.

And therefore, my sweet muse,
That know'st what help is best,
Do now thy heavenly cunning use
To set my heart at rest.

And in a dream bewray
What fate shall be my friend;
Whether my life shall still decay,
Or when my sorrows end.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

A STRANGE PASSION OF A LOVER.

I laugh sometimes with little lust;
So jest I oft, and feel no joy.
Mine ease is builded all on trust,
And yet mistrust breeds mine annoy.
I live and lack, I lack and have,
I have, and miss the thing I crave.

Then like the lark, that past the night
In heavy sleep with ears opprest,
Yet when she spies the pleasant light,
She sends sweet notes from out her breast;
So sing I now, because I think
How joys approach when sorrows shrink.

And as fair Philomene again
Can watch and sing when others sleep,
And taketh pleasure in her pain,
To wray the woe that makes her weep;
So sing I now, for to bewray
The loathsome life I lead alway.

The which to thee, dear wench, I write,
That know'st my mirth, but not my
moan;

I pray God grant thee deep delight,
To live in joys when I am gone.
I cannot live; it will not be,
I die to think to part from thee.

THE DOLE OF DESPAIR.

*(Written by a Lover disdainfully rejected, contrary
to former Promises.)*

I must alledge, and thou canst tell
How faithfully I vow'd to serve:
And how thou seem'dst to like me well;
And how thou saidst I did deserve
To be thy Lord, thy knight, thy king,
And how much more I list not sing.

And canst thou now, thou cruel one,
Condemn desert to deep despair?
Is all thy promise past and gone?
Is faith so fled into the air?
If that be so, what rests for me,
But thus, in song, to say to thee:

If Cressid's name were not so known,
And written wide on every wall;
If bruit of pride were not so blown
Upon Angelica withall;
For proud disdain, you might be she;
Or Cressid for inconstancy.

And in reward of thy desert,
I hope at last to see thee paid
With deep repentance for thy part
Which thou hast now so lewdly play'd;
Medoro, he must be thy make,
Since thou *Orlando* dost forsake.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

SONG.

(In the 'Nice Valour'.)

Hence all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly;
There's nought in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't,
But only melancholy,
O sweetest melancholy.

Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that, piercing, mortifies;

A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound.

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves;
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls;
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon.
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy
valley,

Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely me-
lancholy.

SONG.

(In the 'Queen of Corinth.')

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow recalls not time that's gone;
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully,
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see;
Joys, as winged dreams, fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe,
Gentlest fair! mourn, mourn, no moe.

SONG.

(In 'A Wife for a Month.')

Let those complain that feel love's cruelty,
And in sad legends write their woes;
With roses gently he corrected me;

My war is without rage or blows;
My mistress' eyes shine fair on my de-
sires,
And hope springs up inflam'd with her
new fires.

No more an exile will I dwell,
With folded arms and sighs all day,
Reck'ning the forments of my hell,
And flinging my sweet joys away.
I am call'd home again to quiet peace,
My mistress smiles, and all my sorrows
cease.

Yet what is living in her eye,
Or being blest with her sweet tongue,
If these no other joys imply?
A golden gyve, a pleasing wrong.
To be your own but one poor month,
I'd give
My youth, my fortune, and then leave
to live.

WILLIAM BURTON.

THE ABSTRACT OF MELANCHOLY.

(Prefixed to the Anatomy of Melancholy.)

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, and void of care,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet;
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I go walking, all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprise:
Whether I tarry still, or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile;
By a brook-side, or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, and unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,
In a dark grove, or irksome den,
With discontents and furies, then

A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so sour as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine,
Here now, then there, the world is mine;
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine.
All other joys to this are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts goblins, fiends, my phantasie
Presents a thousand ugly shapes
Headless bears, black men, and apes,
Doleful outcries, fearful sights,
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so damn'd as melancholy.

Methinks I court, methinks I kiss
Methinks I now embrace my miss;
O blessed days, O sweet content,
In paradise my time is spent!
Such thought may still my fancy move,
So may I ever be in love!
All my joys to this are folly
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I recount love's many frights,
My sighs and tears, my waking nights,
My jealous fits; O mine hard fate
I now repent, but 'tis too late.

No forment is so bad as love,
So bitter to my soul can prove.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so harsh as melancholy.

Friends and companions, get you gone:
'Tis my desire to be alone.
Ne'er well, but when my thoughts and I
Do domineer in privacy.
No gem, no treasure like to this,
'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss.
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

'Tis my sole plague to be alone,
I am a beast, a monster grown,
I will no light nor company,
I find it now my misery.
The scene is turn'd, my joys are gone,
Fear, discontent, and sorrows come.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so fierce as melancholy.

I'll not change life with any king,
I ravish'd am! can the word bring
More joy, than still to laugh and smile,
In pleasant toys time to beguile?
Do not, O do not trouble me,
So sweet content I feel and see.
All my joys to this are folly,
None so divine as melancholy.

I'll change my state with any wretch
Thou canst from jail or dunghill fetch.
My pain's past cure; another hell;
I cannot in this forment dwell;
Now, desperate, I hate my life:
Lend me a halter or a knife.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so damn'd as melancholy.

LORD BACON.

LIFE.

The world's a bubble, and the Life of Man
Less than a span; [womb
In his conception wretched, from the
So to the tomb;
Curst from his cradle, and brought up
to years
With cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns on water, or but writes in dust.
Yet whilst with sorrow here we lie op-
prest,
What life is best?
Courts are but only superficial schools
To dandle fools;
The rural parts are turn'd into a den
Of savage men;
And where's a city from foul vice so free,
But may be term'd the worst of all the
three?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
Or pains his head:
Those that live single, take it for a curse,
Or do things worse;
Some would have children: those that
have them, moan
Or wish them gone:
What is it then, to have, or have no
wife,
But single thralldom, or a double strife?
Our own affections still at home to please
Is a disease:
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
Peril and toil:
Wars with their noise affright us: when
they come,
We are worse in peace: —
What then remain, but that we still
should cry,
For being born, or, being born, to die!

JAMES SHIRLEY.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the
field, [kill;
And plant fresh laurels where they
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring
breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
 Theu boast no more your mighty deeds;
 Upon death's purple altar now,
 See where the victor victim bleeds.

All heads must come
 To the cold tomb;
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

SONG.

O would to God a way were found,
 That by some secret sympathy unknown,
 My fair my fancy's depth might sound,
 And know my state as dearly as her own!
 Then blest, most blest were I,
 No doubt, beneath the sky,
 I were the happiest wight.
 For if my state they knew,
 It ruthless rocks would rue,
 And mend me if they might.

The deepest rivers make least din,
 The silent soul doth most abound in care,
 Then might my breast be read within,
 A thousand volumes would be written there.
 Might silence shew my mind,
 Sighs tell how I were pin'd;
 Or looks my woes relate,
 Then any pregnant wit,
 That well remarked it,
 Would soon discern my state.

Oft those that do deserve disdain,
 For forging fancies get the best reward;
 When I, who feel what they do feign,
 For too much love am had in no regard.
 Behold, by proof we see,
 The gallant living free,
 His fancies doth extend;
 Where he that is o'ercome,
 Rein'd with respects, stands dumb,
 Still fearing to offend.

Then since in vain I plaints impart
 To scornful ears, in a contemned scroll,
 And since my tongue betrays my heart,
 And cannot tell the anguish of my soul,
 Henceforth I'll hide my losses,
 And not recount the crosses
 That do my joys o'erthrow;
 At least, to senseless things
 Mounts, vales, woods, floods, and springs,
 I shall them only show.

Ah! unaffected lines
 True models of my heart;
 The world may see that in you shines
 The power of passion, more than art.

SERIES THE THIRD.

From Milton to Cowper.

THE THIRD

From Milton to Cowper

JOHN MILTON.

CHRISTMASS HYMN.

It was the winter wild,
Whi'e the Heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger
lies;
Nature in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty par-
amour.

Only with speeches fair
She wooes the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent
snow;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul de-
formities.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
She, crown'd with olive green, came
softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds
dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through
sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up
hung,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed
throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord
was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the Earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the
charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious in-
fluence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence,
But in their glimmering orbs did glow;
Until their Lord himself bespake, and
bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted
speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlighten'd world no more
should need:
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-
tree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them
below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so
busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,

An never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each
 heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrill-
 ing,

Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last
 fulfilling;

She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in
 happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefac'd
 night arrav'd;

The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings
 display'd,

Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's
 new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made
But when of old the sons of morning
 sung,

While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges
 hung;

And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their cozy
 channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ
 blow;

And with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full concert to the angelic
 symphony.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age
 of gold;

And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly
 mould;

And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the
 peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories
 wearing,

Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds
 down steering;

And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high
 palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so.
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thun-
 der through the theep;

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering
 clouds outbrake:

The aged Earth aghast
With terroure of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre
 shake;

When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall
 spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for, from this happy day,
The old Dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his fol-
 ded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words
 deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos
 leaving.

No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd priests from the
 prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud
lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled
thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the ho y hearth,
The Lars, and Lemures, moan with mid-
night plaint;
In urns, and a tars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service
quaint;
And the chill marb'e seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his
wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd god of Pales-
tine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with taper's holy shine;
The Libye Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded
Thammuz mourn

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,

Trampling the unshower'd grass with
lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his
shroud;
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his wor-
shipt ark.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky
eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands controll the
damned crew.

So, when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several
grave;
And the yellow-skirted Fayes
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their
moon-lov'd maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest;
Time is, our tedious song should here
have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fix'd her poish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp
attending
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order ser-
viceable.

L'ALLEGRO.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his
jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There-under ebon shades, and low-brow'd
rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,

And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-maying;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with
thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,

Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it, as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And, if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free.

To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull Night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine:

While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of Darkness thin.
 And to the stack, or the barn-door
 Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:
 Some time walking, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern-gate
 Where the great Sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his sithe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new
 pleasures,

Whilst the landscape round it mea-
 sures;

Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
 Mountains, on whose barren breast,
 The labouring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim with daisies pide,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees;
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;

And then in haste her bower she leaves;
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the checker'd shade;
 And young and o'd come forth to play
 On a sun-shine holiday,
 Till the live-long day-light fail:
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How faery Mab the junkets eat;
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said
 And he, by friars lantern led,
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of
 morn,

His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-labourers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's
 length,

Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tower'd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons
 bold,

In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse;
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
 The melting voice through mazes run-
 ing,

Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;

That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear

Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes
possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-
beams;
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers of-
fended:
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain:
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's immost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait;
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with thee calm Peace, and
Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth
diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:

And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accusom'd oak:
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of
folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering Moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar:
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the belman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With trice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;

Or what (though rare of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower!
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek!
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride:
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale
career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not 'trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a come'y cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.

There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy feather'd Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.

And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortal good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloysters pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine
ear,

Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that Heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

LYCIDAS.

Yet once more, O ye laure's, and once
more,

Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and
crude:

And, with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellow-
ing year:

Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his
peer:

Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty
rhyme.

He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,

Without the meed of some melodious
tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth
spring;

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the
string.

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn;
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nurs'd upon the self-
same hill,

Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade,
and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns ap-
pear'd

Under the opening eye-lids of the Morn,
 We drove afield, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry
 horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews
 of night,
 Oft till the star, that rose, at evening
 bright,
 Toward Heaven's descent had slop'd his
 westering wheel.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not
 mute,
 Temper'd to the oaten flute;
 Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fawns with
 cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be ab-
 sent long;
 And old Damoetas lov'd to hear our song.
 But, O the heavy change, now thou
 art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must re-
 turn!
 Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and
 desert caves
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine
 o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes, mourn:
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft
 lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds
 that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay ward-
 robe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.
 Where were ye, Nymphs, when the
 remorseless deep
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids,
 lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard
 stream:
 Ay me! I fondly dream!
 Had ye been there — for what could
 that have done?
 What could the Muse herself that Or-
 pheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal Nature did lament,
 When, by the rout that made the hid-
 eous roar, [sent,
 His gory visage down the stream was
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian
 shore?
 Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's
 trade,

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit
 doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to
 find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhor-
 red shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. «But not
 the praise,»
 Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trem-
 bling ears;
 «Fame is no plant that grows on mor-
 tal soil,
 Nor in the glistering foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad ru-
 mour lies:
 But lives and spreads aloft by those
 pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy
 meed.»
 O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd
 flood,
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with
 vocal reeds!
 That strain I heard was of a higher
 mood:
 But now my oat proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea;
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon
 winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this
 gentle swain?
 And question'd every gust of rugged
 wings
 That blows from off each beaked pro-
 montory:
 They knew not of his story;
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon
 stray'd;
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panopë with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
 Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with
 curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of
 thine.
 Next Camus, reverend sire, went foot-
 ing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the
 edge [with woe.
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed

«Ah! who hath reft» (quoth he) «my
 dearest pledge?»
 Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain,)
 He shook his mitre'd locks, and stern
 bespake:
 «How well could I have spared for thee,
 young swain,
 Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the
 fold?
 Of other care they little reckoning
 make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers'
 feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves
 know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else
 the least
 That to the faithful herdman's art be-
 longs!
 What recks it them? What need they?
 They are sped;
 And, when they list, their lean and
 flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wret-
 ched straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not
 fed,
 But, swoln with wind and the rank mist
 they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy
 paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing fed:
 But that two-handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite
 no more»
 Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is
 past,
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sici-
 lian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither
 cast
 Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand
 hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whis-
 pers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gush-
 ing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart-star spa-
 rely looks;
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd
 eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied
 showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal
 flowers. [dies,
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken

The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd
 with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired
 wood-bine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pen-
 sive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery
 wears:
 Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureat herse where Lycid
 lies.
 For, so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false
 surmise;
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sound-
 ing seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are
 hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou, perhaps, under the whelm-
 ing tide,
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous
 world;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows
 denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded
 mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's
 hold;
 Look homeward, angel, now, and melt
 with ruth:
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless
 youth.
 Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep
 no more,
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery
 floor;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-
 spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning
 sky:
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that
 walk'd the waves;
 Where, other groves and other streams
 along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and
 love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and, singing in their glory,
 move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no
 more:
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the
 shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be
 good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.
 Thus sang the uncouth swain to the
 oaks and rills,
 While the still Morn went out with
 sandals gray;

He touch'd the tender stops of various
 quills, [lay;
 With eager thought warbling his Doric
 And now the Sun had stretch'd out all
 the hills,
 And now was dropt into the western
 bay:
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle
 blue:
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures
 new.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK THE THIRD.

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven,
 first-born,
 Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
 May I express thee unblam'd? since
 God is light,
 And never but in unapproached light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence in-
 create.
 Or hear'st thou rather, pure etherial
 stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell? Before
 the Sun,
 Before the Heavens thou wert, and at
 the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and
 deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long
 detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my
 flight
 Through utter and through middle dark-
 ness borne,
 With other notes than to the Orphéan
 lyre,
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
 Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture
 down
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit
 safe,
 And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no
 dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd
 their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the
 more
 Cease I to wander, where the Muses
 haunt [hill,
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny

Smit with the love of sacred song; but
 chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks be-
 neath,
 That wash thy hal'ow'd feet, and warb-
 ling flow,
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equall'd with me in
 fate,
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary
 move
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful
 bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with
 the year
 Seasons return; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or
 morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's
 rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face di-
 vine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways
 of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge
 fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works to me expung'd and
 ras'd, [out.
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all
 her powers
 Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from
 thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see
 and tel
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.
 Now had the Almighty Father from
 above,

From the pure empyréan where he sits
 High thron'd above all height, bent down
 his eye
 His own works at once to view:
 About him all the sanctities of Heaven
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight
 received
 Beatitude past utterance; on his right
 The radiant image of his glory sat,
 His on'y Son; on Earth he first beheld
 Our two first parents, yet the only two
 Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,
 In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan
 there
 Coasting the wall of Heaven on this side
 Night
 In the dun air sublime, and ready now
 To stoop with wearied wings, and will-
 ing feet,
 On the bare outside of this world, that
 seem'd
 Firm land imbosom'd without firmament,
 Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
 Him God beholding from his prospect
 high,
 Wherein past, present, future, he be-
 holds,
 Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.
 «Only begotten Son, seest thou what
 rage
 Transports our adversary? whom no
 bounds
 Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the
 chains
 Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main
 abyss
 Wide interrupt, can hold; so bent he
 seems
 On desperate revenge, that shall redound
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now,
 Through all restraint broke loose, he
 wings his way
 Not far off Heaven, in the precincts of
 light,
 Directly towards the new-created world,
 And Man there plac'd, with purpose to
 assay
 If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,
 By some false guile pervert; and shall
 pervert;
 For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,
 And easily transgress the sole command,
 Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall
 He and his faithless progeny. Whose
 fault?
 Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had
 of me
 All he could have; I made him just and
 right,

Sufficient to have stood, though free to
 fall.
 Such I created all the etherial powers
 And spirits, both them who stood, and
 them who fail'd;
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell
 who fell.
 Not free, what proof could they have
 given sincere
 Of true allegiance, constant faith, or
 love,
 Where only what they needs must do
 appear'd,
 Not what they would? what praise could
 they receive?
 What pleasure I from such obedience
 paid,
 When will and reason (reason also is
 choice)
 Useless and vain, of freedom both de-
 spoil'd,
 Made passive both, had serv'd necessity,
 Not me? They therefore, as to right
 belong'd,
 So were created, nor can justly accuse
 Their maker, or their making, or their
 fate,
 As if predestination over-rul'd
 Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree
 Or high foreknowledge; they themselves
 decreed
 Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their
 fault,
 Which had no less prov'd certain un-
 foreknown.
 So without least impulse or shadow of
 fate,
 Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all
 Both what they judge. and what they
 choose; for so
 I form'd them free: and free they must
 remain,
 Till they entral themselves; I else must
 change
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
 Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd
 their fall.
 The first sort by their own suggestion
 fell,
 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls,
 deceiv'd
 By the other first: Man therefore shall
 find grace,
 The other none: in mercy and justice
 both.
 Through Heaven and Earth, so shall
 my glory excel:
 But mercy, first and last, shall brightest
 shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
 All Heaven, and in the blessed spirits elect
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
 Most glorious: in him all his Father shone
 Substantially express'd; and in his face
 Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
 Love without end, and without measure grace,
 Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake:

«O, Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
 Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace;
 For which both Heaven and Earth shall high extol
 Thy praises, with the innumerable sound
 Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
 Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
 For should man finally be lost, should man,
 Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
 With his own folly? That be from thee far,
 That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
 Of all things made, and judgest only right.
 Or shall the adversary thus obtain
 His end, and frustrate thine; shall he fulfil
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,
 Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
 Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
 By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
 Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence.»

To whom the great Creator thus replied.

«O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
 Son of my bosom, Son who art alone

My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
 A'l hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all

As my eternal purpose hath decreed:
 Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will;

Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
 Free'y vouchsaf'd; once more I will renew

His lapsed powers, though forfeit, and enthrall'd

By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand

On even ground against his mortal foe;
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail

His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
 All his deliverance, and to none but me.
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,
 Elect above the rest; so is my will:
 The rest shal hear me call, and oft be warn'd

Their sinful state, and to appease betimes

The incensed Deity, while offer'd grace
 Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due,

Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,

Mine ear shall not be s'ow, mine eye not shut.

And I will place within them as a guide,
 My umpire, Conscience; whom if they will hear,

Light after light, well us'd, they shall attain,

And to the end, persisting, safe arrive.
 This my long sufferance, and my day of grace,

They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;

But hard be harden'd, blind be b'inded more,

That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;

And none but such from mercy I exclude.

But yet all is not done; Man disobeying,

Disloyal, breaks his fealty, and sins
 Against the high supremacy of Heaven,
 Affecting god-head, and, so losing all,
 To expiate his treason hath nought left,
 But to destruction sacred and devote,
 He, with his whole posterity, must die,
 Die he or justice must; unless for him
 Some other able, and as willing, pay
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.

Say, heavenly powers, where shall we
 find such love?
 Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem
 Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust
 to save?
 Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?»
 He ask'd, but all the heavenly quire
 stood mute,
 And silence was in Heaven: on man's
 behalf
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
 Much less that durst upon his own head
 draw
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
 And now without redemption all man-
 kind
 Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death
 and Hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of
 God,
 In whom the fulness dwells of love di-
 vine,
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd.
 «Father, thy word is past, Man shall
 find grace;
 And shall grace not find means, that
 finds her way
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all
 Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, un-
 sought?
 Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid
 Can never seek, once dead in sins, and
 lost;
 Atonement for himself, or offering meet,
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
 Behold me then; me for him, life for
 life
 I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
 Account me Man; I for his sake will
 leave
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die
 Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreak
 all his rage;
 Under his gloomy power I shall not long
 Lie vanquish'd; thou hast given me to
 possess
 Life in myself for ever; by thee I live,
 Though now to Death I yield, and am
 his due
 All that of me can die: yet, that debt
 paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loath-
 some grave
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
 My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted
 spoil;
 Death his death's wound shall then re-
 ceive, and stoop

Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
 I through the ample air in triumph high
 Shall lead Hell captive, maugre Hell,
 and show
 The powers of darkness bound. Thou,
 at the sight
 Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down
 and smile,
 While, by thee rais'd, I ruin all my foes,
 Death last, and with his carcass glut
 the grave:
 Then, with the multitude of my redeem'd,
 Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and
 return,
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd
 And reconcilment; wrath shall be no
 more
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy
 entire.»
 His words here ended, but his meek
 aspect
 Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal
 love
 To mortal men, above which only shone
 Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
 Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd
 All Heaven, what this might mean, and
 whither tend,
 Wondering; but soon the Almighty thus
 replied.
 «O thou in Heaven and Earth the
 only peace
 Found out for mankind under wrath!
 O thou
 My sole complacence! well thou know'st
 how dear
 To me are all my works, nor Man the
 least,
 Though last created; that for him I spare
 Thee from my bosom and right hand
 to save,
 By losing thee awhile, the whole race
 lost.
 Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst
 redeem,
 Their nature also to thy nature join;
 And be thyself man among men on Earth,
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin
 seed,
 By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's
 room
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's
 son.
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,
 As from a second root, shall be restor'd
 As many as are restor'd, without thee
 none.
 His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy
 merit, [nounce
 Imputed, shall absolve them who re-

Their own both righteous and unright-
 eous deeds,
 And live in thee transplanted, and from
 thee
 Receive new light. So man, as is most
 just,
 Shall satisfy for man, be judg'd and die,
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise
 His brethren, ransom'd with his own
 dear life.
 So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
 So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
 In those who, when they may, accept
 not grace.
 Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine
 own.
 Because thou hast, though thron'd in
 highest bliss
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying
 God-like fruition, quitted all, to save
 A world from utter loss, and hast been
 found
 By merit more than birthright Son of
 God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being good,
 Far more than great or high; because
 in thee
 Love hath abounded more than glory
 abounds,
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy manhood also to this
 throne;
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt
 reign
 Both God and Man, Son both of God
 and Man,
 Anointed universal King; all power
 I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
 Thy merits; under thee, as head su-
 preme,
 Thrones, principedoms, powers, dominions,
 I reduce:
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them
 that bide
 In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth
 in Hell.
 When thou, attended gloriously from
 Heaven,
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee
 send
 The summoning arch-angels to proclaim
 Thy dread tribunal: forthwith from all
 winds
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past ages, to the general doom
 Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse
 their sleep.
 Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt
 judge

Bad men and angel; they, arraign'd,
 shall sink
 Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her num-
 bers full,
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean-
 while
 The world shall burn, and from her
 ashes spring
 New Heaven and Earth, wherein the
 just shall dwell,
 And after all their tribulations long,
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
 With joy and love triumphing, and fair
 truth.
 Then thou thy regal sceptre shall lay by,
 For regal sceptre then no more shall
 need,
 God shall be all in all. But, all ye gods,
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies,
 Adore the Son, and honour him as me.»
 No sooner had the Almighty ceas'd,
 but all
 The multitude of angels, with a shout
 Loud as from numbers without number,
 sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Hea-
 ven rung
 With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
 The eternal regions: lowly reverent
 Towards either throne they bow, and to
 the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their crowns inwove with amarant and
 gold;
 Immortal amarant, a flower which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
 Began to bloom; but soon for man's
 offence
 To Heaven remov'd where first it grew,
 there grows,
 And flowers aloft shading the fount
 of life,
 And where the river of bliss through
 midst of Heaven
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber
 stream: [elect
 With these that never fade the spirits
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd
 with beams;
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off,
 the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.
 Then, crown'd again, their golden harps
 they took,
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by
 their side
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble
 sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures
 high;

No voice exempt, no voice but well
 could join
 Melodious part, such concord is in
 Heaven
 Thee, Father, first they sung Omnipotent,
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
 Eternal King; thee Author of all being,
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible
 Amidst the glorious brightness where
 thou sittest
 Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou
 shad'st
 The full blaze of thy beams, and, through
 a cloud
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant
 shrine,
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts
 appear,
 Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest seraphim
 Approach not, but with both wings veil
 their eyes.
 Thee next they sang of all creation first,
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
 In whose conspicuous countenance, without
 cloud
 Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,
 Whom else no creature can behold; on
 thee
 Impress'd the effulgence of his glory
 abides,
 Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
 He Heaven of Heavens and all the powers
 therein
 By thee created; and by thee threw down
 The aspiring dominations: thou that day
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not
 spare,
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels,
 that shook
 Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er
 the necks
 Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.
 Back from pursuit thy powers with loud
 acclaim
 Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's
 might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
 Not so on Man: him, through their
 malice fall'n,
 Father of mercy and grace, thou didst
 not doom
 So strictly, but much more to pity incline:
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom
 frail Man
 So strictly, but much more to pity incline'd,
 He so appease thy wrath, and end the
 strife

Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
 Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
 For Man's offence. O unexampled love,
 Love no where to be found less than
 divine!
 Hail, Son of God, Saviour of Men! Thy
 name
 Shall be the copious matter of my song
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp
 thy praise
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise
 disjoin.
 Thus they in Heaven, above the starry
 sphere,
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning
 spent.
 Meanwhile upon the firm opacous globe
 Of this round world, whose first convex
 divides
 The luminous inferior orbs, enclos'd
 From Chaos, and the inroad of Darkness
 old,
 Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown
 of Night
 Starless expos'd, and ever-threatening
 storms
 Of Chaos blustering round, inclement
 sky;
 Save on that side which from the wall
 of Heaven,
 Though distant far, some small reflection
 gains
 Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest
 loud:
 Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious
 field.
 As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar
 bounds,
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling
 kids,
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward
 the springs
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
 But in his way lights on the barren
 plains
 Of Sericana, where Chinese drive
 With sails and wind their cany waggons
 light:
 So, on this windy sea of land, the fiend
 Walk'd up and down alone, bent on
 his prey;
 Alone, for other creature in this place,
 Living or lifeless, to be found was none,
 None yet, but store hereafter from the
 Earth

Up hither like aëreal vapours flew
 Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
 Both all things vain, and all who in
 vain things
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting
 fame,
 Or happiness in this or the other life;
 All who have their reward on Earth,
 the fruits
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
 Nought seeking but the praise of men,
 here find
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
 All the unaccomplish'd works of Na-
 ture's hand,
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
 Dissolv'd on Earth, fleet hither, and in
 vain,
 Till final dissolution, wander here;
 Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some
 have dream'd;
 Those argent fields more likely habitants,
 'Translated saints, or middle spirits hold
 Betwixt the angelical and human kind.
 Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters
 born
 First from the ancient world those
 giants came
 With many a vain exploit, though then
 renown'd:
 The builders next of Babel on the plain
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design,
 New Babels, had they wherewithal,
 would build:
 Others came single; he, who to be deem'd
 A god, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,
 Empedocles; and he, who to enjoy
 Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
 Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
 Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars
 White, black, and gray, with all their
 trumpery.
 Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far
 to seek
 In Golgatha him dead, who lives in
 Heaven;
 And they, who to be sure of Paradise,
 Dying, put on the weeds of Dominic,
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd;
 They pass the planets seven, and pass
 the fix'd,
 And that crystalline sphere whose ba-
 lance weighs
 The trepidation talk'd, and that first
 mov'd;
 And now Saint Peter at Heaven's wicket
 seems
 To wait them with his keys, and now
 at foot;
 Of Heaven's ascent they lift their feet,
 when lo

A violent cross wind from either coast
 Blows them transverse, ten thousand
 leagues awry
 Into the devious air: then might ye see
 Cows, hoods, and habits, with their
 wearers, tost
 And flutter'd into rags; then reliques,
 beads,
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
 The sport of winds: all these, upwhirl'd
 a'oft,
 Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,
 Into a Limbo large and broad, since
 call'd
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
 Long after, now unpeopled and untrod.
 All this dark globe the fiend found as
 he pass'd,
 And long he wander'd, till at last a
 gleam
 Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward
 in haste
 His travell'd steps: far distant he descries
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of Heaven a structure
 high;
 At top whereof, but far more rich ap-
 pear'd
 The work as of a kingly palace-gate,
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold
 Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient
 gems
 The portal shone, inimitable on Earth
 By model, or by shading pencil, drawn.
 The stairs were such as whereon Jacob
 saw
 Angels ascending and descending, bands
 Of guardians bright, when he from Esau
 fled
 To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz,
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,
 And waking cried, «This is the gate of
 Heaven.»
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor
 stood
 There always, but drawn up to Heaven
 sometimes
 Viewless; and underneath a bright sea
 flow'd
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
 Who after came from Earth, sailing
 arrived,
 Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery
 steeds.
 The stairs were then let down, whether
 to dare
 The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the doors of
 bliss:
 Direct against which open'd from be-
 neath,

Just O'er the blissfull seat of Paradise,
 A passage down to the Earth, a passage
 wide,
 Wider by far than that of after-times
 Over mount Sion, and, though that
 were large,
 Over the Promis'd Land, to God so dear;
 By which, to visit of those happy tribes,
 On high behests his angels to and fro
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice
 regard
 From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's
 flood,
 To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land
 Borders on Egypt and the Arabian
 shore;
 So wide the opening seem'd, where
 bounds were set
 To darkness, such as bound the ocean
 wave.
 Satan from hence, now on the lower
 stair,
 That scal'd by steps of gold to Heaven-
 gate,
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden
 view
 Of all this world at once. As when a
 scout,
 Through dark and desert ways with
 peril gone
 All night, at last by break of cheerful
 dawn
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing
 hill,
 Which to his eye discovers unaware
 The goodly prospect of some foreign
 land
 First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
 With glistening spires and pinnacles
 adorn'd,
 Which now the rising Sun gilds with
 his beams:
 Such wonder seiz'd, though after Heaven
 seen,
 The spirit malign, but much more envy
 seiz'd,
 At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
 Round he surveys (and well might,
 where he stood
 So high above the circling canopy
 Of night's extended shade) from eastern
 point
 Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas,
 Beyond the horizon; then from pole
 to pole
 He views in breadth, and without longer
 pause
 Down right into the world's first region
 throws
 His flight precipitant, and winds with
 case

Through the pure marble air his oblique
 way
 Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd
 other worlds;
 Or other worlds they seem'd or happy
 isles,
 Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of
 old,
 Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow-
 ery vales,
 Thrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy
 there
 He staid not to inquire: above them all
 The golden Sun, in splendour likest
 Heaven,
 Allur'd his eye; thither his course he
 bends
 Through the calm firmament, (but up
 or down,
 By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,
 Or longitude,) where the great luminary
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
 That from his lordly eye keep distance
 due,
 Dispenses light from far; they, as they
 move
 Their starry dance in numbers that
 compute
 Days, months and years, towards his
 all-cheering lamp
 Turn swift their various motions, or
 are turn'd
 By his magnetic beam, that gently
 warms
 The universe, and to each inward part
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,
 Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep;
 So wonderously was set his station
 bright.
 There lands the fiend, a spot like which
 perhaps
 Astronomer in the Sun's lucent orb
 Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never
 saw.
 The place he found beyond expression
 bright,
 Compar'd with aught on Earth, metal
 or stone;
 Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
 With radiant light, as glowing iron
 with fire;
 If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver
 clear;
 If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
 Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
 In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone
 besides
 Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,
 That stone, or like to that, which here
 below
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought

In vain, though by their powerful art
 they bind
 Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
 In various shapes old Proteus from the
 sea,
 Drain'd through a limbec to his native
 form.
 What wonder then if fields and regions
 here
 Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous
 touch
 The arch-chymic Sun, so far from us
 remote,
 Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd,
 Here in the dark so many precious things
 Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
 Undazzled; far and wide his eye com-
 mands;
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor
 shade,
 But all sun-shine, as when his beams at
 noon
 Culminate from the equator, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way
 round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall: and
 the air,
 No where so clear, sharpen'd his vis-
 ual ray
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon
 Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
 The same whom John saw also in the
 Sun:
 His back was turn'd, but not his bright-
 ness hid;
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
 Circled his head, nor less his locks
 behind
 Illustrious on his shoulders, fledge with
 wings,
 Lay waving round; on some great charge
 employ'd
 He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the spirit impure, as now in
 hope
 To find who might direct his wander-
 ing flight
 To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,
 His journey's end and our beginning
 woe.
 But first he casts to change his proper
 shape,
 Which else might work him danger or
 delay:
 And now a stripling cherub he appears,
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smil'd celestial, and to every
 limb
 Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd:
 Under a coronet his flowing hair

In curls on either cheek play'd; wings
 he wore,
 Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkled
 with gold;
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
 Before his decent steps a silver wand.
 He drew not nigh unheard; the angel
 bright,
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage
 turn'd,
 Admonish'd by his ear, and straight
 was known
 The arch-angel Uriel, one of the seven
 Who in God's presence, nearest to his
 throne,
 Stand ready at command, and are his
 eyes
 That run through all the Heavens, or
 down to the Earth
 Bear his swift errands over moist and
 dry,
 O'er sea and land: him Satan thus
 accosts.
 «Uriel, for thou of those seven spirits
 that stand
 In sight of God's high throne, gloriously
 bright,
 The first art wont his great authentic
 will
 Interpreter through highest Heaven to
 bring,
 Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
 And here art likeliest by supreme decree
 Like honour to obtain, and as his eye
 To visit oft this new creation round;
 Unspeakable desire to see, and know,
 All these his wondrous works, but
 chiefly Man,
 His chief delight and favour, him for
 whom
 All these his works so wondrous he
 ordain'd,
 Hath brought me from the quires of
 cherubim
 Alone thus wandering. Brightest seraph,
 tell
 In which of all these shining orbs hath
 Man
 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
 But all these shining orbs his choice to
 dwell;
 That I may find him, and with secret
 gaze
 Or open admiration him behold,
 On whom the great Creator hath be-
 stow'd
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these
 graces pour'd;
 That both in him and all things, as is
 meet,
 The universal Maker we may praise;
 Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes

To deepest Hell, and, to repair that loss,
Created this new happy race of Men
To serve him better: wise are all his
ways.»

So spake the false dissembler unper-
ceiv'd;
For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through Heaven
and Earth:

And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion
sleeps

At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness
thinks no ill

Where no ill seems: which now for once
beguil'd

Uriel, though regent of the Sun, and
held

The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in
Heaven;

Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,
In his uprightness, answer thus return'd.

«Fair angel, thy desire, which tends
to know

The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-master, leads to no
excess

That reaches blame, but rather merits
praise

The more it seems excess, that led thee
hither

From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some
perhaps,

Contented with report, hear only in
Heaven:

For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with de-
light;

But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their
causes deep?

I saw when at his word the formless
mass,

This world's material mould, came to
a heap:

Confusion heard his voice, and wild
uproar

Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude con-
fin'd;

Till at his second bidding Darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder
sprung:

Swift to their several quarters hasted
then

The cumbrous elements, earth, flood,
air, fire;

And this etherial quintessence of Heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various
forms,

That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they
move;

Each had his place appointed, each his
course;

The rest in circuit walls this universe.
Look downward on that globe, whose
hither side

With light from hence, though but re-
flected, shines;

That place is Earth, the seat of Man;
that light

His day, which else, as the other he-
misphere,

Night would invade: but there the neigh-
bouring Moon

(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely interposes, and her monthly
round

Still ending, still renewing, through mid
Heaven,

With borrow'd light her countenance
triform

Hence fil's and empties to enlighten th'
Earth,

And in her pale dominion checks the
night.

That spot, to which I point, is Paradise,
Adam's abode; those lofty shades, his
bower.

Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine
requires.»

Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan,
bowing low,

As to superior spirits is wont in Heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none
neglects,

Took leave, and toward the coast of
Earth beneath,

Down from the ecliptic, sped with hop'd
success,

Throws his steep flight in many an aery
wheel;

Nor staid, till on Niphates' top he lights.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

ANACREONTICS.

LOVE.

I'll sing of heroes and of kings,
 In mighty numbers, mighty things.
 Begin, my Muse! but lo! the strings
 To my great song rebellious prove;
 The strings will sound of nought but love.
 I broke them all, and put on new;
 'Tis this or nothing sure will do.
 These, sure, (said I) will me obey;
 These, sure, heroic notes will play.
 Straight I began with thundering Jove,
 And all th' immortal powers; but Love,
 Love smil'd, and from m' enfeebled lyre
 Came gentle airs, such as inspire
 Melting love and soft desire.
 Farewell, then, heroes! farewell, kings
 And mighty numbers, mighty things!
 Love tunes my heart just to my strings.

DRINKING.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again,
 The plants suck-in the earth, and are
 With constant drinking fresh and fair;
 The sea itself (which one would think
 Should have but little need of drink)
 Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
 So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
 The busy Sun (and one would guess
 By's drunken fiery face no less)
 Drinks up the sea, and, when he 'as
 done,
 The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun:
 They drink and dance by their own
 light;
 They drink and revel all the night.
 Nothing in nature 's sober found,
 But an eternal health goes round.
 Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
 Fill all the glasses there; for why
 Should every creature drink but I;
 Why, man of morals, tell me why?

BEAUTY.

Liberal Nature did dispense
 To all things arms for their defence;
 And some she arms with sinewy force,
 And some with swiftness in the course;
 Some with hard hoofs or forked claws,
 And some with horns or tusked jaws:
 And some with scales, and some with
 wings,

And some with teeth, and some with
 stings.

Wisdom to man she did afford,
 Wisdom for shield, and wit for sword.
 What to beauteous womankind,
 What arms, what armour, has sh' assign'd?
 Beauty is both; for with the fair
 What arms, what armour, can compare?
 What steel, what gold, or diamond,
 More impassible is found?
 And yet what flame, what lightning, e'er
 So great an active force did bear?
 They are all weapon, and they dart
 Like porcupines from every part.
 Who can, alas! their strength express,
 Arm'd, when they themselves undress,
 Cap-a-pie with nakedness?

AGE.

Oft am I by the women told,
 Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old:
 Look how thy hairs are falling all;
 Poor Anacreon, how they fall!
 Whether I grow old or no,
 By th' effects, I do not know;
 This, I know, without being told,
 'Tis time to love, if I grow old;
 'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
 Of little life the best to make,
 And manage wisely the last stake.

GOLD.

A mighty pain to love it is,
 And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
 But, of all pains, the greatest pain
 It is to love, but love in vain.
 Virtue now, nor noble blood,
 Nor wit by love is understood;
 Gold alone does passion move,
 Gold monopolizes love.
 A curse on her, and on the man
 Who this traffic first began!
 A curse on him who found the ore!
 A curse on him who digg'd the store!
 A curse on him who did refine it!
 A curse on him who first did coin it!
 A curse, all curses else above,
 On him who us'd it first in love!
 Gold begets in brethren hate;
 Gold in families debate;
 Gold does friendships separate;
 Gold does civil wars create.

These the smallest harms of it!
Gold, alas! does love beget.

THE EPICURE.

Fill the bowl with rosy wine!
Around our temples roses twine!
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses, smile.
Crown'd with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To day is ours, what do we fear?
To day is ours; we have it here:
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

ANOTHER.

Underneath this myrtle shade,
On flowery beds supinely laid,
With odorous oils my head o'er-flowing,
And around it roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly state
Love himself shall on me wait.
Fill to me, Love; nay fill it up;
And mingled cast into the cup
Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
Vigorous health and gay desires.
The wheel of life no less will stay
In a smooth than rugged way:
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the motion pleasant be.
Why do we precious ointments show'r?
Nobler wines why do we pour?
Beauteous flowers why do we spread,
Upon the monuments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can show,
Or bones that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses whilst I live,
Now your wines and ointments give;
After death I nothing crave,
Let me alive my pleasures have,
All are Stoics in the grave.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy Insect! what can be
In happiness compar'd to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy Morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,

Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that summer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy thou!
Dost neither age nor winter know;
But, when thou'st drunk, and danc'd,
and sung
Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

THE SWALLOW.

Foolish Prater, what dost thou
So early at my window do,
With thy tuneless serenade?
Well 't had been had Tereus made
Thee as dumb as Philomel;
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiscovered nest
Thou dost all the winter rest,
And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,
Free from the stormy seasons' noise,
Free from th' ill thou'st done to me;
Who disturbs or seeks-out thee?
Hadst thou all the charming notes
Of the wood's poetic throats,
All thy art could never pay
What thou hast ta'en from me away.
Cruel bird! thou'st ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day;
A dream, that ne'er must equal'd be
By all that waking eyes may see.
Thou, this damage to repair,
Nothing half so sweet or fair,
Nothing half so good, canst bring,
Though men say thou bring'st the Spring.

OF MYSELF.

This only grant me, that my means
may lie

Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill known:

Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't
depends

Not on the number, but the choice, of
friends.

Books should, not business, entertain
the light,

And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the
night.

My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be

For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and plea-
sures yield,

Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading
space;

For he, that runs it well, twice runs
his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy
state,

I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;

But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd
to-day.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

Happy the man, who his whole time
doth bound

Within th' enclosure of his little ground.

Happy the man, whom the same humble
place

(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)

From his first rising infancy has known,

And by degrees sees gently bending
down,

With natural propension, to that earth
Which both preserv'd his life, and gave
him birth.

Him no false distant lights, by fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wanderings get.

He never dangers either saw or fear'd:
The dreadful storms at sea he never
heard.

He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyers' bar.

No change of consuls marks to him the
year,

The change of seasons is his calendar.
The cold and heat, winter and summer
shows;

Autumm by fruits, and spring by flowers,
he knows;

He measures time by land-marks, and
has found

For the whole day the dial of his ground.
A neighbouring wood, born with him-
self, he sees,

And loves his old contemporary trees.
He 'as only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by
fame.

Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red-sea, and of Benacus' lake.
Thus health and strength he to a third
age enjoys,

And sees a long posterity of boys.

About the spacious world let others roam,
The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

A SUPPLICATION

(FROM THE DAVIDEIS.)

Awake, awake, my Lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble
tale

In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:

Though so exalted she,
And I so lowly be,

Tell her, such different notes make all
thy harm ony

Hark! how the strings awake:
And, though the moving hand approach
not near,

Themselves with awful fear,
A kind of numerous trembling make.

Now all thy forces try,
Now all thy charms apply,

Revenge upon her ear the conquests of
her eye.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My passion to remove,
Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment
to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail;
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire:
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie,
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre; and let thy
master die.

EDMUND WALLER.

OF LOVE.

Anger, in hasty words, or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes;
And sorrow too finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So every passion but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move:
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd:
For women, born to be control'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the generous steed opprest;
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.
Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them opprest,
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks
among

His twenty lasses, bright and young,
And beckons to the willing dame.
Preferr'd to quench his present flame,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise, and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear,
That these her guard of eunuchs were
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggl'd with the yoke
Of mighty love: that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pity'd now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream, about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next: but, if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He strait resumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

Poets may boast, as safely vain,
Their works shall with the world remain:
Both bound together, live or die,
The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line should long
Last, in a daily-changing tongue?
While they are new, envy prevail's;
And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art:
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets, that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in Latin or in Greek:
We write in sand, our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast,
The glory of his numbers lost!
Years have defac'd his matchless strain,
And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties, which adorn'd that age,
The shining subjects of his rage,
Hoping they should immortal prove,
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the gen'rous poet's scope;
And all an English pen can hope;
To make the fair approve his flame,
That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty, if it prove
But as long-liv'd as present love.

SONG.

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet, and fair, she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty, from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

TO PHYLLIS.

Phyllis! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can!)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or, would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time;
Change in love to Heaven does climb.
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.

Phyllis! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I inquire,
What has been our past desire;
On what shepherd you have smil'd,
Or what nymphs I have beguild:
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do:
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

ON A GIRDLE.

That, which her slender waist confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer:

My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

DESCRIPTION OF HUDIBRAS.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why?
When hard words, jealousies and fears
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk
For dame Religion as for punk:
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,

Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick:
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.

A wight he was whose very sight wou'd
 Intitle him, Mirror of Knighthood;
 That never bow'd his stubborn knee
 To any thing but chivalry:
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid
 Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade:
 Chief of domestic Knights and errant,
 Either for chartel, or for warrant;
 Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er as swaddle:
 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styl'd of war as well as peace.
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,
 Are either for the land or water.)
 But here our author makes a doubt,
 Whether he were more wise or stout.
 Some hold the one, and some the other;
 But howsoe'er, they make a pother,
 The diff'rence was so small, his brain
 Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
 Which made some take him for a tool,
 That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.
 For't has been held by many, that
 As *Montaigne*, playing with his cat,
 Complains she thought him but an ass,
 Much more she wou'd Sir *Hudibras*;
 (For that's the name our valiant Knight
 To all his challenges did write.)
 But they're mistaken very much;
 'Tis plain enough he was no such.
 We grant, altho' he had much wit,
 H' was very shy of using it;
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about;
 Unless on ho'y-days, or so,
 As men their best apparel do.
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak *Greek*
 As naturally as pigs squeek:
 That *Latin* was no more difficile,
 Than to a black-bird 'tis to whistle.
 Being rich in both, he never scanted
 His bounty unto such as wanted:
 But much of either wou'd afford
 To many that had not one word.
 For *Hebrew* roots, altho' they're found
 To flourish most in barren ground,
 He had such plenty, as suffic'd
 To make some think him circumcis'd;
 And truly so, perhaps he was;
 'Tis many a pious Christian's case.

He was in *Logic* a great critick,
 Profoundly skil'd in analytick!
 He cou'd distinguish and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute.
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse.
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a Lord may be an owl,
 A calf an Alderman, a goose a Justice,
 And rooks Committee-men and Trustees.

He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination.
 All this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure, he would do.
 For *Rhetoric*, he cou'd not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope:
 And when he happen'd to break off
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 H' had hard words ready to shew why,
 And tell what rules he did it by:
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other folk.
 For all the rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.
 But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech,
 In loftiness of sound, was rich;
 A Baby'onish dialect,
 Which learned pedants much affect.
 It was a party-colour'd dress
 Of patch'd and pye-ball'd languages:
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on satin.
 It had an odd promiscuous tone,
 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one;
 Which made some think, when he did
 gabble,
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel;
 Or *Cerberus* himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
 And truly to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large:
 For he cou'd coin or counterfeit
 New word's, with little or no wit;
 Words, so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on:
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em;
 That had the orator, who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
 When he harangu'd, but known his
 phrase,
 He would have us'd no other ways.
 In *Mathematicks* he was greater
 Than *Tycho Brahe* or *Erra Pater*:
 For he, by geometrik scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale;
 Resolve, by sines and tangents, straight,
 If bread or butter wanted weight;
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
 The clock does strike, by algebra.
 Beside, he was a shrewd *Philosopher*,
 And had read ev'ry text and gloss over:
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
 He understood b' implicit faith:
 Whatever Sceptic cou'd enquire for,
 For ev'ry why, he had a wherefore;
 Knew more than forty of them do,
 As far as words and terms cou'd go:
 All which he understood by rote,
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote:

No matter whether right or wrong,
 They might be either said or sung.
 His notions fitted things so well,
 That which was which he could not tell;
 But oftentimes mistook the one
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.
 He cou'd reduce all things to acts,
 And knew their natures by abstracts;
 Where entity and quiddity,
 The ghost of defunct bodies, fly;
 Where truth in person does appear,
 Like words congeal'd in northern air.
 He knew what's what, and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly.
 In school-divinity as able
 As he that hight, Irrefragable;
 A second *Thomas*, or, at once
 To name them all, another *Dunce*:
 Profound in all the nominal
 And real ways beyond them all;
 For he a rope of sand cou'd twist
 As though a learned *Sorbonist*;
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
 That's empty when the moon is full;
 Such as take lodgings in a head
 That's to be let unfurnished.
 He cou'd raise scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice;
 As if divinity had catch'd
 The itch on purpose to be scratch'd;
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound
 And stab herself with doubts profound,
 Only to shew with how small pain
 The sores of faith are cur'd again;
 A'tho' by woeful proof we find
 They always leave a scar behind.
 He knew the seat of paradise.
 Cou'd tell in what degree it lies;
 And, as he was dispos'd, cou'd prove it
 Below the moon, or else above it:
 What *Adam* dreamt of, when his bride
 Came from her closet in his side:
 Whether the devil tempted her
 By a High-Dutch interpreter:
 If either of them had a navel:
 Who first made music mal'eable:
 Whether the serpent, at the fall,
 Had cloven feet or none at all.
 All this, without a gloss or comment,
 He cou'd unriddle in a moment,
 In proper terms, such as men smatter,
 When they throw out, and miss the
 matter.

For his *Religion*, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit:
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
 For he was of that stubborn crew
 Of errant Saints whom all men grant
 To be the true Church Militant;
 Such as do build their faith upon
 The holy text of pike and gun;
 Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox
 By apostolic blows and knocks:
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
 A godly thorough reformation,
 Which always must be carry'd on,
 And still be doing, never done:
 As if Religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended.
 A sect whose chief devotion lies
 In old perverse antipathies;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss:
 More peevish, cross, and splenetick,
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
 That with more care keep holy-day
 The wrong, than others the right way:
 Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
 By damning those they have no mind to:
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worship'd God for spite.
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for.
 Free-will they one way disavow;
 Another, nothing else allow.
 All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin.
 Rather than fail, they will decry
 That which they love most tenderly;
 Quarrel with minc'd-pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-
 porridge:
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard thro' the nose.
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
 Like *Mahomed's*, were ass and wid-
 geon;
 To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper was so linkt,
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense
 Had got th' advowson of his conscience.
 Thus was he gifted and accouter'd;
 We mean on th' inside, not the out-
 ward.

JOHN DRYDEN.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST,

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

An Ode in Honour of St. Cecilia's Day.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne:
 His valiant peers were plac'd around;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles
 bound:
 (So should desert in arms be crown'd)
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love.)
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia press'd:
 And while he sought her snowy breast:
 Then, round her slender waist he cur'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a
 sovereign of the world.
 The listening crowd admire the lofty
 sound,
 A present deity the vaulted roofs re-
 bound:
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,

Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet
 musician sung:
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face;
 Now give the hautboys breath: he
 comes, he comes.
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew
 vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes; and
 thrice he slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And, while he Heaven and Earth
 defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his
 pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse
 Soft pity to infuse:
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltring in his blood;
 Deserted, at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed:
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless
victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of Chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of Chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud ap-
plause;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won
the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and
look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once
oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her
breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and
look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once
oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her
breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of
thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head!
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise:
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their
eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle
were slain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on
high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile
gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with
zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another
Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with
zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another
Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle
soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred
store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts un-
known before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred
store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,

With Nature's mother-wit, and arts un-
known before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,

Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

PRINCIPAL PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

Once I beheld the fairest of her kind,
And still the sweet idea charms my
mind:
True, she was dumb; for Nature gaz'd
so long,
Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot
her tongue;
But, smiling, said, «She still shall gain
the prize;
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes.»
Such are thy pictures, Kneller: such thy
skill,
That Nature seems obedient to thy will;
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the
draught;
Lives there, and wants but words to
speak her thought.
At least thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just
to see.

Shadows are but privations of the
light;
Yet, when we walk, they shoot before
the sight;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall;
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing
all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almost conquer in the
strife;
And from their animated canvass came,
Demanding souls, and loosen'd from the
frame.

Prometheus, were he here, would cast
away
His Adam, and refuse a soul to clay;
And either would thy noble work in-
spire,
Or think it warm enough without his
fire.

But vulgar hands may vulgar likeness
This is the least attendant on thy praise;
From hence the rudiments of art began;
A coal, or chalk, first imitated man:
Perhaps the shadow, taken on a wall,
Gave outlines to the rude original;
Ere canvass yet was strain'd, before the
grace
Of blended colours found their use and
place,
Or cypress tablets first receiv'd a face.

By s'ow degrees the godlike art ad-
vanc'd;
As man grew polish'd, picture was en-
hanc'd:
Greece added 'posture, shade, and per-
spective;
And then the mimic piece began to live.
Yet perspective was lame, no distance
true,
But all came forward in one common
view;
No point of light was known, no bounds
of art;
When light was there, it knew not to
depart,
But glaring on remoter objects play'd;
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.
Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept
alive,
And with old Greece unequally did strive:
Till Goths and Vandals, a rude northern
race,
Did all the matchless monuments deface.
Then all the Muses in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began t' enervate poetry.
Thus, in a stupid military state,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate.
Flat faces, such as would disgrace a
screen,
Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen.
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude de-
light
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.
Long time the sister arts, in iron sleep,
A heavy sabbath did supinely keep:
At length, in Raphael's age, at once
they rise,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all
their eyes.
Thence rose the Roman, and the Lom-
bard line:
One colour'd best, and one did best
design.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler
part, [art.
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's
Thy genius gives thee both; where
true design,
Postures unforc'd, and lively colours join.
Likeness is ever there; but still the best,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language
drest;

Where light, to shades descending, plays,
not strives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various parts a perfect whole is
wrought:

Thy pictures think, and we divine their
thought.

Shakspeare, thy gift, I place before
my sight:

With awe, I ask his blessing ere I write;
With reverence look on his majestic face;
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.
His soul inspires me, while thy praise
I write,

And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight
Bids thee, through me, be bold; with
dauntless breast

Contemn the bad, and emulate the best.
Like his, thy critics, in th' attempt are
lost:

When most they rail, know then, they
envy most.

In vain they snarl aloof; a noisy crowd,
Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren industry deplore,
Pass on secure, and mind the goal be-
fore.

Old as she is, my Muse shall march be-
hind

Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are sisters, though not twins
in birth:

For hymns were sung in Eden's happy
earth:

But oh, the painter Muse, though last
in place,

Has seiz'd the blessing first, like Jacob's
race.

Apelles' art an Alexander found;
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound;
But Homer was with barren laurel
crown'd.

Thou hadst thy Charles a while, and so
had I;

But pass we that unpleasing image by.
Rich in thyself, and of thyself divine;
All pilgrims come and offer at thy shrine.
A graceful truth thy pencil can com-
mand;

The fair themselves go mended from
thy hand.

Likeness appears in every lineament;
But likeness in thy work is eloquent.
Though Nature there her true resem-
blance bears,

A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.
So warm thy work, so glows the gene-
rous frame,

Flesh looks less living in the lovely
dame.

Thou paint'st as we describe, improv-
ing still,

When on wild Nature we ingraft our
skill;

But not creating beauties at our will.

But poets are confin'd in narrower
space,

To speak the language of their native
place:

The painter widely stretches his com-
mand;

Thy pencil speaks the tongue of every
land.

From hence, my friend, all climates are
your own,

Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of
none.

All nations all immunities will give
To make you theirs, where'er you please
to live;

And not seven cities, but the world
would strive.

Sure some propitious planet then did
smile,

When first you were conducted to this
isle:

Our genius brought you here, t' enlarge
our fame;

For your good stars are every where
the same.

Thy matchless hand, of every region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate
thee.

Great Rome and Venice early did im-
part

To thee th' examples of their wondrous
art.

Those masters then, but seen, not under-
stood,

With generous emulation fir'd thy blood:
For what in Nature's dawn the child
admir'd,

The youth endeavour'd, and the man
acquir'd.

If yet thou hast not reach'd their high
degree,

'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.
Thy genius, bounded by the times, like
mine,

Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare
design

A more exalted work, and more divine.
For what a song, or senseless opera,

Is to the living labour of a play
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,

Such is a single piece to history.

But we, who life bestow, ourselves
must live:

Kings cannot reign, unless their sub-
jects give:

And they, who pay the taxes, bear the
rule:

Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to
draw a fool:

But so his fo lies in thy posture sink,
The senseless idiot seems at last to think.

Good Heaven! that sots and knaves
should be so vain,
To wish their vile resemblance may re-
main! [quest

And stand recorded, at their own re-
To future days, a libel or a jest!

Else should we see your noble pencil
trace

Our unities of action, time, and place:
A whole compos'd of parts, and those
the best,

With every various character exprest;
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view:
Less, and at distance, an ignobler crew.

While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to complete the main design.

More cannot be by mortal art ex-
prest;

But venerable age shall add the rest,
For Time shall with his ready pencil
stand;

Retouch your figures with his ripening
hand;

Mellow your colours, and imbrown the
teint;

Add every grace, which Time alone can
grant;

To future ages shall your fame convey,
And give more beauties than he takes
away.

MAC-FLECKNOE.

All human things are subject to decay,
And when Fate summons, monarchs
must obey.

This Flecknoe found, who, like Augus-
tus, young

Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd
long:

In prose and verse, was own'd, without
dispute,

Through all the realms of Nonsense,
absolute.

This aged prince, now flourishing in
peace,

And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length
debate

To settle the succession of the state:
And, pondering, which of all his sons
was fit

To reign, and wage immortal war with
wit,

Cry'd, 'Tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads,
that he [me.

Should only rule, who most resembles
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he,
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make
pretence,

But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may
fall,

Strike through, and make a lucid inter-
val:

But Shadwell's genuine night admits
no ray,

His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless
majesty:

Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade
the plain,

And, spread in solemn state, supinely
reign.

Heywood and Shirley were but types of
thee,

Thou last great prophet of tautology!
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than
they,

Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget,
came

To teach the nations in thy greater
name.

My warbling lute, the lute I whi'om
strung,

When to king John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut
thy way,

With well-tim'd oars before the royal
barge,

Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial
charge;

And, big with hymn, commander of an
host,

The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets
tost.

Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy
nail.

At thy well-sharpened thumb from shore
to shore

The trebles speak for fear, the bases roar:
Echoes from Temple-Alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they resound from Aston-
Hall.

About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious
band,

Thou wield'st thy papers in thy thresh-
ing hand.
St. André's feet ne'er kept more equal
time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own Psyche's
rhyme:
Though they in number as in sense
excel;
So just, so like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton for-
swore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph
bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius
more.»
Here stopt the good old sire, and wept
for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, per-
suade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.
Close to the walls which fair Augusta
bind,
(The fair Augusta, much to fears in-
clin'd)
An ancient fabric rais'd t' inform the
sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it
hight:
A watch-tower once; but now, so Fate
ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted
joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-
strumpets keep,
And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence
sleep.
Near these a nursery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future
heroes bred;
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh
and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices
try,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins
here,
Nor greater Jonson dare in socks ap-
pear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:
Pure clinches the suburban Muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with
words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to Fame well
known,
Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's
throne.
For ancient Decker prophesy'd long
since,

That in this pile should reign a mighty
prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of
sense:
To whom true dulness should some
Psyches owe,
But worlds of misers from his pen should
flow:
Humorists and hypocrites it should pro-
duce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of
Bruce.
Now empress Fame had publish'd the
renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the
town.
Rous'd by report of Fame, the nations
meet,
From near Bunhill, and distant Watling-
street.
No Persian carpets spread th' imperial
way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From dusty shops neglected authors
come,
Martyrs of pies, and relics of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there
lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd
the way.
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood pre-
par'd,
And Herringman was captain of the
guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours
rear'd.
At his right hand our young Ascanius
sate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the
state.
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories,
grace, [face.
And lambent dulness play'd around his
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his sire, a mortal foe to
Rome;
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow
be vain,
That he till death true dulness would
maintain;
And, in his father's right, and realm's
defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce
with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction
made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade,
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's kingdom to his right he did con-
vey,

At once his sceptre, and his rule of
 sway;
 Whose righteous lore the prince had
 practis'd young,
 And from whose loins recorded Psyche
 sprung.
 His temples, last, with poppies were
 o'erspread,
 That nodding seem'd to consecrate his
 head.
 Just at the point of time, if Fame not
 lie,
 On his left hand twelve reverend owls
 did fly.
 So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tyber's brook,
 Presage of sway from twice six vultures
 took.
 Th' admiring throng loud acclamations
 make,
 And omens of his future empire take.
 The sire then shook the honours of his
 head,
 And from his brows damps of oblivion
 shed
 Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
 Repelling from his breast the raging
 god;
 At length burst out in this prophetic
 mood:
 «Heavens bless my son! from Ireland
 let him reign
 To far Barbadoes on the western main;
 Of his dominion may no end be known,
 And greater than his father's be his
 throne;
 Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch
 his pen! —»
 He paus'd, and all the people cry'd
 «Amen.»
 Then thus continued he: «my son, ad-
 vance
 Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
 Success let others teach, learn thou from
 me
 Pangs without births, and fruitless in-
 dustry.
 Let virtuosos in five years be writ;
 Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
 Let gentle George in triumph tread the
 stage,
 Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
 Let Gully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm
 the pit
 And in their folly show the writer's wit.
 Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy
 defence,
 And justify their author's want of sense.
 Let them be all by thy own model made
 Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;
 That they to future ages may be known,
 Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
 Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,

All full of thee, and differing but in
 name.
 But let no alien Sedley interpose,
 To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom
 prose.
 And when false flowers of rhetoric thou
 wouldst cull,
 Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull;
 But write thy best, and top; and, in
 each line,
 Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
 Sir Formal, though unsought, attends
 thy quill,
 And does thy northern dedications fill.
 Nor let false friends seduce thy mind
 to fame,
 By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.
 Let Father Flecknoe fire thy mind with
 praise,
 And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
 Thou art my blood, where Jonson had
 no part:
 What share have we in Nature or in
 Art?
 Where did his wit on learning fix a
 brand,
 And rail at arts he did not understand?
 Where made he love in prince Nicander's
 vein,
 Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble
 strain?
 Where sold he bargains,
 Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a
 farce?
 When did his Muse from Fletcher scenes
 purloin,
 As thou whole Etherege dost transfuse
 to thine?
 But so transfus'd, as oil and waters
 flow,
 His always floats above, thine sinks be-
 low.
 This is thy province, this thy wondrous
 way,
 New humours to invent for each new
 play:
 This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
 By which, one way, to dulness 'tis in-
 clin'd:
 Which makes thy writings lean on one
 side still,
 And, in all changes, that way bends thy
 will.
 Nor let thy mountain-belly make pre-
 tence
 Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
 A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
 But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
 Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly
 creep;
 Thy tragic Muse gives smiles, thy co-
 mic sleep.

With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself
to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase
fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy
command,
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
There thou mayst wings display and
altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thou-
sand ways.

Or if thou wouldst thy different talents
suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to
thy lute.»
He said; but his last words were scar-
cely heard:
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap pre-
par'd,
And down they sent the yet declaiming
bard.
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind:
The mantle fell to the young prophet's
part,
With double portion of his father's art.

AN ODE,

*to the pious Memory of the accomplished young Lady, Mrs. Anne Killigrew,
excellent in the two sister-arts of Poesy and Painting.*

I.

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the
skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely
rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring
star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring
race,
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the heaven majestic pace;
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou treadst, with seraphims, the vast
abyss:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns
divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise
rehearse,
In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practise
here,
When thy first fruits of Poesy were given;
To make thyself a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so
good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:

So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd, at first, with myriads
more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once
it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-
born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from
thy rich ore:
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she
left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy
celestial kind.

III.

May we presume to say, that, at thy
birth,
New joy was sprung in heaven, as well
as here on earth.
For sure the milder planets did com-
bine,
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And ev'n the most malicious were in
trine.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth.
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.
And if no clust'ring swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their gol-
den dew,

'Twas that such vulgar miracles
 Heaven had not leisure to renew:
 For all thy blest fraternity of love
 Solemnis'd there thy birth, and kept thy
 holyday above.

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
 Profan'd thy heavenly gift of poesy?
 Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
 Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
 Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
 For tongues of angels, and for hymns
 of love?

O wretched we! why were we hurry'd
 down

This lubrique and adulterate age,
 (Nay, added fat pollutions of our own)
 T' increase the streaming ordures of the
 stage?

What can we say t' excuse our second
 fall?

Let this thy vestal, heaven, atone for
 all:

Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
 Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
 Her wit was more than man, her inno-
 cence a child.

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none;
 For nature did that want supply:
 So rich in treasures of her own,
 She might our boasted stores defy:
 Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
 That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas
 only born.

Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
 By great examples daily fed,
 What in the best of books, her father's
 life, she read.

And to be read herself she need not fear;
 Each test, and every light, her Muse
 will bear,

Though Epictetus with his lamp were
 there.

Ev'n love (for love sometimes her Muse
 express)

Was but a lambent flame which play'd
 about her breast:

Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
 So cold herself, while she such warmth
 express,

'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
 One would have thought, she should
 have been content

To manage well that mighty govern-
 ment;

But what can young ambitious souls
 confine?

To the next realm she stretch'd her
 sway

For Painture near adjoining lay
 A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
 A Chamber of Dependencies was
 fram'd.

(As conquerors will never want pretence,
 When arm'd, to justify th' offence)
 And the whole fief, in right of Poetry,
 she claim'd.

The country open lay without defence:
 For poets frequent inroads there had
 made,

And perfectly could represent
 The shape, the face, with every linea-
 ment;

And all the large domains which the
 Dumb Sister sway'd.

All bow'd beneath her government,
 Receiv'd in triumph wheresoe'er she
 went.

Her pencil drew, whate'er her soul de-
 sign'd,

And oft the happy draught surpass'd
 the image in her mind.

The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks,
 And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
 Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear,
 The bottom did the top appear;
 Of deeper too and ampler floods,
 Which, as in mirrors, shew'd the woods;
 Of lofty trees, with sacred shades.
 And perspectives of pleasant glades,
 Where nymphs of brightest form ap-
 pear,

And shaggy Satyrs standing near,
 Which them at once admire and fear.
 The ruins too of some majestic piece,
 Boasting the power of ancient Rome
 or Greece,

Whose statues, freezes, columns, bro-
 ken lie,

And, though defac'd, the wonder of
 the eye;

What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er
 durst frame,

Her forming hand gave feature to the
 name.

So strange a concourse ne'er was seen
 before,

But when the peopled ark the whole
 creation bore.

VII.

The scene then chang'd, with bold
 erected look

Our martial king the sight with reve-
 rence strook:

For, not content t' express his outward
 part,

Her hand call'd out the image of his
heart:

His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high-designing thoughts were figur'd
there,

As when, by magic, ghosts are made
appear.

Our phoenix queen was pourtray'd too
so bright,

Beauty alone could beauty take so right:
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observ'd, as well as Heavenly
face.

With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown from
sacred hands:

Before a train of heroines were seen,
In beauty foremost, as in rank, the queen.

Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,

But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze she shone,
And her bright soul broke out on every
side.

What next she had design'd, heaven
only knows:

To such immoderate growth her conquest rose,

That Fate alone its progress could oppose.

VIII.

Now all those charms, that blooming
grace,

The well-proportion'd shape, and beautiful face,

Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.

Not wit, nor piety, could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel destiny content

To finish all the murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her life and beauty
too;

But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,

And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.

O double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!

But thus Orinda dy'd:

Heaven, by the same disease, did both
translate:

As equal were their souls, so equal was
their fate.

IX.

Meantime her warlike brother on the
seas

His waving streamers to the winds
displays,

And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.

Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear,

The winds too soon will waft thee
here!

Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd
at home!

No more shalt thou behold thy sister's
face,

Thou hast already had her last embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far

Among the Pleiads a new-kindled star,
If any sparkles than the rest more bright;

'Tis she that shines in that propitious
light.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall
sound,

To raise the nation under ground;
When in the valley of Jehosaphat,

The judging God shall close the book
of fate;

And there the last assizes keep,
For those who wake, and those who
sleep:

When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the sky;

When sinews o'er the skeletons are
spread,

Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the dead;

The sacred poets first shall hear the
sound,

And foremost from the tomb shall
bound,

For they are cover'd with the lightest
ground;

And straight, with inborn vigour, on
the wing,

Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.

There thou, sweet Saint, before the quire
shalt go,

As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learnt
below.

HEROIC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL,

WRITTEN AFTER HIS FUNERAL.

And now 'tis time; for their officious
 haste,
 Who would before have borne him to
 the sky,
 Like eager Romans, ere all rites were
 past,
 Did let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

Though our best notes are treason to
 his fame,
 Join'd with the loud applause of public
 voice;
 Since Heaven, what praise we offer to
 his name,
 Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

Though in his praise no arts can liberal
 be,
 Since they, whose Muses have the highest
 flown,
 Add not to his immortal memory,
 But do an act of friendship to their own:

Yet 'tis our duty, and our interest too,
 Such monuments as we can build to
 raise:
 Lest all the world prevent what we
 should do,
 And claim a title in him by their praise.

How shall I then begin, or where con-
 clude,
 To draw a fame so truly circular;
 For in a round what order can be shew'd,
 Where all the parts so equal perfect are?

His grandeur he deriv'd from Heaven
 alone;
 For he was great ere Fortune made
 him so:
 And wars, like mists that rise against
 the Sun,
 Made him but greater seem, not greater
 grow.

No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,
 But to our crown he did fresh jewels
 bring;
 Nor was his virtue poison'd soon as born,
 With the too early thoughts of being
 king.

Fortune, that easy mistress to the young,
 But to her ancient servants coy and hard,
 Him at that age her favourites rank'd
 among,
 When she her best-lov'd Pompey did
 discard.

He, private, mark'd the faults of others'
 sway,
 And set as sea-marks for himself to shun:
 Not like rash monarchs, who their youth
 betray
 By acts their age too late would wish
 undone.

And yet dominion was not his design;
 We owe that blessing, not to him, but
 Heaven,
 Which to fair acts unsought rewards
 did join;
 Rewards, that less to him than us were
 given.

Our former chiefs, like sticklers of the
 war,
 First sought t' inflame the parties, then
 to poise:
 The quarrel lov'd, but did the cause
 abhor;
 And did not strike to hurt, but make
 a noise.

War, our consumption, was their gain-
 ful trade:
 We inward bled, whilst they prolong'd
 our pain;
 He fought to end our fighting, and es-
 say'd
 To staunch the blood by breathing of
 the vein.

Swift and resistless through the land
 he past,
 Like that bold Greek who did the East
 subdue,
 And made to battles such heroic haste,
 As if on wings of victory he flew.

He fought secure of fortune as of fame:
 Still, by new maps, the island might be
 shown,
 Of conquests, which he strew'd where'er
 he came,
 Thick as the galaxy with stars is sown.

His palms, though under weights they
 did not stand,
 Still thriv'd; no winter could his laurels
 fade:

Heaven in his portrait show'd a work-
 man's hand,
 And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
 Which war had banish'd, and did now
 restore:

Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
To seat themselves more surely than
before.

Her safety rescu'd Ireland to him owes;
And treach'rous Scotland, to no int'rest
true,
Yet blest that fate which did his arms
dispose
Her land to civilise, as to subdue.

Nor was he like those stars which only
shine,
When to pale mariners they storms por-
tend:
He had his calmer influence, and his
mien
Did love and majesty together blend.

'Tis true, his count'nance did imprint
an awe;
And naturally all souls to his did bow,
As wands of divination downward draw,
And point to beds where sovereign gold
doth grow.

When past all offerings to Feretrian Jove,
He Mars depos'd, and arms to gowns
made yield:
Successful councils did him soon ap-
prove
As fit for close intrigues, as open field.
To suppliant Holland he vouchsaf'd a
peace,
Our once bold rival of the British main,
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to
cease,
And buy our friendship with her idol,
gain.

Fame of th' asserted sea through Europe
blown,
Made France and Spain ambitious of
his love;
Each knew that side must conquer he
would own;
And for him fiercely, as for empire,
strove.

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause
embrac'd,
Than the light Monsieur the grave Don
outweigh'd:
His fortune turn'd the scale where'er
'twas cast; [laid.
Though Indian mines were in the other
When absent, yet we conquer'd in his
right:
For though some meaner artist's skill
were shown
In mingling colours, or in placing light;
Yet still the fair designment was his own.

For from all tempers he could service
draw;
The worth of each, with its alloy, he
knew
And, as the confident of Nature, saw
How she complexions did divide and
brew.

Or he their single virtues did survey,
By intuition in his own large breast,
Where all the rich ideas of them lay,
That were the rule and measure to the
rest.

When such heroic virtue Heaven sets out,
The stars, like commons, sullenly obey;
Because it drains them when it comes
about,
And therefore is a tax they seldom pay.

From this high spring our foreign con-
quests flow,
Which yet more glorious triumphs do
portend;
Since their commencement to his arms
they owe,
If springs as high as fountains may as-
cend.

He made us freemen of the continent,
Whom Nature did like captives treat
before;
To nobler preys the English lion sent,
And taught him first in Belgian walks
to roar.

That old unquestion'd pirate of the land,
Proud Rome, with dread the fate of
Dunkirk heard;
And trembling wish'd behind more Alps
to stand,
Although an Alexander were her guard.
By his command we boldly cross'd the
line,
And bravely fought where southern stars
arise;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the
mine,
And that which brib'd our fathers made
our prize.

Such was our prince; yet own'd a soul
above
The highest acts it could produce to
show:
Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,
Whilst the deep secrets beyond prac-
tice go.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing fame went
less,
But when fresh laurels courted him to
live:

JOHN PHILIPS.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

«Sing, heavenly Muse!
 Things unattempted yet, in prose or
 rhyme,»
 A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.
 Happy the man, who, void of cares and
 strife,
 In silken or in leathern purse retains
 A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with
 pain
 New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheer-
 ful ale;
 But with his friends, when nightly mists
 arise,
 To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-hall re-
 pairs:
 Where, mindful of the nymph, whose
 wanton eye
 Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous
 flames,
 Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass
 Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal
 love.
 Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at
 merry tale,
 Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
 But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,
 And Hunger, sure attendant upon Want,
 With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
 (Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse
 sustain:
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd fingers: or from tube as
 black
 As winter-chimney, or well-polished jet,
 Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
 Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedi-
 gree,
 Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur,
 kings
 Full famous in romantic tale) when he
 O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a de-
 sign
 To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian
 mart,
 Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
 Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's
 stream
 Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!

Whence flow nectareous wines, that well
 may vie
 With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
 Thus while my joyless minutes tedious
 flow,
 With looks demure, and silent pace, a
 Dun, [men,
 Horrible monster! hated by gods and
 To my aërial citadel ascends,
 With vocal heel thrice thundering at
 my gate,
 With hideous accent thrice he calls; I
 know
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn
 sound.
 What should I do? or whither turn?
 Amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
 Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs
 erect
 Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat
 bedews
 My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful
 to tell!)
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
 So horrible he seems! His faded brow,
 Entrench'd with many a frown, and
 conic beard,
 And spreading band, admir'd by mo-
 dern saints,
 Disastrous acts forbode; in his right hand
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
 With characters and figures dire in-
 scrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
 Such plagues from righteous men!) Be-
 hind him stalks
 Another monster, not unlike himself,
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
 A catchpole, whose polluted hands the
 gods,
 With force incredible, and magic charms,
 First have endued: if he his ample palm
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, straight his body, to the
 touch
 Obsequious (as whilom knights were
 wont),
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive
 chains,
 In durance strict detain him, till in form
 Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk,
 beware,
 Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
 The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent
 wretch [sing]
 With his unhallow'd touch. (So poets
 Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
 An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
 Protending her fell claws, to thought-
 less mice
 Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
 Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
 Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret
 stands
 Within her woven cell: the humming
 prey,
 Regardless of their fate, rush on the
 toils
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail
 Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely
 hue;
 The wasp insidious, and the buzzing
 drone,
 And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with gold, entangled in her
 snares,
 Useless resistance make; with eager
 strides,
 She towering flies to her expected spoils;
 Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital
 blood
 Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
 Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
 So pass my days. But when noctur-
 nal shades
 This world envelop, and th'inclement air
 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
 With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze
 of wood;
 Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering
 light
 Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous
 talk
 Of loving friend, delights: distress'd,
 forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal
 thoughts
 My anxious mind: or sometimes mourn-
 ful verse
 Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle
 shades,
 Or desperate lady near a purling-stream,
 Or lover pendant on a willow-tree.

Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless wish, and rave; my parched
 throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
 But if a slumber haply does invade
 My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
 Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a
 dream,
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
 In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant phan-
 tom curse.
 Thus do I live, from pleasure quite
 debarr'd,
 Nor taste the fruits that the Sun's ge-
 nial rays
 Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
 Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat se-
 cure,
 Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay;
 Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
 My galligaskins, that have long with-
 stood
 The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
 By time subdued (what will not time
 subdue!)
 A horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice
 Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
 Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
 Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian
 waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling
 blasts,
 Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught
 ship,
 Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean
 deep,
 Or the Ionian, till cruising near
 The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
 On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous
 rocks!)
 She strikes rebounding; whence the
 shatter'd oak,
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the sea: in at the gaping side
 The crowding waves gush with impe-
 tuous rage,
 Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
 The mariners; Death in their eyes ap-
 pears,
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they
 swear, they pray:
 (Vain efforts!) still the battering waves
 rush in,
 Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
 The ship sinks foundering in the vast
 abyss.

THOMAS PARNELL.

A FAIRY TALE, IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

In Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies danc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Though badly shap'd he'd been.

His mountain back mote well be said,
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above:
Yet, spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour-town;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
And trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approached near,
And now the sounds increase:
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay,
Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before;

The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd a gallant drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cry'd;
What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presum'd to hide?

At this the swain, whose venturous soul
No fears of magic art control,
Advanc'd in open sight;
«Nor have I cause of dread,» he said,
«Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

«'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew.»
«'Tis well,» the gallant cries again,
«We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

«Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine.»

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light music floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen:
The rest their fairy partners found:
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made,
As heart and lip desire,
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But, now to please the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof:
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, «Reverse my charm,» he
cries,
«And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shown.»
But Oberon answers with a smile,
«Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own.»

Here ended all the phantom-play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers dye;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in such a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a-dauncing as he walks,
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall;
Up spring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the elphin show,
His spirits in him dye:

When Oberon cries, «A man is near,
A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky.»

With that sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents faltering, ay for ruth,
Entreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt;

«Ah, losel vile,» at once they roar:
«And little skill'd of fairie lore,
Thy cause to come, we know:
Now has thy kestrel courage fell;
And fairies, since a lye you tell,
Are free to work thee woe.»

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitiff upward flung;
There, like a tortoise, in a shop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down y-drops the knight:
For never spell by fairie laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade,
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adread, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er;
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;
She softly stroak'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
«Thus some are born, my son,» she
cries,
«With base impediments to rise,
And some are born with none.

«But virtue can itself advance
To what the favourite fools of chance
By fortune seem design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of Fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind.»

A NIGHT-PIECE OF DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom 's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.

The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state
By all the solemn heaps of Fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,

*Time was, like thee, they life possess,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.*

Those with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled
ground,

Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd
stones,

Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who, while on Earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with
shrouds,

They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
«Think, mortal, what it is to die.»

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground!)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.

*«When men my scythe and darts
supply,*

*How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the last of things;
They make, and then they draw, my
strings.*

Fools! if you less provok'd your fears.
No more my spectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state to ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.»

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the escutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul these forms of woe;
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering Sun:
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On Earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waste:
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

AN ALLEGORY OF MAN.

A thoughtful being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care,
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too.)
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, though no one bought.
This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal sable head,

Contriv'd a shape empower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.

The man rose, staring, like a stake;
Wondering to see himself awake!
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The business he was made to do;
That, pleas'd to see with what a grace
He gravely show'd his forward face,

Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a poets god,
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake,)
He saw old mother Earth arise,
She stood confess'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read she wore,
A castle for a crown before,
Nor with long streets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodores:
As yet with wreaths alone she drest,
And trail'd a landskip-painted vest,
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.

Her honours made, «Great Jove,» she
cry'd,

«This thing was fashion'd from my side:
His hands, his heart, his head are mine;
Then what hast thou to call him thine?»

«Nay, rather ask,» the monarch said,
«What boots his hand, his heart, his
head,

Were what I gave remov'd away?

Thy part's an idle shape of clay.»

«Halves, more than halves!» cry'd
honest Care,

«Your pleas would make your titles fair,
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.»

Thus with the gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause, as man.
And can celestial tempers rage,
Quoth Virgil, in a later age?

As thus they wrangled, Time came by;
(There's none that paint him such as I,
For what the fabling ancients sung
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young).
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honours on his head;
He just had got his pinions free,
From his old sire, Eternity.
A serpent girdled round he wore,

The tail within the mouth, before;
By which our almanacs are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A staff he carry'd, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day and night, was py'd;
A bending sickle arm'd his side;
And Spring's new months histrain adorn!
The other seasons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made;
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate:

«Since body from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they first began;
But since their union makes the man,
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care who join'd them, man is due.»

He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever since the seasons wheel
And tread on one another's heel.»

«'Tis well,» said Jove, and for con-
sent

Thundering he shook the firmament.
«Our umpire Time shall have his way,
With Care I let the creature stay:
Let business vex him, avarice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill,
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long destructive blow;
And wasted man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me.»

NICHOLAS ROWE.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

«Alas, silly swain that I was!»
Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd,
«When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear
tongue;
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too
great.

I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

«How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine folk of the town?
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love?

«What though I have skill to complain,
Though the Muses my temples have
crown'd;

What though, when they hear my soft
strain,

The virgins sit weeping around.
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false-one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

«And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.

Though through the wide world I should
range,

'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

«If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the
plain,

And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my
grave,

Let her own that her shepherd was
true.

«Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale Moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.»

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

As on a summer's day
In the greenwood shade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

And as she passed by
With a scornful glance of her eye,
«What a shame,» quoth she,
«For a swain must it be,
Like a lazy loon for to die!

«And dost thou nothing heed,
What Pan our God has decreed;
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away,
To the sweetest shepherd's reed!

«There's not a single swain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears
Now busily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

«Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull swain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.»

«Alas! my love,» he cry'd,
«What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart
What is all the world beside?

«To me thou art more gay,
In this homely russet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so sheen;
Or the brightest queen of May.

«What though my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
And a shepherd all thy own.»

SONG.

To the brook and the willow that heard
him complain,
Ah willow, willow,

Poor Colin sat weeping, and told them
his pain;
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

Sweet stream, he cry'd sadly, I'll teach
 Ah willow, etc. [thee to flow.
 And the waters shall rise to the brink
 Ah willow, etc. [with my woe.

All restless and painful poor Amoret
 Ah willow, etc. [lies,
 And counts the sad moments of time
 Ah willow, etc. [as it flies.

To the nymph my heart loves, ye soft
 Ah willow, etc. [slumbers repair;
 Spread your downy wings o'er her, and
 Ah willow, etc. [make her your care.

Dear brook, were thy chance near her
 Ah willow, etc. [pillow to creep,
 Perhaps thy soft murmurs might lull
 Ah willow, etc. [her to sleep.

Let me be kept waking, my eyes never
 Ah willow, etc. [close,
 So the sleep that I lose brings my fair
 Ah willow, etc. [one repose,

But if I am doom'd to be wretched in-
 Ah willow, etc. [deed;
 If the loss of my dear-one, my love is
 Ah willow, etc. [decreed;

If no more my sad heart by those eyes
 Ah willow, etc. [shall be cheer'd;
 If the voice of my warbler no more
 Ah willow, etc. [shall be heard

Believe me, thou fair-one; thou dear-
 Ah willow, etc. [one believe,
 Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears
 Ah willow, etc. [will I give.

One fate to thy Colin and thee shall be
 Ah willow, etc. [ty'd,
 And soon lay thy shepherd close by
 Ah willow, etc. [thy cold side.

Then run, gentle brook; and to lose
 Ah willow, willow. [thyself, haste;
 Fade thou too, my willow, this verse
 is my last;
 Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

LETTER FROM ITALY.

TO THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES LORD HALIFAX, IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

*Saive magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
 Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
 Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

Virg. Georg. ii.

While you, my lord, the rural shades
 admire,
 And from Britannia's public posts retire,
 Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
 For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
 Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
 Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
 Where the soft season and inviting clime
 Conspire to trouble your repose with
 rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd
 eyes,
 Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects
 rise,
 Poetic fields encompass me around,
 And still I seem to tread on classic
 ground;
 For here the Muse so oft her harp has
 strung,
 That not a mountain rears its head un-
 sung,
 Renown'd in verse each shady thicket
 grows, [flows.
 And every stream in heavenly numbers

How am I pleas'd to search the hills
 and woods

For rising springs and celebrated floods!
 To view the Nar, tumultuous in his
 course,

And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his
 source,

To see the Mincio draw his watery store,
 Through the long windings of a fruit-
 ful shore,

And hoary Albula's infected tide
 O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur
 glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I sur-
 vey

Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
 The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the
 plains,

The towering Alps of half their mois-
 ture drains,

And proudly swoln with a whole win-
 ter's snows,

Distributes wealth and plenty where he
 flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful
 throng,

I look for streams immortalis'd in song,
 That lost in silence and oblivion lie,

From thrifty urns and an unfruitful
 source;
 Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
 With scorn the Danube and the Nile
 surveys;
 So high the deathless Muse exalts her
 theme!
 Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious
 stream,
 That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
 And, unobserv'd, in wild meanders
 play'd;
 Till by your lines and Nassau's sword
 renown'd,
 Its rising billows through the world
 resound,
 Where'er the hero's godlike acts can
 pierce,
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse.
 Oh, could the Muse my ravish'd breast
 inspire
 With warmth like yours, and raise an
 equal fire,
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should
 shine,
 And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
 See how the golden groves around
 me smile,
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy
 isle,
 Or, when transplanted and preserv'd
 with care,
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in nor-
 thern air.
 Here kindly warmth their mountain juice
 ferments
 To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
 E'en the rough rocks with tender myrtle
 bloom,
 And trodden weeds send out a rich
 perfume.
 Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle
 seats,
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
 Where western gales eternally reside,
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers to-
 gether rise,
 And the whole year in gay confusion
 lies.
 Immortal glories in my mind revive,
 And in my soul a thousand passions
 strive,
 When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
 An amphitheatre's amazing height
 Here fills my eye with terror and de-
 light,
 That on its public shows unpeopled
 Rome,
 And held, uncrowded, nations in its
 womb:

Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce
 the skies,
 And here the proud triumphal arches
 rise,
 Where the old Romans deathless acts
 display'd,
 Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields
 below,
 And wondering at their height through
 airy channels flow.
 Still to new scenes my wandering Muse
 retires,
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks
 admires:
 Where the smooth chisel all its force
 has shown,
 And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
 In solemn silence, a majestic band,
 Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls
 stand.
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties re-
 nown,
 And emperors in Parian marble frown:
 While the bright dames, to whom they
 humbly sued,
 Still show the charms that their proud
 hearts subdued.
 Fain would I Raphael's godlike art
 rehearse,
 And show th' immortal labours in my
 verse,
 Where, from the mingled strength of
 shade and light,
 A new creation rises to my sight,
 Such heavenly figures from his pencil
 flow,
 So warm with life his blended colours
 glow.
 From theme to theme with secret plea-
 sure tost,
 Amidst the soft variety I 'm lost:
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul con-
 found
 With circling notes and labyrinths of
 sound;
 Here domes and temples rise in distant
 views,
 And opening palaces invite my Muse.
 How has kind Heaven adorn'd the
 happy land,
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful
 hand!
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny
 shores,
 With all the gifts that Heaven and Earth
 impart,
 The smiles of Nature, and the charms
 of Art,
 While proud oppression in her valleys
 reigns,

And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the swelling
grain:

Joyless he sees the growing oils and
wines,

And in the myrtle's fragrant shade re-
pines:

Starves in the midst of Nature's bounty
curst,

And in the loaden vineyard dies for
thirst.

O Liberty, thou goddess heavenly
bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with de-
light!

Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton
train;

Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more
light,

And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature
gay,

Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure
to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle
adores;

How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence
sought,

Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly
bought!

On foreign mountains may the Sun re-
fine

The grape's soft juice, and mellow it
to wine,

With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of
oil:

We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our Heaven
repine,

Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads
shine:

'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's
isle,

And makes her barren rocks and her
bleak mountains smile.

Others with towering piles may please
the sight,

And in their proud aspiring domes de-
light;

A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas
give,

Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's

fate,
And hold in balance each contending

state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings

with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's

prayer.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce

alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:

Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors
cease,

And all the northern world lies hush'd
in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with se-
cret dread

Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her god-like sons would dis-
unite

By foreign gold, or by domestic spite:
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and coun-
sels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft
have found

The distant climes and different tongues
resound,

I bridle-in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too
long,

Nor dare attempt a more adventurous
song.

My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes: whom immortal lays,
And lines, like Virgil's, or like yours,
should praise.

BATTLE OF BLENHEIM, from 'THE CAMPAIGN'.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd
in vain;

States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dun-
geons heard,

And prayers in bitterness of soul pre-
ferr'd,

Europe's loud cries, that Providence as-
sail'd,

And Anna's ardent vows at length pre-
vail'd;

The day was come when Heaven design'd
to show [low.

His care and conduct of the world be-
Behold in awful march and dread
array

The long-extended squadrons shape their
 way!
 Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts
 An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
 Yet do their beating breasts demand
 the strife,
 And thirst of glory quells the love of
 life.
 No vulgar fears can British minds con-
 trol:
 Heat of revenge, and noble pride of
 soul,
 O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
 Lessen his numbers, and contract his
 host;
 Though fens and floods possess the
 middle space,
 That unprovok'd they would have fear'd
 to pass;
 Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's
 bands,
 When her proud foe rang'd on their
 borders stands.
 But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt
 thou find
 To sing the furious troops in battle
 join'd!
 Methinks I hear the drums' tumultuous
 sound
 The victors' shouts and dying groans
 confound,
 The dreadful burst of cannon rend the
 skies,
 And all the thunder of the battle rise.
 'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty
 soul was prov'd,
 That, in the shock of charging hosts
 unmov'd,
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war:
 In peaceful thought the field of death
 survey'd,
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
 Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful battle where
 to rage.
 So when an angel by divine command
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty
 land,
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
 Calm and serene he drives the furious
 blast;
 And, pleas'd th' Almighty orders to per-
 form,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the
 storm.
 But see the haughty household troops
 advance!
 The dread of Europe, and the pride of
 France.
 The war's whole art each private soldier
 knows,

And with a general's love of conquest
 glows;
 Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
 Laughs at the shaking of the British
 spear:
 Vain insolence! with native freedom
 brave,
 The meanest Briton scorns the highest
 slave:
 Contempt and fury fire their souls by
 turns,
 Each nation's glory in each warrior
 burns;
 Each fights, as in his arm th' important
 day
 And all the fate of his great monarch
 lay:
 A thousand glorious actions, that might
 claim
 Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
 Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions
 lie,
 And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
 O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
 And not the wonders of thy youth re-
 late!
 How can I see the gay, the brave, the
 young,
 Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
 In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
 And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles
 in death.
 The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons
 run,
 Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate
 they shun;
 Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds
 transfix'd,
 Floating in gore, with their dead mas-
 ters mixt,
 'Midst heaps of spears and standards
 driven around,
 Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools
 drown'd.
 Troops of bold youths, born on the
 distant Soane,
 Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
 Or where the Seine her flowery fields
 divides,
 Or where the Loire through winding
 vineyards glides,
 In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
 And into Scythian seas their bloated
 corps convey.
 From Blenheim's towers the Gaul, with
 wild affright,
 Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
 His waving banners, that so oft had
 stood
 Planted in fields of death, and streams
 of blood,
 So wont the guarded enemy to reach,

And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can
name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of
shame,
That with mixt tumult in thy bosom
swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops
repell'd,
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly
wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on
the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive,
wept.

An English Muse is touch'd with gene-
rous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe!
Greatly distress! thy loud complaints
forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance
of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush
to own
The fatal field by such great leaders
won,
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore
away
Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore, that from the
vanquish'd fell,
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers
swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the
ground,
Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube
drown'd;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror de-
tains
In painful bondage, and inglorious
chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and
the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king dishonours, to com-
plete
Marlborough's great work, and finish
the defeat.

From Memmingen's high domes, and
Augsburg's walls,
The distant battle drives th' insulting
Gauls;
Freed by the terror of the victor's
name
The rescu'd states his great protection
claim;
Whilst Ulm th' approach of her de-
liverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with
great designs,
In every thought the towering genius
shines:

If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march ex-
tends;

If sieges in his labouring thoughts are
form'd,

Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region, can
afford

An action worthy his victorious sword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul de-
feat,

To make the series of his toils com-
plete?

Where the swoln Rhine, rushing with
all its force,
Divides the hostile nations in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or
wider grows,

Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide-extended plain com-
mands;

Twice, since the war was kindled, has
it try'd

The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd
its side;

As oft whole armies, with the prize
o'erjoy'd,

Have the long summer on its walls em-
ploy'd.

Hither our mighty chief his arms di-
rects,

Hence future triumphs from the war
expects;

And though the dog-star had its course
begun,

Carries his arms still nearer to the Sun:
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons, and increase of
heats;

No toils are painful that can danger
show,

No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds
restrain'd,

Learns to incamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream
he flies:

Such dire impressions in his heart re-
main

Of Marlborough's sword and Hochstet's
fatal plain:

In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts, and obscure re-
treats;

They fly the conqueror's approaching
fame,
That bears the force of armies in his
name.

Austria's young monarch, whose im-
perial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to
obey,

Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's
throne:

What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th' embraces of the godlike
man!

How were his eyes with pleasing won-
der fixt

To see such fire with so much sweet-
ness mixt,

Such easy greatness, such a graceful
port,

So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or
court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry
grace,

And Nereus shone but in the second
place;

Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely flusht with an immortal bloom,
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother
glow'd.

The royal youth by Marlborough's
presence charm'd,

Taught by his counsels, by his actions
warm'd,

On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all the thunder on its walls,

O'er mines and caves of death provokes
the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's
sight.

The British chief, for mighty toils re-
nown'd,

Increas'd in titles, and with conquests
crown'd,

To Belgian coasts his tedious march
renews,

And the long windings of the Rhine
pursues,

Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescued nations as he goes.

Treves fears no more, freed from its
dire alarms;

And Traerbach feels the terror of his
arms:

Seated on rocks her proud foundations
shake,

While Marlborough presses to the bold
attack,

Plants all his batteries, bids his cannon
roar,

And shows how Landau might have
fall'n before.

Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis
fears

Vengeance reserv'd for his declining
years,

Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to

obey;

His arms he finds on vain attempts
employ'd,

Th' ambitious projects for his race de-
stroy'd,

The works of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads:
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

O D E.

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim:
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball!
 What though nor real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 The hand that made us is divine.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

THE THIEF AND THE CORDELIER.

A BALLAD.

Who has e'er been at Paris, must needs
 know the Grève,
 The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate
 brave;
 Where Honour and Justice most oddly
 contribute
 To ease heroes' pains by a halter and
 gibbet.
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There Death breaks the shackles which
 Force had put on,
 And the hangman completes what the
 judge but begun;
 There the squire of the pad, and the
 knight of the post,
 Find their pains no more balk'd, and
 their hopes no more crost.
 Derry down, etc.

Great claims are there made, and great
 secrets are known;
 And the king, and the law, and the
 thief, has his own.
 But my hearers cry out, «What a deuce
 dost thou ail?
 Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy
 tale.»
 Derry down, etc.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to
 harsh laws,
 And for want of false witness to back
 a bad cause,

A Norman, though late, was obliged to
 appear;
 And who to assist, but a grave Cor-
 delier!
 Derry down, etc.

The squire, whose good grace was to
 open the scene,
 Seem'd not in great haste that the show
 should begin:
 Now fitted the halter, now travers'd
 the cart,
 And often took leave, but was loth to
 depart.
 Derry down, etc.

«What frightens you thus, my good
 son?» says the priest:
 «You murder'd, are sorry, and have
 been confest.»
 «O father! my sorrow will scarce save
 my bacon;
 For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that
 I was taken.»
 Derry down, etc.

«Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head
 with such fancies:
 Rely on the aid you shall have from
 Saint Francis:
 If the money you promis'd be brought
 to the chest,
 You have only to die: let the church
 do the rest.
 Derry down, etc.

«And what will folks say, if they see
you afraid?

It reflects upon me, as I knew not my
trade:

Courage, friend; for to-day is your pe-
riod of sorrow;

And things will go better, believe me,
to-morrow.»

Derry down, etc.

«To-morrow!» our hero replied, in a
fright:

«He that's hang'd before noon, ought
to think of to-night.» —

«Tell your beads,» quoth the priest,
«and be fairly truss'd up,

For you surely to-night shall in Para-
dise sup.»

Derry down etc.

«Alas!» quoth the squire, «howe'er
sumptuous the treat,

Parbleu! I shall have little stomach
to eat;

I should therefore esteem it great favour
and grace,

Would you be so kind as to go in my
place.»

Derry down, etc.

«That I would,» quoth the father, «and
thank you to boot;

But our actions, you know, with our
duty must suit.

The feast I propos'd to you, I cannot
taste;

For this night, by our order, is mark'd
for a fast.»

Derry down, etc.

Then, turning about to the hangman,
he said,

«Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this trouble-
some blade;

For thy cord and my cord both equally
tie,

And we live by the gold for which other
men die.»

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

A SONG.

If wine and music have the power
To ease the sickness of the soul,
Let Phœbus every string explore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ,
To make my Chloe's absence light;
And seek for pleasure, to destroy
The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return:
Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn,
And meet thy favourite nymph in state.
Kind goddess, to no other powers
Let us to-morrow's blessings own:
Thy darling loves shall guide the hours;
And all the day be thine alone.

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd:

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordain'd;
And sorely vex't to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd:

«Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd
With Abigails forsaken?
Kitty's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

«Must lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins?
At balls must *she* make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

«What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

«Dearest mamma! for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.

«I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all,»

Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And *set the world on fire.*

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

Celia and I, the other day,
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea:
The setting Sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost:
And, on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep:
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, oh the change! the winds grow
high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars,
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight:
And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.
«Once more, at least, look back,»
said I,
Thyself in that large glass descry:

When thou art in good-humour drest;
When gentle reason rules thy breast;
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of Love:
I bless my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on shore.

«But when vain doubt and groundless
fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip and watery eye
Tell me the rising storm is nigh;
'Tis then, thou art yon' angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.

«Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While Love and Fate still drive me back:
Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when
nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.»

JOHN GAY.**FABLES.**

1.

THE BULL AND THE MASTIFF.

Seek you to train your fav'rite boy?
Each caution, ev'ry care employ,
And ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be tried;
Weigh well his manners, life, and scope,
On these depends thy future hope.

As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,
A Mastiff pass'd; inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls shot indignant fire;
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood.

Spurning the ground the monarch
stood,
And roar'd aloud, «Suspend the fight;
In a whole skin, go, sleep to-night;
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
Is it ambition fires thy breast,
Or avarice that ne'er can rest?
From these alone unjustly springs
The world-destroying wrath of kings.»

The surly Mastiff thus returns:
«Within my bosom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets sing, I fight for fame:
The butcher's spirit-stirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd,
He train'd me to heroic deed,
Taught me to conquer or to bleed.»

«Curs'd dog,» the Bull replied, «no
more
I wonder at thy thirst of gore;
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd;
His daily murders in thy view)
Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.
Take then thy fate.» With goring wound
At once he lifts him from the ground;
Aloft the sprawling hero flies,
Mangled he falls, he howls and dies.

2.

THE MONKEY WHO HAD SEEN THE WORLD.

A Monkey, to reform the times,
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes;

For men in distant regions roam
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortunes serve to make us wise.

At length the treach'rous snare was
laid;

Poor *Pug* was caught, to town convey'd,
There sold; (how envied was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!)
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day,
The toilet calls; with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other Gentleman.
In visits too his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause, he thought his
mind

In ev'ry courtly art refin'd;
Like *Orpheus* burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the monkey-weal;
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,
Astonish'd at his strut and dress;
Some praise his sleeve, and others gloat
Upon his rich embroider'd coat;
His dapper perriwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending,
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frost, or fleecy snow;
But all, with envy and desire,
His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.

«Hear and improve,» he pertly cries,
«I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own worth; support your
place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their
ways:

Their dress, their courtly manners see;
Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? In flatt'ry deal;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal;
Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends;
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie, whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to spatter merit;
Scandal is conversation's spirit;
Boldly to ev'ry thing pretend,
And men your talents shall commend;
I knew the great. Observe me right.
So shall you grow like man polite.»

He spoke and bow'd. With mutt'ring
jaws
The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.
Now warm with malice, envy, spite,
Their most obliging friends they bite;

And fond to copy human ways,
Practise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
With travel finishes the fool;
Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, boasts, and
swears.

O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

3.

THE RAT-CATCHER AND THE CATS.

The rats by night such mischief did,
Betty was ev'ry morning chid.
They undermin'd whole sides of bacon,
Her cheese was sapp'd, her tarts were
taken.

Her pastries, fenc'd with thickest paste,
Were all demolish'd, and laid waste.
She curs'd the cat for want of duty,
Who left her foes a constant booty.

An Engineer, of noted skill,
Engag'd to stop the growing ill.

From room to room he now surveys
Their haunts, their works, their secret
ways;
Finds where they 'scape an ambushade,
And whence the nightly sally's made.

An envious Cat, from place to place,
Unseen, attends his silent pace;
She saw that, if his trade went on,
The purring race must be undone;
So, secretly removes his baits,
And ev'ry stratagem defeats.

Again he sets the poison'd toils,
And Puss again the labour foils.

«What foe (to frustrate my designs)
My schemes thus nightly countermines?»
Incens'd, he cries: «this very hour
The wretch shall bleed beneath my
power.»

So said. A pond'rous trap he brought,
And in the fact poor Puss was caught.

«Smuggler,» says he, «thou shalt be
made
A victim to our loss of trade.»

The captive cat, with piteous mews,
For pardon, life, and freedom sues:
A sister of the science spare,
One int'rest is our common care.

«What insolence!» the man replied;
«Shall cats with us the game divide?
Were all your interloping band
Extinguish'd, or expell'd the land,
We rat-catchers might raise our fees,
Sole guardians of a nation's cheese!»

A cat, who saw the lifted knife,
Thus spoke, and sav'd her sister's life:

«In ev'ry age and clime we see,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
Each hates his neighbour for en-
croaching;
Squire stigmatizes squire for poaching;
Beauties with beauties are in arms,
And scandal pelts each other's charms;
Kings too their neighbour-kings de-
throned.

In hope to make the world their own,
But let us limit our desires,
Not war like beauties, kings, and squires!
For though we both one prey pursue,
There's game enough for us and you.»

4.

THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL.

«Is there no hope?» the sick man
said.

The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave, with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the Man, with gasping
breath:

«I feel the chilling wound of death.
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant, my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis self-defence in each profession.
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands,
Is well increas'd. If unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs,
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heav'n and earth 'twill then be
known,
My charities were amply shewn.»

An Angel came. «Ah friend!» he cried,
«No more in flatt'ring hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power.
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere.

This instant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound.»

«But why such haste?» the sick Man
whines,

«Who knows as yet what Heav'n designs?
Perhaps I may recover still.
That sum and more are in my will.»

«Fool,» says the Vision, «now 'tis
plain,
Your life, your soul, your heav'n was
gain:

From ev'ry side, with all your might,
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your
right,

And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own.»

«While there is life, there's hope,»
he cried;

«Then why such haste?» so groan'd
and died.

5.

THE UNIVERSAL APPARITION.

A Rake, by ev'ry passion rul'd,
With ev'ry vice his youth had cool'd;
Disease his tainted blood assails;
His spirits droop, his vigour fails:
With secret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.

As, twing'd with pain, he pensive
sits,

And raves, and prays, and swears by fits;
A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
Before him rose, and thus began.

«My name, perhaps, hath reach'd
your ear;

Attend and be advis'd by Care.
Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor pow'r
Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise:
With health all taste of pleasure flies.»

Thus said, the phantom disappears.
The wary counsel wak'd his fears;
He now from all excess abstains,
With physic purifies his veins;
And, to procure a sober life
Resolves to venture on a wife.

But now again the Sprite ascends,
Where'er he walks his ear attends;
In thoughtful hours she represents
His household charge, his annual rents,
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.

Straight all his thought to gain he
turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns;

But when possess'd of fortune's store,
The Spectre haunts him more and more,
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves, and all the murd'ring crew,
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infests his dream, or wakes his nights.

How shall he chase this hideous guest?
Pow'r may perhaps protect his rest.
To pow'r he rose. Again the Sprite
Besets him morning, noon, and night;
Talk of ambition's tott'ring seat,
How Envy persecutes the great,
Of rival hate, of treach'rous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.

The court he quits, to fly from Care,
And seeks the peace of rural air;
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flow'rs,
But Care again his steps pursues,
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
Of plund'ring insects, snails, and rains,
And droughts, that starve the labour'd
plains.

Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there:
In vain we seek to fly from Care.

At length he thus the Ghost address'd:
«Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care by right should go before.»

6.

PYTHAGORAS AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

Pythag'ras rose at early dawn,
By soaring meditation drawn,
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flow'ry fields he took his way.
In musing contemplation warm,
His steps misled him to a farm,
Where, on the ladder's topmost round,
A Peasant stood; the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. «Say, friend,
what care
Calls for thy honest labour there?

The Clown, with surly voice replies:
«Vengeance aloud for justice cries.
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens' annoy, my turkeys' dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid;
See, on the wall his wings display'd.
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls shall future safety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barn's refuse fat the breed.»

«Friend,» says the Sage, the doom
is wise;
For public good the murd'rer dies;
But if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe,

Think how the glutton man devours;
What bloody feasts regale his hours!
O impudence of pow'r and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou perhaps, carniv'rous sinner,
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner!»

«Hold,» cry'd the Clown, with passion
heated,
«Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When Heav'n the world with creatures
stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sov'reign lord.»

«Thus tyrants boast,» the Sage re-
plied,
«Whose murders spring from pow'r and
pride.
Own then this manlike kite is slain,
Thy greater lux'ry to sustain;
For *petty rogues submit to fate*,
That great ones may enjoy their state.»

7.

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN.

Why are those tears? why droops
your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide?
Hath no one since his death applied?»

«Alas! you know the cause too well.
The salt is spilt, to me it fell.
Then, to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across;
On *Friday* too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to Heav'n 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell.
God send my *Cornish* friends be well!»
«Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
Nor flee affliction in thy fears;
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended,
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy dessert I'll read my fable.»

Betwixt her swagging pannier's load
A farmer's wife to market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;
When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream.

«That raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak)
Bodes me no good.» No more she said,
When poor blind *Ball* with stumbling
tread,
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrew'd the way.

She, sprawling in the yellow road,
 Rail'd, swore and curs'd: «Thou croak-
 ing toad,
 A murrain take thy cursed throat!
 I knew misfortune in the note.»

«Dame,» quoth the Raven, «spare
 your oaths,
 Unclench your fist, and wipe your
 clothes.

But why on me those curses thrown?
 Goody, the fault was all your own;
 For had you laid this brittle ware,
 On *Dun*, the old sure-footed mare,
 Though all the ravens of the *Hundred*
 With croaking had your tongue out-
 thunder'd,
 Sure-footed *Dun* had kept his legs,
 And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs.»

8.

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

In other men we faults can spy,
 And blame the mote that dims their
 eye,
 Each little speck and blemish find,
 To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
 Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
 Behind her ran her infant-train,
 Collecting here and there a grain.

«Draw near, my birds,» the mother
 cries,
 «This hill delicious fare supplies;
 Behold, the busy *Negro* race,
 See, millions blacken all the place!
 Fear not. Like me with freedom eat!
 An ant is most delightful meat.
 How bless'd, how envy'd were our life,
 Could we but 'scape the poult'rer's knife!
 But man, curs'd man on turkeys preys,
 And *Christmas* shortens all our days;
 Sometimes with oysters we combine,
 Sometimes assist the sav'ry chine,
 From the low peasant to the lord,
 The Turkey smokes on ev'ry board.
 Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
 Of the sev'n deadly sins the worst.»

An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
 Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring
 beech:

«Ere you remark another's sin,
 Bid thy own conscience look within;
 Control thy more voracious bill,
 Nor for a breakfast nations kill.»

9.

THE COURT OF DEATH.

Death, on a solemn night of state,
 In all his pomp of terror sate:
 Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
 Diseases dire, a ghastly train!
 Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone
 A voice thus thunder'd from the throne.

«This night our minister we name,
 Let ev'ry servant speak his claim;
 Merit shall bear this ebon wand.
 All, at the word, stretch'd forth their
 hand.»

Fever, with burning heat possess'd,
 Advanc'd, and for the wand address'd:

«I to the weekly bills appeal,
 Let those express my fervent zeal;
 On ev'ry slight occasion near,
 With violence I persevere.»

Next Gout appears with limping pace,
 Pleads how he shifts from place to
 place,
 From head to foot how swift he flies,
 And ev'ry joint and sinew plies;
 Still working when he seems suppress'd,
 A most tenacious stubborn guest.

Cold urg'd his ever-growing force.
 And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
 With feeble voice, that scarce was heard,
 Broke with short coughs, his suit pre-
 ferr'd.

«Let none object my ling'ring way,
 I gain, like *Fabius*, by delay,
 Fatigue and weaken ev'ry foe
 By long attack, secure, though slow.»

Plague represents his rapid pow'r,
 Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hop'd the
 wand.

Now expectation hush'd the band,
 When thus the Monarch from the throne.

«Merit was ever modest known.
 What, no Physician speak his right!
 None here? But fees their toils requite.
 Let then Intemp'rance take the wand,
 Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
 You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
 (Whom wary men, as foes, detest),
 Forgo your claim; no more pretend:
 Intemp'rance is esteem'd a friend;
 He shares their mirth, their social joys,
 And, as a courted guest, destroys.
 The charge on him must justly fall,
 Who finds employment for you all.»

10.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many guardians share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like *Gay*,
Was known by all the bestial train,
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder
flies.

She starts, she stops, she pants for
breath;

She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view!

«Let me,» says she, «your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship ev'ry burden's light.»

The Horse reply'd, «Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus;

Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.»

She next the stately Bull implor'd;
And thus reply'd the mighty Lord.
«Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind.»

The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
«My back,» says he, «may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.»

The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd,
His sides a load of wool sustain'd;
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares.

She now the trotting Calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.

«Shall I,» says he, «of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me then. You know my heart,
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu.
For see the hounds are just in view.»

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard,
'O! where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
If my sweet William sails among the
crew.

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his
glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck
he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to the breast
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest; —

The noblest captain in the British fleet
Night envy Williams' lip those kisses
sweet.

«O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds: my heart
shall be
The faithful compass that still points
to thee.

«Believe not what the landmen say
Who tempt with doubts thy constant
mind:
They 'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell
thee so,
For Thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

«If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath in Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely
sue.

«Though battle call me from thy arms
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet save from
harms
William shall to his Dear return.

Love turns aside the balls that round
me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from
Susan's eye.»

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his
head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to
land; [hand.
«Adieu!» she cries; and waved her lily

A BALLAD.

'T was when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring
All on a rock reclined:
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crowned with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and ever,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

The merchant robbed of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear?

Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then, beneath the water,
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wailed she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear.
When o'er the white wave stooping
His floating corpse she spied,
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bowed her head, and died.

MATTHEW GREEN.

THE SPLEEN.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. CUTHBERT JACKSON.

This motley piece to you I send,
Who always were a faithful friend;
Who, if disputes should happen hence,
Can best explain the author's sense;
And, anxious for the public weal,
Do, what I sing, so often feel.

The want of method pray excuse,
Allowing for a vapour'd Muse:
Nor to a narrow path confin'd,
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

The child is genuine, you may trace
Throughout the sire's transmitted face.

Nothing is stol'n: my Muse, though
mean,
Draws from the spring she finds within;
Nor vainly buys what Gildon sells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells.

School-helps I want, to climb on high,
Where all the ancient treasures lie,
And these unseen commit a theft
On wealth in Greek exchequers left.
Then where? from whom? what can I
steal,
Who only with the moderns deal?

This were attempting to put on
Raiment from naked bodies won:
They safely sing before a thief,
They cannot give who want relief;
Some few excepted, names well known,
And justly laurel'd with renown,
Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,
And theft detects: of theft beware;
From More so lash'd, example fit,
Shun petty larceny in wit.

First know, my friend, I do not mean
To write a treatise on the spleen;
Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse;
Nor mend th' alarum watch, your pulse.
If I am right, your question lay,
What course I take to drive away
The day-mare, Spleen, by whose false
pleas

Men prove mere suicides in ease;
And how I do myself demean
In stormy world to live serene.

When by its magic lantern Spleen
With frightful figures spreads life's scene,
And threat'ning prospects urg'd my fears,
A stranger to the luck of heirs;
Reason, some quiet to restore,
Show'd part was substance, shadow more;
With Spleen's dead weight though heavy
grown,

In life's rough tide I sunk not down,
But swam, till Fortune threw a rope,
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.

I always choose the plainest food
To mend viscosity of blood.
Hail! water-gruel, healing power,
Of easy access to the poor;
Thy help love's confessors implore,
And doctors secretly adore;
To thee, I fly, by thee dilute —
Through veins my blood doth quicker
shoot,

And by swift current throws off clean
Prolific particles of Spleen.

I never sick by drinking grow,
Nor keep myself a cup too low,
And seldom Chloe's lodgings haunt,
Thrifty of spirits, which I want.

Hunting I reckon very good,
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood:
But after no field-honours itch,
Achiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal fires inclines the head,
Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,
And jovial cry awake the Morn.
These see her from the dusky plight,
Smear'd by th' embraces of the Night,
With rosal wash redeem her face,
And prove herself of Titan's race,
And, mounting in loose robes the skies,
Shed light and fragrance as she flies.
Then horse and hound fierce joy display,

Exulting at the hark-away,
And in pursuit o'er tainted ground,
From lungs robust field-notes resound.
Then, as St. George the dragon slew,
Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying
view;

While all their spirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and valleys ring.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the Spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some partic'lars let us laugh.
Witlings, brisk fools, curst with half
sense,

That stimulates their impotence;
Who buzz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes.
Poor authors worshipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
A strict dissenter saying grace,
A lect'rer preaching for a place,
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
Making the past the future tense,
The popish dubbing of a priest,
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,
Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,
Great Æsculapius on his stage,
A miser starving to be rich,
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
A jointer'd widow's ritual state,
Two Jews disputing tête-à-tête,
New almanacs compos'd by seers,
Experiments on felon's ears,
Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of the eye,
A coquet's April-weather face,
A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace,
And fops in military show,
Are sov'reign for the case in view.

If spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
I clear my ev'ning with a play,
Or to some concert take my way.
The company, the shine of lights,
The scenes of humour, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights.

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought
plays,

To others' grief attention raise:
Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
We borrow joy by pitying woe;
There gaily comic scenes delight,
And hold true mirrors to our sight.
Virtue, in charming dress array'd,
Calling the passions to her aid,
When moral scenes just actions join,
Takes shape, and shows her face divine.

Music has charms, we all may find,
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.
When art does sound's high pow'r advance,

To music's pipe the passions dance;
Motions unwill'd its pow'rs have shown,
Tarantulated by a tune.

Many have held the soul to be
Nearly ally'd to harmony.
Her have I known indulging grief,
And shunning company's relief.
Unveil her face, and, looking round,
Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,
The consanguinity of sound.

In rainy days keep double guard,
Or Spleen will surely be too hard;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest, while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprize a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That mem'ry minds not what is read,
I sit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipp'd discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather:
Then seek good-humour'd tavern chums,
And play at cards, but for small sums;
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh;
Or drink a joco-serious cup
With souls who've took their freedom up,
And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it Heav'n to be serene;
Pain, Hell, and purgatory, Spleen.

Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins;
Talk of unusual swell of waist
In maid of honour loosely lac'd,
And beauty borrh'wing Spanish red,
And loving pair with sep'rate bed,
And jewels pawn'd for loss of fame;
Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
By grave pretence to go to church)
Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
Like Will and Mary on the coin:
And thus in modish manner we,
In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form,
Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,
May with its beauties grace my line,

While I bow down before its shrine,
And your throng'd altars with my lays
Perfume, and get by giving praise.
With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien
You excommunicate the Spleen,
Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring
You form with sound, when pleas'd to
sing;

Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
We look, we listen, and approve.
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
Our nerves officious throng to kiss;
By Celia's pat, on their report,
The grave-air'd soul, inclin'd to sport,
Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,
And loves the floral game, to romp.
But who can view the pointed rays,
That from black eyes scintillant blaze?
Love on his throne of glory seems
Encompass'd with satellite beams.
But when blue eyes, more softly bright,
Diffuse benignly humid light,
We gaze, and see the smiling loves,
And Cytherea's gentle doves,
And raptur'd fix in such a face
Love's mercy-seat, and throne of grace.
Shine but on age, you melt its snow;
Again fires long congealed liquefies!
True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are ador'd while on.

But oh, what pity 'tis to find
Such beauties both of form and mind,
By modern breeding much debas'd,
In half the female world at least!
Hence I with care such lott'ries shun,
Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite un-
done;

And han't, by vent'ring on a wife,
Yet run the greatest risk in life.

Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear
Your impious pains to form the fair,
Nor lay out so much cost and art,
But to deflow'r the virgin heart;
Of every folly-fost'ring bed
By quick'ning heat of custom bred.
Rather than by your culture spoil'd,
Desist, and give us nature wild,
Delighted with a hoyden soul,
Which truth and innocence control.
Coquets, leave off affected arts,
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts;
Woodcocks to shun your snares have
skill

You show so plain, you strive to kill.
In love the artless catch the game,
And they scarce miss who never aim.
The world's great Author did create
The sex to fit the nuptial state,
And meant a blessing in a wife
To solace the fatigues of life;
And old inspired times display,
How wives could love, and yet obey.

Then truth, and patience of control,
 And house-wife arts adorn'd the soul;
 And charms, the gift of Nature, shone;
 And jealousy, a thing unknown:
 Veils were the only masks they wore;
 Novels (receipts to make a whore)
 Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,
 Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.
 Wise men did not to be thought gay,
 Then compliment their pow'r away:
 But lest, by frail desires misled,
 The girls forbidden paths should tread,
 Of ign'rance rais'd the safe high wall;
 We sink haw-haws, that show them all.
 Thus we at once solicit sense,
 And charge them not to break the fence.

Now, if untir'd, consider friend,
 What I avoid to gain my end.

I never am at meeting seen,
 Meeting, that region of the Spleen;
 The broken heart, the busy fiend,
 The inward call, on Spleen depend.

Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,
 To which vacation is disease:

A gypsy diction scarce known well
 By th' magi, who law-fortunes tell,
 I shun; nor let it breed within
 Anxiety, and that the Spleen;
 Law, grown a forest, where perplex
 The mazes, and the brambles vex;
 Where its twelve verd'ers every day
 Are changing still the public way:
 Yet, if we miss our path and err,
 We grievous penalties incur;
 And wand'ers tire, and tear their skin,
 And then get out where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet,
 Am loth to lend, or run in debt.
 No compter-writs me agitate;
 Who moralising pass the gate,
 And there mine eyes on spendthrifts

turn,
 Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
 Wisdom, before beneath their care,
 Pays her upbraiding visits there,
 And forces folly through the grate,
 Her panegyric to repeat.
 This view, profusely when inclin'd,
 Enters a caveat in the mind:
 Experience join'd with common sense,
 To mortals is a providence.

Passion, as frequently is seen,
 Subsiding settles into Spleen.
 Hence, as the plague of happy life,
 I run away from party-strife.
 A prince's cause, a church's claim,
 I've known to raise a mighty flame,
 And priest, as stoker, very free
 To throw in peace and charity.
 That tribe, whose practicals decree
 Small beer the deadliest heresy;
 Who, fond of pedigree, derive

From the most noted whore alive;
 Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
 And love the mitre Bacchus made,
 Forbid the faithful to depend
 On half-pint drinkers for a friend,
 And in whose gay red-letter'd face
 We read good-living more than grace:
 Nor they so pure, and so precise,
 Immac'late as their white of eyes,
 Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,
 Phylacter'd throughout all their mien,
 Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd pray'r
 To the state's mellow forms prefer;
 Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
 Which are not steep'd in vinegar,
 And samples of heart-chested grace
 Expose in show-glass of the face,
 Did never me as yet provoke
 Either to honour band and cloke,
 Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

I rail not with mock-patriot grace
 At folks, because they are in place;
 Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen,
 Serve the ear-lechery of men;
 But to avoid religious jars,
 The laws are my expositors,
 Which in my doubting mind create
 Conformity to church and state.
 I go, pursuant to my plan,
 To Mecca with the caravan;
 And think it right in common sense
 Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine;
 To mend the world's a vast design:
 Like theirs, who tug in little boat,
 To pull to them the ship afloat,
 While to defeat their labour'd end,
 At once both wind and stream contend
 Success herein is seldom seen,
 And zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.

Happy the man, who innocent,
 Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
 His skiff does with the current glide,
 Not puffing pall'd against the tide.
 He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
 Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
 And when he can't prevent foul play,
 Enjoys the folly of the fray.

By these reflections I repeal
 Each hasty promise made in zeal.
 When gospel propagators say,
 We're bound our great light to display,
 And Indian darkness drive away,
 Yet none but drunken watchmen send,
 And scoundrel link-boys for that end;
 When they cry up this holy war,
 Which every christian should be for.
 Yet such as owe the law their ears,
 We find employed as engineers:
 This view my forward zeal so shocks,
 In vain they hold the money-box.
 At such a conduct, which intends

By vicious means such virtuous ends,
I laugh off spleen, and keep my pence
From spoiling Indian innocence.

Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press, and equal laws.
The press restrain'd! nefarious thought!
In vain our sires have nobly fought:
While free from force the press remains,
Virtue and Freedom cheer our plains,
And Learning largesses bestows,
And keeps uncensur'd open house.
We to the nation's public mart
Our works of wit, and schemes of art,
And philosophic goods this way,
Like water-carriage, cheap convey.
This tree, which knowledge so affords,
Inquisitors with flaming swords
From lay approach with zeal defend,
Lest their own paradise should end.
The Press from her fecundous womb
Brought forth the arts of Greece and

Rome;

Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,
Truth's banner wav'd in open air;
The monster Superstition fled,
And hid in shades its Gorgon head;
And lawless pow'r, the long-kept field,
By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.
This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence
To chain, is treason against sense;
And, Liberty, thy thousand tongues
None silence, who design no wrongs;
For those, who use the gag's restraint,
First rob, before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment gauls within,
And subjugates the soul to spleen,
Most schemes, as money-snares, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait.
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet fresh fools are cast away.
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted vessel runs aground;
Or in deep seas it oversets
By a fierce hurricane of debts;
Or helm directors in one trip,
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.
Such was of late a corporation,
The brazen serpent of the nation,
Which, when hard accidents distress'd,
The poor must look at to be blest,
And thence expect, with paper seal'd
By fraud and us'ry, to be heal'd.

I in no soul-consumption wait
Whole years at levees of the great,
And hungry hopes regale the while
On the spare diet of a smile.
There you may see the idol stand
With mirror in his wanton hand;
Above, below, now here, now there,
He throws about the sunny glare.

Crowds pant, and press to seize the
prize,

The gay delusion of their eyes.

When Fancy tries her limning skill
To draw and colour at her will,
And raise and round the figure well,
And show her talent to excel,
I guard my heart, lest it should woo
Unreal beauties Fancy drew,
And disappointed, feel despair
At loss of things, that never were.

When I lean politicians mark
Grazing on ether in the Park;
Who e'er on wing with open throats
Fly at debates, expresses, votes,
Just in the manner swallows use,
Catching their airy food of news;
Whose latrant stomachs oft molest
The deep-laid plans their dreams sug-
gest;

Or see some poet pensive sit,
Fondly mistaking Spleen for Wit:
Who, though short-winded, still will aim
To sound the epic trump of Fame;
Who still on Phœbus' smiles will doat,
Nor learn conviction from his coat;
I bless'd my stars, I never knew
Whimsies, which close pursu'd, undo,
And have from old experience been
Both parent and the child of Spleen.
These subjects of Apollo's state,
Who from false fire derive their fate,
With airy purchases undone
Of lands, which none lend money on,
Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,
Nor lost one hour to gather bays.
Their fancies first delirious grew,
And scenes ideal took for true.
Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,
And with false prospects cheats their
eyes;

The fabled gods the poets sing,
A season of perpetual spring,
Brooks, flow'ry fields, and groves of trees,
Affording sweets and similes,
Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bow'rs,
And wreaths of undecaying flow'rs,
Apollo's harp with airs divine,
The sacred music of the Nine,
Views of the temple rais'd to Fame,
And for a vacant niche proud aim,
Ravish their souls, and plainly show
What Fancy's sketching power can do.
They will attempt the mountain steep,
The Muse's revelations show,
That find men crack'd, or make them so.

You, friend, like me, the trade of
rhyme

Avoid, elab'rate waste of time,
Nor are content to be undone,
To pass for Phœbus' crazy son.
Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,

Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
 Annuity securely made,
 A farm some twenty miles from town,
 Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
 Two maids, that never saw the town,
 A serving-man, not quite a clown;
 A hoy to help to tread the mow,
 And brive, while t' other holds the plough;
 A chief, of temper form'd to please,
 Fit to converse, and keep the keys;
 And better to preserve the peace,
 Commission'd by the name of niece,
 With understandings of a size
 To think their master very wise.
 May Heav'n (it 's all I wish for) send
 One genial room to treat a friend,
 Where decent cupboard, little plate,
 Display benevolence, not state.
 And may my humble dwelling stand
 Upon some chosen spot of land:
 A pond before full to the brim,
 Where cows may cool, and geese may

swim;

Behind, a green like velvet neat,
 Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
 Where od'rous plants in evening fair
 Breathe all around ambrosial air;
 From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
 Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
 Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
 Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
 With op'ning views of hill and dale,
 Which sense and fancy too regale,
 Where the half-cirque, which vision

bounds,

Like amphitheatre surrounds;
 And woods impervious to the breeze,
 Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
 From hills through plains in dusk array
 Extended far, repel the day.
 Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
 Invite, and contemplation aid:
 Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
 The dark decrees and will of Fate,
 And dreams beneath the spreading beech
 Inspire, and docile fancy teach;
 While soft as breezy breath of wind,
 Impulses rustle through the mind.
 Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray
 While Pan melodious pipes away,
 In measur'd motions frisk about,
 Till old Silenus puts them out.
 There see the clover, pea, and bean,
 Vie in variety of green;
 Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
 Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
 Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
 And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
 And silver streams through meadows

stray,

And Naiads on the margin play,
 And lesser nymphs on side of hills

From play-thing urns pour down the
 rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and
 strife,

May I enjoy a calm through life;
 See faction, safe in low degree,
 As men at land see storms at sea,
 And laugh at miserable elves
 Not kind, so much as to themselves,
 Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
 As can possess, but not enjoy;
 Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
 By av'rice, sphincter of the heart,
 Who wealth, hard-earn'd by guilty cares,
 Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
 May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
 And wearing Virtue's liv'ry-smile,
 Prone the distressed to relieve,
 And little trespasses forgive,
 With income not in Fortune's pow'r
 And skill to make a busy hour,
 With trips to town life to amuse,
 To purchase books, and hear the news,
 To see old friends, brush off the clown,
 And quicken taste at coming down,
 Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
 And slowly mellowing in age,
 When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
 Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
 Quit a worn being without pain,
 Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,
 And what I think, my Memmius, know.

Th' enthusiast's hope, and raptures
 wild,

Have never yet my reason foil'd.
 His springy soul dilates like air,
 When free from weight of ambient
 care,

And, hush'd in meditation deep,
 Slides into dreams, as when asleep;
 Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
 Proves a Columbus of her own,
 Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
 And through the wilds of endless space,
 Borne up on metaphysic wings,
 Chases light forms and shadowy things,
 And in the vague excursion caught,
 Brings home some rare exotic thought.
 The melancholy man such dreams,
 As brightest evidence, esteems;
 Fain would he see some distant scene
 Suggested by his restless Spleen,
 And Fancy's telescope applies
 With tinctur'd glass to cheat his eyes.
 Such thoughts, as love the gloom of
 night,

I close examine by the light;
 For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,
 Dare sun-beam-written truths deny,
 And execute plain common sense,
 On faith's mere hearsay evidence?

That superstition mayn't create,
 And club its ills with those of Fate,
 I many a notion take to task
 Made dreadful by its visor-mask.
 Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
 Is cur'd, and certainty I find.
 Since optic reason shows me plain,
 I dreaded spectres of the brain.
 And legendary fears are gone,
 Though in tenacious childhood sown.
 Thus in opinions I commence
 Freeholder in the proper sense,
 And neither suit nor service do,
 Nor homage to pretenders show,
 Who boast themselves by spurious roll
 Lords of the manor of the soul;
 Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,
 To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair.

To thee, Creator uncreate,
 O Entium Ens! divinely great! —
 Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
 Nor near the blazing glory fly,
 Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
 Unfeather'd arrows far to throw:
 Through fields unknown nor madly stray,
 Where no ideas mark the way.
 With tender eyes, and colours faint,
 And trembling hands forbear to paint.
 Who features veil'd by light can hit?
 Where can, what has no outline, sit?
 My soul, the vain attempt forego,
 Thyself, the fitter subject, know.
 He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
 Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,
 Nor runs, with Wisdom's syrens caught,
 On quicksands swallow'd shipwreck'd
 thought;

But, conscious of his distance, gives
 Mute praise, and humble negatives.
 In one, no object of our sight,
 Immutable, and infinite,
 Who can't be cruel or unjust,
 Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;
 To him my past and present state
 I owe, and must my future fate.
 A stranger into life I'm come,
 Dying may be our going home,

Transported here by angry Fate,
 The convicts of a prior state.
 Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
 On matters I can never know;
 Through life's foul way, like vagrant
 pass'd,

He'll grant a settlement at last,
 And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
 By leave to lay his being down.
 If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
 Of life no sooner lost but found,
 And dissolution soon to come,
 Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
 Aut can't our state of pow'r bereave
 And end'less series to receive;
 Then, if hard dealt with here by Fate,
 We balance in another state,
 And consciousness must go along,
 And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.
 He for his creatures must decree
 More happiness than misery,
 Or be supposed to create,
 Curious to try, what 't is to hate:
 And do an act, which rage infers,
 'Cause lameness ha'ts, or blindness errs.

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
 On even keel with gentle gale;
 At helm I make my reason sit,
 My crew of passions all submit.
 If dark and blust'ring prove some nights,
 Philosophy puts forth her lights;
 Experience holds the cautious glass,
 To shun the breakers, as I pass,
 And frequent throws the wary lead,
 To see what dangers may be hid;
 And once in seven years I'm seen
 At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
 Though pleas'd to see the dolphins play,
 I mind my compass and my way,
 With store sufficient for relief,
 And wisely still prepar'd to reef,
 Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
 Of cloudy weather in the soul,
 I make, (may Heaven's propitious send
 Such wind and weather to the end)
 Neither beca'm'd, nor over-blown,
 Life's voyage to the world unknown.

THOMAS TICKELL.

COLIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace;
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
 Reflect so sweet a face:

Till luckless love, and pining care,
 Impair'd her rosy hue,
 Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
 And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
 When beating rains descend?
 So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
 Her life now near its end.
 By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
 Take heed, ye easy fair:
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
 A bell was heard to ring;
 And shrieking at her window thrice,
 The raven flap'd his wing.
 Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
 The solemn boding sound:
 And thus, in dying words, bespoke
 The virgins weeping round:

«I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
 Which says, I must not stay;
 I see a hand, you cannot see,
 Which beckons me away.
 By a false heart, and broken vows,
 In early youth I die:
 Was I to blame, because his bride
 Was thrice as rich as I?

«Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
 Vows due to me alone:
 Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
 Nor think him all thy own.
 To-morrow, in the church to wed,
 Impatient, both prepare!
 But know, fond maid; and know, false
 man,
 That Lucy will be there!

«Then bear my corse, my comrades,
 bear,
 This bridegroom blithe to meet,
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 I in my winding-sheet.»
 She spoke, she dy'd, her corse was borne,
 The bridegroom blithe to meet,
 He in his wedding trim so gay,
 She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
 How were these nuptials kept?
 The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
 And all the village wept.
 Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell:
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more!
 The varying crimson fled,
 When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
 She saw her husband dead.
 Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
 Convey'd by trembling swains,
 One mould with her, beneath one sod,
 For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave, the constant hind
 And plighted maid are seen;
 With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
 They deck the sacred green:
 But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
 This hallow'd spot forbear;
 Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
 And fear to meet him there.

AN ODE

INSCRIBED TO THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND, AT WINDSOR.

Thou Dome, where Edward first en-
 roll'd
 His red-cross knights and barons bold,
 Whose vacant seats, by Virtue bought,
 Ambitious emperors have sought:
 Where Britain's foremost names are
 found,
 In peace belov'd, in war renown'd,
 Who made the hostile nations moan,
 Or brought a blessing on their own:

Once more a son of Spencer waits,
 A name familiar to thy gates;
 Sprung from the chief whose prowess
 gain'd
 The Garter while thy founder reign'd,
 He offer'd here his dinted shield,
 The dread of Gauls in Cressi's field,
 Which, in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd,
 For four long centuries hath blaz'd.

These seats our sires, a hardy kind,
 To the fierce sons of war confin'd,
 The flower a chivalry, who drew
 With sinew'd arm the stubborn yew:
 Or with heav'd pole-ax clear'd the field;
 Or who, in justs and tourneys skill'd,
 Before their ladies' eyes renown'd,
 Threw horse and horseman to the ground.

In after-times, as courts refin'd,
 Our patriots in the list were join'd.
 Not only Warwick stain'd with blood,
 Or Marlborough near the Danube's flood,
 Have in their crimson crosses glow'd;
 But, on just lawgivers bestow'd,
 These emblems Cecil did invest,
 And gleam'd on wise Godolphin's breast.

So Greece, ere arts began to rise,
 Fix'd huge Orion in the skies,

And stern Alcides, fam'd in wars,
Bespangled with a thousand stars;
Till letter'd Athens round the Pole
Made gentler constellations roll;
In the blue heavens the lyre she strung,
And near the Maid the Balance hung.

Then, Spencer, mount amid the band,
Where knights and kings promiscuous
stand.

What though the hero's flame repress'd
Burns calmly in thy generous breast!
Yet who more dauntless to oppose
In doubtful days our home-bred foes!
Who rais'd his country's wealth so high,
Or view'd with less desiring eye!

The sage, who, large of soul, surveys
The globe, and all its empires weighs,

Watchful the various climes to guide,
Which seas, and tongues, and faiths,
divide,

A nobler name in Windsor's shrine
Shall leave, if right the Muse divine,
Than sprung of old, abhorr'd and vain,
From ravag'd realms and myriads slain.

Why praise we, prodigal of fame,
The rage that sets the world on flame?
My guiltless Muse his brow shall bind
Whose godlike bounty spares man-
kind.

For those, whom bloody garlands crown,
The brass may breathe, the marble
frown,

To him through every rescued land,
Ten thousand living trophies stand.

JAMES HAMMOND.

ELEGY.

*He imagines himself married to Delia, and that,
content with each other, they are retired into
the country.*

Let others boast their heaps of shining
gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty
crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant
terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers,
never sound.

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain
desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little
field,
And plant my orchard with its master's
hand.
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook
to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny
land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer
home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless
dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in
vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my
breast!

Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest!

Or, if the Sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia, walking side by
side,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide
away!

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop, and gaze on Delia as I go!
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses
sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with
fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I
seem,
I live for Delia and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man, who thus of her possest,
Could float and wander with ambition's
wind,
And if his outward trappings spoke
him blest,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious
mind!

With her I scorn the idle breath of
praise,
Nor trust to happiness that 's not our
own;
The smile of fortune might suspicion
raise.
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wisdom as in wit divine,
May rise, and plead Britannia's glorious
cause,
With steady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly sense the deep attention
draws.

Let Stanhope speak his listening country's
wrongs,
My humble voice shall please one par-
tial maid;
For her alone I pen my tender song,
Securely sitting in his friendly shade.

Stanhope shall come, and grace his
rural friend,
Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
With blushing awe the riper fruit com-
mend,
And for her husband's patron cull the
best.

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguish'd from the
rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the moun-
tain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock.

Ah, what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'midst tasteless gran-
deur weep,
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain
to sleep?

Delia alone can please, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true
delight;
With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows through every
night:

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the
mind;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my
friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason
join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are
o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold
hand —
Thou weep'st already, as I were no
more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought
withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments
spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments
kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that
flowing hair,
Though I am dead, my soul shall love
thee still:

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the death-
ful bed,
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart;
Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou see me
dead,
These weeping friends will do thy mourn-
ful part:

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Through all the village spread the
tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves
relate.

WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

THE CHASE.

Book III.

Argument.

Of king Edgar, and his imposing a tribute of wolves' heads upon the kings of Wales: from hence a transition to fox-hunting, which is described in all its parts. Censure of an overnumerous pack.

Of the several engines to destroy foxes, and other wild beasts. The steel-trap described, and the manner of using it. Description of the pitfall for the lion; and another for the elephant. The ancient way of hunting the tiger with a mirror. The Arabian manner of hunting the wild boar.

Description of the royal stag-chase at Windsor Forest. Concludes with an adress to his Majesty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

In Albion's isle, when glorious Edgar
reign'd,
He, wisely provident, from her white
cliffs
Lanch'd half her forests, and with nu-
merous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain: there proudly
rode
Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
Of British monarchs. Each invader bold,
Dane and Norwegian, at a distance
gaz'd,
And, disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in
vain.
He scour'd the seas, and to remotest
shores
With swelling sails the trembling cor-
sair fled.
Rich commerce flourish'd; and with
busy oars
Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less
at land
His royal cares; wise, potent, gracious
prince!
His subjects from their cruel foes he
sav'd,
And from rapacious savages their flocks:
Cambria's proud kings (though with
reluctance) paid
Their tributary wolves; head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no
more,
And all the ravenous race extinct is
lost.
In fertile pastures, more securely graz'd
The social troops; and soon their large
increase
With curling fleeces whiten'd all the
plains.
But yet, alas! the wily fox remain'd,
A subtle, pilfering foe, prowling around
In midnight shades, and wakeful to
destroy.
In the full fold, the poor defenceless
lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with sweet
warm blood
Supplies a rich repast. The mournful
ewe,
Her dearest treasure lost, through the
dun night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats
in vain:
While in th' adjacent bush, poor Phi-
lomel
(Herself a parent once, till wanton churls
Despoil'd her nest) joins in her loud
laments, [woe.
With sweeter notes, and more melodious

For these nocturnal thieves, huntsman,
prepare
Thy sharpest vengeance. Oh! how glo-
rious 'tis
To right th' oppress'd, and bring the
fe'lon vile
To just disgrace! Ere yet the morning
peep,
Or stars retire from the first blush of
day,
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy
pack,
And rouse thy bold compeers. Then
to the copse,
Thick with entangling grass, or prickly
furze,
With silence lead thy many-colour'd
hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See! how
they range
Dispers'd, how busily this way, and that,
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag
I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with every
mouth.
As sraggling armies, at the trumpet's
voice,
Press to their standard; hither all repair,
And hurry through the woods; with
hasty step
Rustling, and full of hope; now driven
on heaps
They push, they strive; while from his
kennel sneaks
The conscious villain. See! he skulks
along,
Sleek at the shepherd's cost, and plump
with meals
Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here
below.
Though high his brush he bear, though
tipt with white
It gaily shine; yet ere the Sun declin'd
Recall the shades of night, the pamper'd
rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd, and at his
heels
Behold the just avenger, swift to seize
His forfeit head, and thirsting for his
blood.
Heavens! what melodious strains! how
beat our hearts
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded
gales
Breathe harmony; and as the tempest
drives
From wood to wood, through every
dark recess
The forest thunders, and the mountains
shake.

The chorus swells; less various, and less
 sweet,
 The trilling notes, when in those very
 groves,
 The feather'd choristers salute the Spring,
 And every bush in concert joins; or
 when
 The master's hand, in modulated air,
 Bids the loud organ breathe, and all
 the powers
 Of music in one instrument combine,
 An universal minstrelsy. And now
 In vain each earth he tries, the doors
 are barr'd
 Impregnable, nor is the covert safe;
 He pants for purer air. Hark! what
 loud shouts
 Re-echo through the groves! he breaks
 away.
 Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each
 straggling hound
 Strains o'er the lawn to reach the di-
 stant pack.
 'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave
 youths,
 Now give a loose to the clean generous
 steed;
 • Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling
 spur;
 But, in the madness of delight, forget
 Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we
 range,
 And dangerous our course; but in the
 brave
 True courage never fails. In vain the
 stream
 In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the
 ditch
 Wide-gaping threatens death. The craggy
 steep,
 Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls
 with care,
 And clings to every twig, gives us no
 pain;
 But down we sweep, as stoops the fal-
 con bold
 To pounce his prey. Then up th' op-
 ponent hill,
 By the swift motion slung, we mount
 aloft:
 So ships in winter-seas now sliding sink
 Adown the steepy wave, then toss'd on
 high
 Ride on the billows, and defy the storm.
 What lengths we pass! where will the
 wandering Chase
 Lead us bewilder'd! smooth as swallows
 skim
 The new-shorn mead, and far more swift,
 we fly.
 See my brave pack; how to the head
 they press,

Jostling in close array, then more dif-
 fuse
 Obliquely wheel, while from their open-
 ing mouths
 The vollied thunder breaks. So when
 the cranes
 Their annual voyage steer, with wanton
 wing
 Their figure oft they change, and their
 loud clang
 From cloud to cloud rebounds. How
 far behind
 The hunter-crew, wide-straggling o'er
 the plain!
 The panting courser now with tremb-
 ling nerves
 Begins to reel; urg'd by the goring spur,
 Makes many a faint effort: he snorts,
 he foams,
 The big round drops run trickling down
 his sides,
 With sweat and blood distain'd. Look
 back and view
 The strange confusion of the vale below,
 Where sour vexation reigns; see yon
 poor jade!
 In vain th' impatient rider frets and
 swears;
 With galling spurs harrows his mangled
 sides:
 He can no more: his stiff unpliant limbs
 Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he
 stands,
 For every cruel curse returns a groan,
 And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who
 without grief
 Can view that pamper'd steed, his mas-
 ter's joy,
 His minion, and his daily care, well
 cloth'd,
 Well fed with every nicer cate; no cost,
 No labour spar'd; who, when the flying
 Chase
 Broke from the copse, without a rival
 led
 The numerous train: now a sad spec-
 tacle
 Of pride brought low, and humbl'd in-
 solence,
 Drove like a pannier'd ass, and scourg'd
 along.
 While these, with loosen'd reins and
 dangling heels,
 Hang on their reeling palfreys, that
 scarce bear
 Their weights: another in the treache-
 rous bog
 Lies floundering, half ingulph'd. What
 biting thoughts
 Torment th' abandon'd crew! Old age
 laments [youth
 His vigour pent: the tall, plump, brawny

Curses his cumberous bulk; and envies
 now
 The short pygmean race he whilom
 kenn'd
 With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
 Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop be-
 neath
 Their pleasing toils. Here, huntsman,
 from this height
 Observe yon birds of prey; if I can judge,
 'Tis there the villain lurks: they hover
 round
 And claim him as their own. Was I
 not right?
 See! there he creeps along; his brush
 he drags,
 And sweeps the mire impure; from his
 wide jaws
 His tongue unmoisten'd hangs; symp-
 toms too sure
 Of sudden death. Ha! yet he flies, nor
 yields
 To black despair. But one loose more,
 and all
 His wiles are vain. Hark! through yon
 village now
 The rattling clamour rings. The barns,
 the cots,
 And leafless elms return the joyous
 sounds.
 Through every homestall, and through
 every yard,
 His midnight walks, panting, forlorn,
 he flies;
 Through every hole he sneaks, through
 every jakes
 Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly
 hopes
 In a superior stench to lose his own:
 But, faithful to the track, th' unerring
 hounds
 With peals of echoing vengeance close
 pursue.
 And now distress'd, no sheltering co-
 vert near,
 Into the hen-roost creeps, whose walls
 with gore
 Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain,
 there
 Expect thy fate deserv'd. And soon from
 thence
 The pack inquisitive, with clamour loud,
 Drag out their trembling prize; and on
 his blood [notes
 With greedy transport feast. In bolder
 Each sounding horn proclaims the felon
 dead:
 And all th' assembled village shouts
 for joy.
 The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
 Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glo-
 rious deed,

And grateful calls us to a short repast:
 In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,
 Our native product; and his good old
 mate
 With choicest viands heaps the liberal
 board,
 To crown our triumphs, and reward our
 toils.
 Here must th' instructive Muse (but
 with respect)
 With which the vain profusion of the
 great
 Covers the lawu, and shakes the tremb-
 ling copse.
 Pompous encumbrance! A magnificence
 Useless, vexatious! For the wily fox,
 Safe in th' increasing number of his
 foes,
 Kens well the great advantage; slinks
 behind,
 And slyly creeps through the same bea-
 ten track,
 And hunts them step by step: then views,
 escap'd,
 With inward ecstasy, the panting throng
 In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd,
 and lost.
 So when proud eastern kings summon
 to arms
 Their gaudy legions, from far distant
 climes
 They flock in crowds, unpeopling half
 a world:
 But when the day of battle calls them
 forth
 To charge the well-train'd foe, a band
 compact
 Of chosen veterans; they press blindly on,
 In heaps confus'd by their own weapons
 fall,
 A smoking carnage scatter'd o'er the
 plain.
 Nor hounds alone this noxious brood
 destroy:
 The plunder'd warrener full many a
 wile
 Devises to entrap his greedy foe,
 Fat with nocturnal spoils. At close of
 day,
 With silence drags his trail; then from
 the ground
 Pares thin the close-graz'd turf, there
 with nice hand
 Covers the latent death, with curious
 springs
 Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the
 tread
 Of man or beast unwarily shall press
 The yielding surface. By th' indented
 steel
 With gripe tenacious held, the felon
 grins,

And struggles, but in vain: yet oft 'tis
 known,
 When every art has fail'd, the captive
 fox
 Has shar'd the wounded joint, and with
 a limb
 Compounded for his life. But, if per-
 chance
 In the deep pitfall plung'd, there 's no
 escape;
 But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd
 in air,
 The jest of clowns, his reeking carcass
 hangs.

Of these are various kinds; not even
 the king
 Of brutes evades this deep devouring
 grave:
 But, by the wily African betray'd,
 Heedless of fate, within its gaping jaws
 Expires indignant. When the orient
 beam
 With blushes paints the dawn; and all
 the race
 Carnivorous, with blood full gorg'd, re-
 tire
 Into their darksome cells, there satiate
 snore;
 O'er dripping offals, and the mangled
 limbs
 Of men and beasts; the painful forester
 Climbs the high hills, whose proud as-
 piring tops
 With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper
 fir,
 Assail the clouds. There 'mong the
 craggy rocks,
 And thickets intricate, trembling he
 views
 His footsteps in the sand; the dismal
 road
 And avenue to Death. Hither he calls
 His watchful bands; and low into the
 ground
 A pit they sink, full many a fathom
 deep.
 Then in the midst a column high is
 rear'd.
 The butt of some fair tree; upon whose
 top
 A lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his
 dam.
 And next a wall they build, with stones
 and earth
 Encircling round, and hiding from all
 view
 The dreadful precipice. Now when the
 shades
 Of night hang lowering o'er the moun-
 tain's brow;
 And hunger keen, and pungent thirst
 of blood,

Rouze up the slothful beast, he shakes
 his sides,
 Slow rising from his lair, and stretches
 wide
 His ravenous paws, with recent gore
 distain'd.
 The forests tremble, as he roars aloud,
 Impatient to destroy. O'erjoyed he hears
 The bleating innocent, that claims in
 vain
 The shepherd's care, and seeks with
 piteous moan
 The foodful teat; himself, alas! design'd
 Another's meal. For now the greedy
 brute
 Winds him from far; and leaping o'er
 the mound
 To seize his trembling prey, headlong
 is plung'd
 Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies
 Astunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
 Thine eye-balls flashing fire, thy length
 of tail,
 That lashes thy broad sides, thy jaws
 besmear'd
 With blood and offals crude, thy shaggy
 mane
 The terror of the woods, thy stately
 port,
 And bulk enormous, since by stratagem
 Thy strength is foil'd? Unequal is the
 strife,
 When sovereign reason combats brutal
 rage.

On distant Ethiopia's sun-burnt coasts,
 The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
 But of a different kind, and different
 use.
 With slender poles the wide capacious
 mouth,
 And hurdles slight, they close; o'er these
 is spread
 A floor of verdant turf, with all its
 flowers
 Smiling delusive, and from strictest
 search
 Concealing the deep grave that yawns
 below.
 Then boughs of trees they cut, with
 tempting fruit
 Of various kinds surcharg'd; the downy
 peach,
 The clustering vine, and of bright gol-
 den rind
 The fragrant orange. Soon as evening
 grey
 Advances slow, besprinkling all around
 With kind refreshing dews the thirsty
 glebe,
 The stately elephant from the close shade
 With step majestic strides, eager to
 taste

The cooler breeze, that from the sea-
 beat shore
 Delightful breathes, or in the limpid
 stream
 To lave his panting sides; joyous he
 scents
 The rich repast, unweeting of the death
 That lurks within. And soon he sport-
 ing breaks
 The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
 The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly
 bought;
 The price is life. For now the treache-
 rous turf
 Trembling gives way; and the unwieldy
 beast,
 Self-sinking, drops into the dark pro-
 found.
 So when dilated vapours, struggling,
 heave
 Th' incumbent earth; if chance the ca-
 vern'd ground
 Shrinking subside, and the thin surface
 yield,
 Down sinks at once the ponderous dome,
 ingulph'd
 With all its towers. Subtle, delusive
 man!
 How various are thy wiles! artful to kill
 Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race!
 Fierce from his lair, springs forth the
 speckled pard
 Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy;
 The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
 Confides not: at convenient distance fix'd,
 A polish'd mirror stops in full career
 The furious brute: he there his image
 views;
 Spots against spots with rage improving
 glow;
 Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,
 Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and
 wide
 Distends his opening paws; himself
 against
 Himself opposed, and with dread ven-
 geance arm'd.
 The huntsman, now secure, with fatal
 aim
 Directs the pointed spear, by which
 transfix'd
 He dies, and with him dies the rival
 shade.
 Thus man innumerable engines forms,
 t' assail
 The savage kind; but most the docile
 horse,
 Swift and confederate with man, annoys
 His brethren of the plains; without
 whose aid
 The hunter's arts are vain, unskill'd to
 wage

With the more active brutes an equal
 war.
 But borne by him, without the well-
 train'd pack,
 Man dares his foe, on wings of wind
 secure.
 Him the fierce Arab mounts, and, with
 his troop
 Of bold compeers, ranges the deserts
 wild;
 Where, by the magnet's aid, the tra-
 veller
 Steers his untrodden course; yet oft on
 land
 Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of
 sand
 Immerst and lost. While these intrepid
 bands,
 Safe in their horses' speed, outfly the
 storm,
 And scouring round, make men and
 beasts their prey,
 The grisly boar is singled from his herd,
 As large as that in Erimanthian woods,
 A match for Hercules. Round him they
 fly
 In circles wide; and each in passing
 sends
 His feather'd death into his brawny
 sides.
 But perilous th' attempt. For if the
 steed
 Haply too near approach; or the loose
 earth
 His footing fail, the watchful angry
 beast
 Th' advantage spies; and at one side-
 long glance
 Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears
 aloft,
 And, plunging, from his back the rider
 hurls
 Precipitant; then bleeding spurns the
 ground,
 And drags his reeking entrails o'er the
 plain.
 Meanwhile the surly monster trots along,
 But with unequal speed; for still they
 wound,
 Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A
 wood
 Of darts upon his back he bears; adown
 His tortur'd sides, the crimson torrents
 roll
 From many a gaping font. And now
 at last
 Staggering he falls, in blood and foam
 expires.
 But whither roves my devious Muse,
 intent
 On antique tales? while yet the royal
 stag

Unsung remains. Tread with respectful
awe
Windsor's green glades: where Denham,
tuneful bard,
Charm'd once the listening Dryads, with
his song
Sublimely sweet. O! grant me, sacred
shade,
To glean submiss what thy full sickle
leaves.

The morning Sun, that gilds with
trembling rays
Windsor's high towers, beholds the
courtly train
Mount for the chase, nor views in all
his course

A scene so gay; heroic, noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely
nymphs
The fairest of this isle, where Beauty
dwells

Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove
For our more favour'd shades: in proud
parade

These shine magnificent, and press
around

The royal happy pair. Great in them-
selves,

They smile superior; of external show
Regardless, while their inbred virtues
give

A lustre to their power, and grace their
court

With real splendours, far above the
pomp

Of Eastern kings, in all their tinsel pride.
Like troops of Amazons, the female band
Prance round their cars, not in reful-
gent arms

As those of old; unskill'd to wield the
sword,

Or bend the bow, these kill with surer
aim.

The royal off'spring, fairest of the fair,
Lead on the splendid train. Anna, more
bright

Than summer suns, or as the lightning
keen,

With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
Fires every heart. He must be more
than man,

Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing
ray.

Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,
With sweet engaging air, but equal
power,

Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains
Her willing captives leads. Illustrious
maids,

Ever triumphant! whose victorious
charms,

Without the needless aid of high descent,

Had aw'd mankind, and taught the
world's great lords

To bow and sue for grace. But who
is he

Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and
fair

As opening lilies; on whom every eye
With joy and admiration dwells? See,
see,

He reins his docile barb with manly
grace.

Is it Adonis for the chase array'd?
Or Britain's second hope? Hail, bloom-
ing youth!

May all your virtues with your years
improve,

Till in consummate worth, you shine
the pride

Of these our days, and to succeeding
times

A bright example. As his guard of mutes
On the great sultan wait, with eyes deject,
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound
is heard

Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,
And awful silence reigns; thus stand
the pack

Mute and unmov'd, and cowering low
to earth,

While pass the glittering court, and
royal pair:

So disciplin'd those hounds, and so re-
serv'd,

Whose honour 'tis to glad the hearts
of kings.

But soon the winding horn, and hunts-
man's voice,

Let loose the general chorus; far around
Joy spreads its wings, and the gay mor-
ning smiles.

Unharbour'd now the royal stag for-
sakes

His wonted lair; he shakes his dappled
sides,

And tosses high his beamy head, the
copse

Beneath his antlers bends. What doub-
ling shifts

He tries! not more the wily; in these
Would still persist, did not the full-
mouth'd pack

With dreadful concert thunder in his
rear.

The woods reply, the hunter's cheering
shouts

Float through the glades, and the wide
forest rings

How merrily they chant! their nostrils
deep [cry,

Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the
And such th' harmonious din, the sol-
dier deems

The battle kindling, and the statesman
 grave
 Forgets his weighty cares; each age,
 each sex,
 In the wild transport joins; luxuriant
 joy,
 And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult
 On every brow, and revel unrestrain'd.
 How happy art thou, man, when thou
 'rt no more
 Thyself! when all the pangs that grind
 thy soul,
 In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
 Yield a short interval and ease from
 pain!

See the swift courser strains, his shin-
 ing hoofs
 Securely beat the solid ground. Who
 now
 The dangerous pitfall fears, with tang-
 ling heath
 High-overgrown? or who the quivering
 bog
 Soft-yielding to the step? All now is
 plain,
 Plain as the strand sea-lav'd, that stret-
 ches far
 Beneath the rocky shore. Glades cross-
 ing glades,
 The forest opens to our wondering view:
 Such was the king's command. Let ty-
 rants fierce
 Lay waste the world; his the more glo-
 rious part
 To check their pride; and when the
 brazen voice
 Of war is hush'd (as erst victorious
 Rome)
 To employ his station'd legions in the
 works
 Of peace; to smooth the rugged wilder-
 ness,
 To drain the stagnate fen, to raise the
 slope [face
 Depending road, and to make gay the
 Of Nature, with th' embellishments of
 Art.

How melts my beating heart! as I
 behold
 Each lovely nymph, our island's boast
 and pride,
 Push on the generous steed, that strokes
 along
 O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the
 steepy hill,
 Nor falters in th' extended vale below:
 Their garments loosely waving in the
 wind,
 And all the flush of beauty in their
 cheeks!
 While at their sides their pensive lovers
 wait,

Direct their dubious course; now chill'd
 with fear
 Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
 O! grant, indulgent Heaven, no rising
 storm
 May darken with black wings this glo-
 rious scene!
 Should some malignant power thus damp
 our joys,
 Vain were the gloomy cave, such as of
 old
 Betray'd to lawless love the Tyrian queen.
 For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaste
 as fair,
 Spotless, unblam'd, with equal triumph
 reign
 In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of
 day.

Now the blown stag, through woods,
 bogs, roads, and streams
 Has measur'd half the forest; but alas!
 He flies in vain, he flies not from his
 fears.
 Though far he cast the lingering pack
 behind,
 His haggard fancy still with horror
 views
 The fell destroyer; still the fatal cry
 Insults his ears, and wounds his tremb-
 ling heart.
 So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his
 hands
 In guiltless blood distain'd) still seems
 to hear
 The dying shrieks; and the pale threat-
 ening ghost
 Moves as he moves, and as he flies,
 pursues.
 See here his slot; up yon green hill he
 climbs,
 Pants on its brow awhile, sadly looks
 back
 On his pursuers, covering all the plain;
 But wrung with anguish, bears not long
 the sight,
 Shoots down the steep, and sweats along
 the vale.
 There mingles with the herd, where once
 he reign'd
 Proud monarch of the groves, whose
 clashing beam
 His rivals aw'd, and whose exalted power
 Was still rewarded with successful love.
 But the base herd have learn'd the ways
 of men,
 Averse they fly, or with rebellious aim
 Chase him from thence: needless their
 impious deed,
 The huntsman knows him by a thousand
 marks,
 Black, and imbest; nor are his hounds
 deceiv'd;

Too well distinguish these, and never
 leave
 Their once devoted foe; familiar grows
 His scent, and strong their appetite to
 kill.
 Again he flies, and with redoubled speed
 Skims o'er the lawn; still the tenacious
 crew
 Hang on the track, aloud demand their
 prey,
 And push him many a league. If haply
 then
 Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly
 train
 Behind are cast, the huntsman's clang-
 ing whip
 Stops full their bold career; passive
 they stand,
 Unmov'd, an humble, an obsequious
 crowd,
 As if by stern Medusa gaz'd to stones.
 So at their general's voice whole armies
 halt
 In full pursuit, and check their thirst
 of blood.
 Soon at the king's command, like hasty
 streams
 Damm'd up awhile, they foam, and pour
 along
 With fresh recruited might. The stag,
 who hop'd
 His foes were lost, now once more hears
 astunn'd
 The dreadful din; he shivers every limb,
 He starts, he bounds, each bush presents
 a foe.
 Press'd by the fresh relay, no pause
 allow'd, [pace,
 Breathless, and faint, he falters in his
 And lifts his weary limbs with pain,
 that scarce
 Sustain their load: he pants, he sobs
 appall'd!
 Drops down his heavy head to earth,
 beneath
 His cumbrous beams oppress'd. But if
 perchance
 Some prying eye surprize him; soon he
 rears
 Erect his towering front, bounds o'er
 the lawn
 With ill-dissembled vigour, to amuse
 The knowing forester; who inly smiles
 At his weak shifts and unavailing frauds.
 So midnight tapers waste their last re-
 mains,
 Shine forth awhile, and as they blaze
 expire.
 From wood to wood redoubling thun-
 ders roll,
 And bellow through the vales; the mov-
 ing storm

Thickens amain, and loud triumphant
 shouts,
 And horns shrill-warbling in each glade,
 prelude
 To is approaching fate. And now in
 view
 With hobbling gait, and high, exerts
 amaz'd
 What strength is left: to the last dregs
 of life
 Reduc'd, his spirits fail, on every side
 Hemm'd in, besieg'd; not the least open-
 ing left
 To gleaming hoping, th' unhappy's last
 reserve.
 Where shall he turn? or whither fly?
 Despair
 Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to
 die,
 He fears no more, but rushes on his
 foes,
 And deals his deaths around; beneath
 his feet
 These grovelling lie, those by his ant-
 lers gor'd
 Defile th' ensanguin'd plain. Ah! see
 distress'd
 He stands at bay againet yon knotty
 trunk,
 That covers well his rear, his front
 presents
 An host of foes. O! shun, ye noble train,
 The rude encounter, and believe your
 lives
 Your country's due alone. As now aloof
 They wing around, he finds his soul
 uprais'd,
 To dare some great exploit; he charges
 home
 Upon the broken pack, that on each
 side
 Fly diverse; then as o'er the turf he
 strains,
 He vents thee cooling stream, and up
 the breeze
 Urges his course with equal violence:
 Then takes the soil, and plunges in the
 flood
 Precipitant; down the mid-stream he
 wafts [runs
 Along, till (like a ship distress'd, that
 Into some winding creek) close to the
 verge
 Of a small island, for his weary feet
 Sure anchorage he finds, there skulks
 immers'd.
 His nose alone above the wave draws in
 The vital air; all else beneath the flood
 Conceal'd, and lost, deceives each pry-
 ing eye
 Of man or brute. In vain the crowd-
 ing pack

Draw on the margin of the stream, or
 cut
 The liquid wave with oary feet, that
 move
 In equal time. The gliding waters leave
 No trace behind, and his contracted
 pores
 But sparingly perspire: the huntsman
 strains
 His labouring lungs, and puffs his cheeks
 in vain:
 At length a blood-hound bold, studious
 to kill,
 And exquisite of sense, winds him from
 far;
 Headlong he leaps into the flood, his
 mouth
 Loud opening spends amain, and his
 wide throat
 Swells every note with joy; then fear-
 less dives
 Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch,
 and wounds
 Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in
 the stream
 Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives
 to mount
 The steepy shore. Haply once more
 escap'd,
 Again he stands at bay, amid the groves
 Of willows, bending low their downy
 heads.
 Outrageous transport fires the greedy
 pack;
 These swim the deep, and those crawl
 up with pain
 The slippery bank, while others on firm
 land
 Engage; the stag repels each bold as-
 sault,
 Maintains his post, and wounds for
 wounds returns.
 As when some wily corsair boards a ship
 Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden
 coasts,

Or India's wealthy strand, his bloody
 crew
 Upon her deck he slings; these in the
 deep
 Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy
 sides,
 And clinging climb aloft; while those
 on board
 Urge on the work of Fate; the master
 bold,
 Press'd to his last retreat, bravely re-
 solves
 To plunge at once into the flood below,
 Himself, his foes, in one deep gulph
 immers'd.
 Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
 In wild disorder once more views the
 light;
 Beneath a weight of woe he groans dis-
 tress'd,
 The tears run trickling down his hairy
 cheeks;
 He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king
 beholds [nate
 His wretched plight, and tenderness in-
 Moves his great soul. Soon at his high
 command
 Rebuk'd, the disappointed, hungry pack,
 Retire submiss, and grumbling quit their
 prey.
 Great Prince! from thee what may thy
 subjects hope;
 So kind, and so beneficent to brutes!
 O Mercy, heavenly born! sweet attri-
 bute!
 Thou great, thou best prerogative of
 power!
 Justice may guard the throne, but, join'd
 with thee,
 On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
 And braves the storm beneath: soon
 as thy smiles
 Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves
 subside,
 And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

ISAAC WATTS.

FREE PHILOSOPHY.

Custom, that tyranness of fools,
 That leads the learned round the schools;
 In magic charms of forms and rules —
 My genius storms her throne.
 No more ye slaves with awe profound,
 Beat the dull track and dance the round;
 Loose hands and quit the enchanted
 ground,

Knowledge invites us each alone.
 I hate these shackles of the mind,
 Forged by the haughty wise:
 Souls were not born to be confined,
 And led, like Samson, blind and bound;
 But when his native strength he found,
 He well avenged his eyes.

Thoughts should be free as fire or wind.
The pinions of a single mind
Will through all nature fly,
But who can drag up to the poles
Long fettered ranks of leaden souls!

A genius, which no chain controls,
Roves with delight or deep or high:
Swift I survey the globe around
Dive to the centre through the solid
Or travel to the sky. [ground,

TRUE RICHES.

I am not concerned to know
What to-morrow fate will do;
'Tis enough that I can say
I've possess'd myself to-day;
Then, if haply midnight death
Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir of the best part of me.

Riches that the world bestows,
She can take and I can lose;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd,
Here on all the shining boughs
Knowledge fair and useless grows;
On the same young flowery tree
All the seasons you may see;
Notions in the bloom of light
Just disclosing to the sight;
Here are thoughts of larger growth
Ripening into solid truth;
Fruits refined of noble taste, —
Seraphs feed on such repast.

Here, in green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love;
There, beneath the smiling skies,
Hills of contemplation rise;
Now upon some shining top
Angels light and call me up;
I rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more
Earth hath no resemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole;
Nothing can describe the soul;
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treasures of its own,
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of Peru.
Broader 'tis and brighter far
Than the golden Indies are.

Yet the silly wandering mind,
Loath to be too much confined,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coasting round the narrow shores,
Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
Picking shells and pebbles thence.
Or she sits at fancy's door,
Calling shapes and shadows to her;
Foreign visits still receiving,
And t' herself a stranger living.
If her inward worth were known,
She might ever live alone.

HYMN.

Stand and adore! how glorious He
That dwells in bright eternity!
We gaze and we confound our sight,
Plunged in th' abyss of dazzling light.

Thou sacred One, Almighty Three,
Great, everlasting Mystery,
What lofty numbers shall we frame
Equal to thy tremendous name?

Seraphs, the nearest to thy throne,
Begin to speak the Great Unknown:
Attempt the song, wind up your strings
To notes untried, and boundless things.

You, whose capacious powers survey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay,
Yet what a narrow portion too
Is seen or thought or known by you!

How flat your highest praises fall
Before th' immense Original!
Weak creatures we, that strive in vain
To reach an uncreated strain.

Great God! forgive our feeble lays,
Sound out thine own eternal praise;
A song so vast, a theme so high,
Call for the voice that tuned the sky.

GEORGE SEWELL.

THE DYING MAN IN HIS GARDEN.

Why, Damon, with the forward day
Dost thou thy little spot survey,
From tree to tree, with doubtful cheer,
Pursue the progress of the year,
What winds arise, what rains descend,
When thou before that year shall end?

What do thy noontide walks avail,
To clear the leaf, and pick the snail,
Then wantonly to death decree
An insect usefuller than thee?
Thou and the worm are brother-kind
As low, as earthly, and as blind.

Vain wretch! canst thou expect to see
The downy peach make court to thee?
Or that thy sense shall ever meet
The bean-flower's deep-embosom'd sweet
Exhaling with an evening blast?
Thy evenings then will all be past!

Thy narrow pride, thy fancied green
(For vanity's in little seen),
All must be left when Death appears,
In spite of wishes, groans, and tears;
Nor one of all thy plants that grow
But Rosemary will with thee go.

HENRY CAREY.

SALLEY IN OUR ALLEY.

Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets
And through the streets does cry'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely —
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day —
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;

For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again
O then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally, —
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed
But not in our alley!

— COLLINS.

TO - MORROW.

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm
 declining,
 May my lot no less fortunate be
 Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for
 reclining,
 And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
 With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er
 the lawn,
 While I carol away idle sorrow,
 And blithe as the lark that each day
 hails the dawn
 Look forward with hope for to-morrow.
 With a porch at my door, both for
 shelter and shade too,
 As the sun-shine or rain may prevail;
 And a small spot of ground for the use
 of the spade too,
 With a barn for the use of the flail:
 A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
 And a purse when friend wants to bor-
 row;
 I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
 Nor what honours await him to-morrow.
 From the bleak northern blast may my
 cot be completely
 Secured by a neighbouring hill;

And at night may repose steal upon
 me more sweetly
 By the sound of a murmuring rill:
 And while peace and plenty I find at
 my board,
 With a heart free from sickness and
 sorrow,
 With my friends may I share what to-
 day may afford,
 And let them spread the table to-mor-
 row.

And when I at last must throw off this
 frail covering
 Which I've worn for three-score years
 and ten,
 On the brink of the grave I'll not seek
 to keep hovering,
 Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
 But my face in the glass I'll serenely
 survey,
 And with smiles count each wrinkle and
 furrow;
 As this old worn-out stuff, which is
 thread-bare to-day,
 May become everlasting to-morrow.

COLLEY CIBBER.

THE BLIND BOY.

O say what is that thing call'd Light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy;
 What are the blessings of the sight,
 O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
 You say the sun shines bright;
 I feel him warm, but how can he
 Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
 Whene'er I sleep or play;

And could I ever keep awake
 With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hapless woe;
 But sure with patience I can bear
 A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy;
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
 Although a poor blind boy.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

*Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.*

Mart.

CANTO I.

What dire offence from amorous causes
springs,

What mighty contests rise from trivial
things,

I sing — this verse to Caryl, Muse! is
due:

This ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the
praise,

If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess!
could compel

A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?

O say what stranger cause, yet unex-
plor'd,

Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?

In tasks so bold, can little men engage?

And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty
rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a ti-
morous ray,

And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse
the day:

Now lap-dogs give themselves the rous-
ing shake,

And sleepless lovers, just at twelve,
awake:

Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd
the ground,

And the press'd watch return'd a silver
sound.

Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the bal-
my rest:

'Twas he had summon'd to her silent
bed

The morning dream that hover'd o'er
her head.

A youth more glittering than a birth-
night beau

(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek
to glow)

Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to
lay,

And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to
say:

«Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd
care

Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have
taught;

Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel-powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of
heavenly flowers;

Hear, and believe! thy own importance
know,

Nor bound thy narrow views to things
below.

Some secret truths, from learned pride
conceal'd,

To maids alone and children are reveal'd;

What, though no credit doubting wits
may give,

The fair and innocent shall still believe.

Know then, unnumber'd spirits round
thee fly,

The light militia of the lower sky:

These, though unseen, are ever on the
wing,

Hang o'er the box, and hover round
the ring.

Think what an equipage thou hast in
air,

And view with scorn two pages and a
chair.

As now your own, our beings were of
old,

And once enclos'd in woman's beauteous
mould;

Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.

Think not, when woman's transient
breath is fled,

That all her vanities at once are dead:
Succeeding vanities she still regards,

And though she plays no more, o'erlooks
the cards.

Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death sur-
vive.

For when the fair in all their pride
expire,

To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame

Mount up, and take a Salamander's
name.

Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental
tea.

The graver prude sinks downward to
a Gnome,

In search of mischief still on Earth to
roam.

The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft re-
pair,

And sport and flutter in the fields of
air.

«Know farther yet; whoever fair and
chaste

Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph em-
brac'd:

For, spirits, freed from mortal laws,
with ease

Assume what sexes and what shapes they
please.

What guards the purity of melting
maids,

In courtly balls, and midnight masque-
rades,

Safe from the treacherous friend, the
daring spark,

The glance by day, the whisper in the
dark,

When kind occasion prompts their
warm desires,

When music softens, and when dancing
fires?

'Tis but their Sylph, the wise celestials
know,

Though honour is the word with men
below.

«Some nymphs there are, too con-
scious of their face,

For life predestin'd to the Gnome's em-
brace.

These swell their prospects, and exalt
their pride,

When offers are disdain'd, and love
deny'd:

Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their
sweeping train,

And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, 'your grace' salutes
their ear.

'Tis these that early taint the female
soul,

Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to
roll,

Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to
know,

And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

«Oft, when the world imagine women
stray,

The Sylphs through mystic mazes guide
their way,

Through all the giddy circle they pur-
sue,

And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim
fall

To one man's treat, but for another's
ball?

When Florio speaks, what virgin could
withstand,

If gentle Damon did not squeeze her
hand?

With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving Toy-shop of their
heart;

Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots
sword-knots strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches
drive.

This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh, blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive
it all.

«Of these am I, who thy protection
claim,

A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my
name,

Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air.
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star

I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun de-
scend;

But Heaven reveals not what, or how,
or where.

Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid,
beware!

This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!»

He said; when Shock, who thought
she slept too long,

Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with
his tongue.

'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;

Wounds, charms, and ardours were no
sooner read,

But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands

display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent
adores,

With head uncover'd, the cosmetic
powers.

A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she
rears;

Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of

Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and
here

The various offerings of the world ap-
pear;

From each she nicely culls with curious
toil,
And decks the goddess with the glitter-
ing spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems un-
locks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder
box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and
the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining
rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-
doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her
charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her
face:
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her
eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling
care:
These set the head, and those divide
the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait
the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her
own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories in th' ethereal
plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his
beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver
Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths
around her shone,
But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross
she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels
adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind dis-
close,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as
those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles ex-
tends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the Sun, her eyes the gazers
strike,
And, like the Sun, they shine on all
alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void
of pride,

Might hide her faults, if belles had faults
to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget
them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of
mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful
hung behind,
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to
deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory
neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves de-
tains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender
chains.
With hairy springes we the birds be-
tray; [prey;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single hair.
Th' adventurous baron the bright locks
admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize
aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his
ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had
implor'd
Propitious Heaven, and every power
ador'd;
But chiefly Love — to Love an altar
built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly
gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of
gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender billet-doux he lights the
pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to
raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ar-
dent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the
prize:
The powers gave ear, and granted half
his prayer;
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty
air.
But now secure the painted vessel
glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the float-
ing tides:
While melting music steals upon the
sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters
die;

Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs
 gently play,
 Belinda smil'd, and all the world was
 gay,
 All but the Sylph — with careful thoughts
 oppress,
 Th' impending woe sat heavy on his
 breast.
 He summons straight his denizens of air;
 The lucid squadrons round the sails
 repair:
 Soft o'er the shrouds aërial, whispers
 breathe,
 That seem'd but zephyrs to the train
 beneath.
 Some to the Sun their insect wings un-
 fold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds
 of gold;
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal
 sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
 Loose to the wind their airy garments
 flew,
 Thin glittering textures of the filmy
 dew,
 Dipp'd in the richest tinctures of the
 skies,
 Where light disports in ever-mingling
 dyes,
 While every beam new transient colours
 flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave
 their wings.
 Amid the circle on the gilded mast
 Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
 His purple pinions opening to the Sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus be-
 gun:
 «Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief
 give ear;
 Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons,
 hear!
 Ye know the spheres, and various tasks
 assign'd
 By laws eternal to the aërial kind.
 Some in the fields of purest ether play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of
 day;
 Some guide the course of wandering orbs
 on high,
 Or roll the planets through the bound-
 less sky;
 Some, less refin'd beneath the Moon's
 pale light
 Pursue the stars shoot athwart the night,
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted
 bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintery
 main,
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain,

Others on earth o'er human race pre-
 side,
 Watch all their ways, and all their
 actions guide:
 Of these the chief the care of nations
 own,
 And guard with arms divine the British
 throne.
 «Our humbler province is to tend the
 fair,
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious
 care; [gale,
 To save the powder from too rude a
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal
 flowers;
 To steal from rainbows, ere they drop
 in showers,
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving
 hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their
 airs;
 Nay, oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.
 «This day, black omens threat the
 brightest fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care:
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or
 slight;
 But what, or where, the Fates have
 wrapp'd in night.
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's
 law,
 Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw:
 Or stain her honour, or her new bro-
 cade;
 Forget her prayers, or miss a masque-
 rade;
 Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball;
 Or whether Heaven has doom'd that
 Shock must fall.
 Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge
 repair:
 The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we con-
 sign;
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite
 lock;
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
 «To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special
 note,
 We trust th' important charge, the petti-
 coat:
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence
 to fail,
 Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with
 ribs of whale,
 Form a strong line about the silver
 bound,
 And guard the wide circumference
 around.

«Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at
large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'er-
take his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with
pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight
restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings
in vain;
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd
flower:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall
glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!»
He spoke; the spirits from the sails
descend:
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph
extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her
hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her
ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they
wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth
of Fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd
with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his
rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic
frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton
takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen of the fall fore-
doom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at
home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three
realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and
sometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs
resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they
past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British
queen,
And one describes a charming Indian
screen;

A third interprets motions, looks, and
eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of
chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all
that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon
of day
The Sun obliquely shoots his burning
ray:
The hungry judges soon the sentence
sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may
dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns
in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame in-
vites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous
knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests
yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms
to join,
Each band the number of the sacred
nine
Soon she spreads her hand, th' aërial
guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they
bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient
race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of
place.

Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
And four fair queens, whose hands sus-
tain a flower,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer
power;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty
band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in
their hand;
And party-coloured troops, a shining
train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet
plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force
with care:
Let spades be trumps! she said, and
trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable Mata-
dores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy
Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!

Led off two captive trumps, and swept
the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant
field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more
hard
Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian
card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in
years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight re-
veal'd,
The rest, his many-colour'd robe con-
ceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince
engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens
o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights
of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of
aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron Fate inclines the
field,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of
Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim
dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barba-
rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in state unwieldy
spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous
robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the
globe?
The baron now his Diamonds pours
apace;
The embroider'd king who shows but
half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with powers
combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild dis-
order seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the
level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afrik's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms
them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily
arts,

And wins (oh shameful chance!) the
Queen of Hearts.
At this the blood the virgin's cheek
forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her
look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approach-
ing ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd
state)
On one nice trick depends the general
fate,
And Ace of Hearts steps forth: the king
unseen
He springs to vengeance with an eager
pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate
Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts
the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals
reply.
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to
fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd
away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons
is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turūs
round:
On shining Altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors
glide,
While China's earth receives the smok-
ing tide:
At once they gratify their scent and
taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich
repat.
Straight hover round the fair her airy
band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor
fann'd;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes
display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich
brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his
half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to
gain. [late,
Ah cease, rash youth; desist ere 'tis too
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's
fate! [air,
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend
 their will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of
 ill!
 Just then, Clarissa drew, with tempting
 grace,
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining
 case:
 So ladies, in Romance, assist their knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the
 fight.
 He takes the gift with reverence, and
 extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends
 her head.
 Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites
 repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back
 the hair;
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond
 in her ear;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the
 foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the virgin's
 thought;
 As on the nosegay in her breast re-
 clin'd,
 He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her
 art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power
 expir'd,
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.
 The peer now spreads the glittering
 forfex wide,
 T' enclose the Lock; now joins it, to
 divide.
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
 Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the Sylph
 in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again,)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis-
 sever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for
 ever!
 Then flash'd the living lightning from
 her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend th' af-
 frighted skies.
 Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven
 are cast,
 When husbands, or when lap-dogs,
 breathe their last!
 Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from
 high,
 In glittering dust and painted fragments
 lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now my
 temples twine
 (The victor cry'd), the glorious prize is
 mine!
 While fish in streams, or birds delight
 in air,
 Or in a coach and six the British fair,
 As long as Atalantis shall be read,
 Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn
 days,
 When numerous wax-lights in bright
 order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assigna-
 tions give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise
 shall live!
 What time would spare, from steel re-
 ceives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to
 Fate.
 Steel could the labour of the gods de-
 stroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial towers
 of Troy;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride
 confound,
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy
 hairs should feel
 The conquering force of unresisted steel?

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph
 oppress'd,
 And secret passions labour'd in her
 breast.
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms
 survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their
 bliss,
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd
 awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and
 despair, [hair.
 As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd
 For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs
 withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
 As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper
 scene,
 Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of
 Spleen.
 Swift on his sooty pinions flits the
 Gnome,
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.

No cheerful breeze this sullen region
 knows,
 The dreaded east is all the wind that
 blows.
 Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from
 air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's de-
 tested glare,
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
 Pain at her side, and Megrin at her
 head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike
 in place,
 But differing far in figure and in face.
 Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient
 maid,
 Her wrinkled form in black and white
 array'd;
 With store of prayers, for mornings,
 nights, and noons,
 Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lam-
 poons.
 There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
 Shows in her cheek the roses of eigh-
 teen,
 Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head
 aside,
 Faints into airs, and languishes with
 pride,
 On the rich quilt sinks with becoming
 woe,
 Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for
 show.
 The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
 When each new night-dress gives a new
 disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace
 flies;
 Strange phantoms rising as the mists
 arise;
 Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haun-
 ted shades,
 Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
 Now glaring fiends, and snakes on roll-
 ing spires,
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple
 fires:
 Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
 And crystal domes, and angels in ma-
 chines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side
 are seen,
 Of bodies chang'd to various forms by
 Spleen.
 Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held
 out,
 One bent; the handle this, and that the
 spout:
 A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod
 walks;
 Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye
 talks;

Men prove with child, as powerful fancy
 works,
 And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud
 for corks.

Safe past the Gnome through this fan-
 tastic band,
 A branch of healing spleen-wort in his
 hand,
 Then thus address'd the power:—«Hail,
 wayward queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
 Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
 Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
 On various tempers act by various ways,
 Make some take physic, others scribble
 plays;

Who cause the proud their visits to
 delay,

And send the godly in a pet to pray.
 A nymph there is, that all thy power
 disdains,

And thousands more in equal mirth
 maintains.

But, oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil
 a grace,

Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
 Like citron-waters, matrons' cheeks in-
 flame,

Or change complexions at a losing game;
 If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
 Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
 Or caus'd suspicion where no soul was
 rude,

Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
 Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes
 could ease:

Hear me, and touch Belinda with cha-
 grin:

That single act gives half the world the
 spleen.»

The goddess with a discontented air
 Seems to reject him, though she grants
 his prayer.

A wonderous bag with both her hands
 she binds,

Like that where once Ulysses held the
 winds;

There she collects the force of female
 lungs,

Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war
 of tongues.

A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing
 tears.

The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts
 away,

Spreads his black wings, and slowly
 mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph
 he found, [bound.

Her eyes dejected, and her hair un-

Full o'er their heads the swelling bag
 he rent,
 And all the Furies issued at the vent.
 Belinda burns with more than mortal
 ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
 «O wretched maid!» she spread her hands,
 and cry'd,
 (While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid!
 reply'd)
 «Was it for this you took such constant
 care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence, to pre-
 pare?
 For this your locks in paper durance
 bound,
 For this with torturing irons wreath'd
 around?
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender
 head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of
 lead?
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your
 hair,
 While the fops envy, and the ladies
 stare!
 Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd
 shrine
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost!
 How shall I, then, your hapless fame
 defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your
 friend!
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable
 prize,
 Expos'd through crystal to the gazing
 eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circ-
 ling rays,
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus
 grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound
 of Bow!
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish
 all!»
 She said; then raging to sir Plume
 repairs,
 And bids her beau demand the precious
 hairs;
 (Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly
 vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
 With earnest eyes, and round unthink-
 ing face,
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the
 case,

And thus broke out: — «My Lord, why,
 what the devil?
 Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you
 must be civil!
 Plague on 't! 'tis past a jest — nay
 pr'ythee, pox!
 Give her the hair» — he spoke, and
 rapp'd his box.
 «It grieves me much (reply'd the peer
 again),
 Who speaks so well should ever speak
 in vain;
 But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I
 swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted
 hair;
 Which never more its honours shall
 renew,
 Clipp'd from the lovely head where late
 it grew,)
 That while my nostrils draw the vital
 air,
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever
 wear.»
 He spoke, and, speaking, in proud
 triumph spread
 The long-contended honours of her head.
 But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears
 not so;
 He breaks the vial whence the sorrows
 flow.
 Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief
 appears,
 Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd
 in tears;
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping
 head,
 Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus
 she said:
 «For ever curs'd be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my favourite
 curl away;
 Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
 If Hampton-Court these eyes had never
 seen!
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
 By love of courts to numerous ills be-
 tray'd.
 Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
 In some lone isle, or distant northern
 land:
 Where the gilt chariot never marks the
 way,
 Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste
 bohea!
 There kept my charms conceal'd from
 mortal eye, [die.
 Like roses, that in deserts bloom and
 What mov'd my mind with youthful
 lords to roam?
 Oh had I stay'd, and said my prayers
 at home!

'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd
to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the
patch-box fell;
The tottering china shook without a
wind,
Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most
unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats
of Fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted
hairs!
My hand shall rend what ev'n thy ra-
pine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to
break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy
neck;
The Sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears de-
mands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious
hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to
seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but
these!»

CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in
tears;
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the ba-
ron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda
fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could re-
main,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in
vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her
fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph
began:
«Say, why are beauties prais'd and
honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain
man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea
afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-
glov'd beaux?
Why bows the side-box from its inmost
rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our
pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty
gains:

That men may say, when we the front-
box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night and dress all
day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old
age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's
cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing
of use?
To patch, nay ogle, may become a saint;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas, frail beauty must decay;
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn
to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall
fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a
maid;
What then remains, but well our power
to use,
And keep good-humour still, whate'er
we lose?
And trust me, dear, good-humour can
prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams,
and scolding fail;
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may
roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins
the soul.»

So spoke the dame, but no applause
ensued:
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her
prude.
«To arms, to arms!» the fierce virago
cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat
flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whale-
bones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly
rise,
And base and treble voices strike the
skies.
No common weapon in their hands are
found;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mor-
tal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods
engage,
And heavenly breasts with human pas-
sions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona Hermes
arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, Heaven trembles
all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps
resound:

Earth shakes her nodding towers, the
ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash
of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's
height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sate to
view the fight:
Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the
sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While through the press enrag'd Tha-
lestris flies,
And scatters death around from both
her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the
throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.
«O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,»
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his
chair.

A mournful glance sir Fopling upwards
cast,
«Those eyes are made so killing» — was
his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he
dies.

When bold sir Plume had drawn Cla-
rissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with
a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales
in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's
hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side
to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs
subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her
eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight
to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe
to die.

But this bold lord, with manly strength
endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb sub-
dued:

Just where the breath of life his nostrils
drew,

A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to every atom just.
The pungent grains of titillating dust,
Sudden, with starting tears each eye
o'erflows,

And the high dome re-echoes to his
nose.

«Now meet thy fate,» incens'd Belinda
cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her
side.

(The same, his ancient personage to
deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about
his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted
down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's
gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it
grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle
blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's
hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda
wears.)

«Boast not my fall (he cry'd), insult-
ing foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as
low.

Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah! let me still sur-
vive,
And burn in Cupid's flames — but burn
alive.»

«Restore the Lock!» the vaulted roofs
rebound.

Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd
his pain.

But see how oft ambitious aims are
cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is
lost!

The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept
with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in
vain:

With such a prize no mortal must be
blest,
So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who
can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lu-
nar sphere,
Since all things lost on Earth are trea-
sur'd there.

There heroes' wits are kept in ponde-
rous vases,
And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-
cases:

There broken vows and death-bed alms
are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribband
bound;

The courtier's promises, and sick man's
prayers, [heirs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of

Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a
 flea,
 Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
 But trust the Muse — she saw it up-
 ward rise,
 Though mark'd by none but quick, poe-
 tic eyes:
 (So Rome's great founder to the Hea-
 vens withdrew,
 To Proculus alone confess'd in view:)
 A sudden star, it shot through liquid
 air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
 Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
 The Heaven bespangling with dishevell'd
 light.
 The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleas'd pursue its progress through
 the skies.
 This the beau-monde shall from the
 Mall survey,
 And hail with music its propitious ray.
 This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's
 lake.

This Partridge soon shall view in cloud-
 less skies,
 When next he looks through Galileo's
 eyes;
 And hence th' egregious wizard shall
 foredoom
 The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
 Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn
 thy ravish'd hair,
 Which adds new glory to the shining
 sphere!
 Not all the tresses that fair head can
 boast,
 Shall draw such envy as the Lock you
 lost.
 For, after all the murders of your eye,
 When, after millions slain, yourself shall
 die;
 When those fair suns shall set, as set
 they must,
 And all those tresses shall be laid in
 dust,
 This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to
 fame, [name.
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's

ELOÏSA TO ABELARD.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
 Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation
 dwells,
 And ever musing Melancholy reigns;
 What means this tumult in a vestal's
 veins?
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this last
 retreat?
 Why feels my heart its long-forgotten
 heat?
 Yet, yet I love! — From Abelard it
 came,
 And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.
 Dear, fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
 Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd:
 Hide it, my heart, within that close dis-
 guise,
 Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea
 lies:
 O, write it not, my hand — the name
 appears
 Already written — wash it out, my tears!
 In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays,
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand
 obeys.
 Relentless walls! whose darksome
 round contains
 Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
 Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have
 worn;
 Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with hor-
 rid thorn!

Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd
 virgins keep;
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn
 to weep!
 Though cold like you, unmov'd and si-
 lent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
 All is not Heaven's while Abelard has
 part,
 Still rebel Nature holds out half [my
 heart;
 Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse
 restrain,
 Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in
 vain.
 Soon as thy letters trembling I un-
 close,
 That well-known name awakens all my
 woes.
 Oh, name for ever sad! for ever dear!
 Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with
 a tear.
 I tremble too, where'er my own I
 find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close be-
 hind.
 Line after line my gushing eyes o'er-
 flow,
 Led through a sad variety of woe:
 Now warm in love, now withering in
 my bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!

There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There dy'd the best of passions, love and fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.

Nor foes nor Fortune take this power away;

And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,

Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;

No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;

Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,

Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;

They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,

The virgin's wish without her fears impart,

Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,

And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,

When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;

My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' All-beauteous Mind.

Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,

Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.

Guiltless I gaz'd; Heaven listen'd while you sung;

And truths divine came mended from that tongue.

From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?

Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:

Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,

Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.

Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
Nor envy them that Heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which Love has made!

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,

August her deed, and sacred be her fame;

Before true passion all those views remove;

Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?

The jealous god, when we profane his fires,

Those restless passions in revenge inspires,

And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,

Who seek in love for aught but love alone.

Should at my feet the world's great master fall,

Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all:

Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;—

No, make me mistress to the man I love.

If there be yet another name more free,

More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!

Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,

When love is liberty, and Nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,

No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,

And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.

This sure is bliss (if bliss on Earth there be)

And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise! [lies!

A wretched lover bound and bleeding
Where, where was Eloïse? her voice,

her hand,

Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.

Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;

The crime was common, common be the pain.

I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,

Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that so-
 lemn day,
 When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
 Canst thou forget what tears that mo-
 ment fell,
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world
 farewell?
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred
 veil,
 The shrines all trembled and the lamps
 grew pale:
 Heaven scarce believ'd the conquest it
 survey'd,
 And saints with wonder heard the vows
 I made.
 Yet then, to those dread altars as I
 drew,
 Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd,
 but you:
 Not grace, or zeal, love only was my
 call;
 And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
 Come! with thy looks, thy words, re-
 lieve my woe;
 Those still at least are left thee to be-
 stow.
 Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
 Still drink delicious poison from thy
 eye,
 Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be
 press'd;
 Give all thou canst — and let me dream
 the rest.
 Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize,
 With other beauties charm my partial
 eyes,
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,
 And make my soul quit Abelard for God.
 Ah! think at least thy flock deserves
 thy care,
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy
 prayer.
 From the false world in early youth
 they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and de-
 serts led.
 You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the
 desert smil'd,
 And Paradise was open'd in the wild.
 No weeping orphan saw his father's
 stores
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the
 floors;
 No silver saints, by dying misers given,
 Here bribe the rage of ill-requited
 Heaven;
 But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
 In these lone walls, (their days' eternal
 bound,)
 These moss-grown domes with spiry
 turrets crown'd,

Where awful arches make a noon-day
 night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn
 light;
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the
 day.
 But now no face divine contentment
 wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
 See how the force of others' prayers I
 try,
 (O pious fraud of amorous charity!)
 But why should I on others' prayers
 depend?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband,
 friend!
 Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter,
 move,
 And all those tender names in one, thy
 love!
 The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks
 reclin'd
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow
 wind,
 The wandering streams that shine be-
 tween the hills,
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the
 trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling
 breeze;
 No more these scenes my meditation
 aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid:
 But o'er the twilight groves and dusky
 caves,
 Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled
 graves,
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her
 throws
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the
 scene,
 Shades every flower and darkens every
 green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a browner horror on the
 woods.
 Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
 Death, only Death, can break the last-
 ing chain;
 And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust
 remain;
 Here all its frailties, all its flames re-
 sign,
 And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with
 thine.
 Ah, wretch! believ'd the spouse of
 God in vain,
 Confess'd within the slave of love and man.

Assist me, Heaven! but whence arose
 that prayer?
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
 Ev'n here where frozen Chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I
 ought;
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
 I view my crime, but kindle at the
 view,
 Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
 Now turn'd to Heaven, I weep my past
 offence,
 Now think of thee, and curse my in-
 nocence.
 Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
 How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the
 sense,
 And love th' offender, yet detest th'
 offence?
 How the dear object from the crime
 remove,
 Or how distinguish penitence from love?
 Unequal task! a passion to resign,
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so
 lost as mine!
 Ere such a soul regains its peaceful
 state,
 How often must it love, how often hate!
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain, — do all things but
 forget!
 But let Heaven seize it, all at once 'tis
 fir'd:
 Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but
 inspir'd!
 Oh, come, oh, teach me Nature to sub-
 due,
 Renounce my love, my life, myself —
 and you.
 Fill my fond heart with God alone,
 for he
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.
 How happy is the blameless vestal's
 lot;
 The world forgetting, by the world
 forgot!
 Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
 Each prayer accepted, and each wish
 resign'd;
 Labour and rest that equal periods keep;
 «Obedient slumbers that can wake and
 weep!»
 Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft
 to Heaven.
 Grace shines around her with serenest
 beams,
 And whispering angels prompt her golden
 dreams.
 For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,

And wings of seraphs shed divine per-
 fumes;
 For her the spouse prepares the bridal
 ring;
 For her white virgins hymenæals sing:
 To sounds of heavenly harps she dies
 away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day.
 Far other dreams my erring soul em-
 ploy,
 Far other raptures of unholy joy:
 When, at the close of each sad, sorrow-
 ing day,
 Fancy restores what Vengeance snatch'd
 away,
 Then Conscience sleeps, and leaving
 Nature free,
 All my loose soul unbounded springs
 to thee.
 O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious
 night!
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen de-
 light!
 Provoking demons all restraint remove,
 And stir within me every source of love.
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy
 charms,
 And round thy phantom glue my clasp-
 ing arms.
 I wake: — no more I hear, no more I
 view,
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
 I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
 I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
 To dream once more I close my willing
 eyes;
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
 Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go
 Through dreary wastes, and weep each
 other's woe,
 Where round some mouldering tower
 pale ivy creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding
 o'er the deeps.
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from
 the skies;
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds
 arise.
 I shriek, start up, the same sad pro-
 spect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
 For thee the Fates, severely kind,
 ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from
 pain;
 Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd re-
 pose:
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that
 glows.
 Still as the sea, ere winds were taught
 to blow,
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;

Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd Heaven.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou
to dread?

The torch of Venus burns not for the
dead.

Nature stands check'd; Religion disap-
proves;

Ev'n thou art cold — yet Eloïsa loves.
Ah, hopeless, lasting flames! like those
that burn

To light the dead, and warm th' un-
fruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn
my view!

The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and
me;

Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of frag-
rance roll,

And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp
to flight,

Priests, tapers, temples, swim before
my sight:

In seas of flame my plunging soul is
drown'd,

While altars blaze, and angels tremble
round.

While prostrate here in humble grief
I lie,

Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in
my eye,

While praying, trembling, in the dust
I roll,

And dawning grace is opening on my
soul:

Come, if thou dar'st all charming as
thou art!

Oppose thyself to Heaven; dispute my
heart;

Come, with one glance of those delud-
ing eyes

Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows,
and those tears;

Take back my fruitless penitence and
prayers:

Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest
abode;

Assist the fiends, and tear me from my
God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from
pole!

Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans
roll!

Ah, come not, write not, think not once
of me,

Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign!

Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was
mine.

Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which
yet I view!)

Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!

O Grace serene! O Virtue heavenly fair!

Divine oblivion of low-thoughted Care!

Fresh-blooming Hope, gay daughter of
the sky!

And Faith, our early immortality!

Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;

Receive and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,

Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of
the dead.

In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the
walls.

Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps
around,

From yonder shrine I heard a hollow
sound.

«Come, sister, come!» (it said, or seem'd
to say)

«Thy place is here, sad sister, come
away!

Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and
pray'd,

Love's victim then, though now a sain-
ted maid:

But all is calm in this eternal sleep:
Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love
to weep;

Ev'n Superstition loses every fear;
For God, not man, absolves our frailties
here.»

I come, I come! prepare your roseate
bowers,

Celestial palms, and ever-blooming
flowers.

Thither, where sinners may have rest,
I go,

Where flames refin'd in breasts sera-
phic glow;

Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms
of day;

See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls
roll,

Suck my last breath, and catch my fly-
ing soul!

Ah, no — in sacred vestments mayst
thou stand,

The hallow'd taper trembling in thy
hand,

Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to
die.

Ah, then thy once lov'd Eloïsa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses
fly!

See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
Till every motion, pulse, and breath be
o'er;

And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O Death all eloquent! you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man
we love.

Then too, when Fate shall thy fair
frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my
joy,)

In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be
drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch
thee round,

From opening skies may streaming glo-
ries shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love
like mine!

May one kind grave unite each hap-
less name,
And graft my love immortal on thy
fame!

Then, ages hence, when all my woes
are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat
no more;

If ever chance two wandering lovers
brings

To Paraclete's white walls and silver
springs,

O'er the pale marble shall they join
their heads,

And drink the falling tears each other
sheds;

Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
«O, may we never love as these have
lov'd!»

From the full choir, when loud hosan-
nas rise, [fice,

And swell the pomp of dreadful sacri-
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold re-
lics lie,

Devotion's self shall steal a thought
from Heaven,

One human tear shall drop, and be
forgiven.

And sure if Fate some future bard shall
join

In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to
deplore,

And image charms he must behold no
more;

Such, if there be, who loves so long,
so well;

Let him our sad, our tender story tell!
The well-sung woes will sooth my pen-
sive ghost;

He best can paint them who shall feel
them most!

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE IV.

Of the nature and state of man with respect to happiness.

Oh Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er
thy name:

That something still which prompts th'
eternal sigh,

For which we bear to live, or dare to
die,

Which still so near us, yet beyond us
lies,

O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and
wise:

Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd be-
low,

Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st
to grow?

Fair opening to some court's propitious
shine,

Or deep with diamonds in the flaming
mine?

Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian
laurels yield,

Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? If

vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the
soil:

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every
where:

'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John!
dwells with thee.

Ask of the learn'd the way? The
learn'd are blind:

This bids to serve, and that to shun
mankind;

Some place the bliss in action, some in
ease,

Those call it pleasure, and contentment
these:

Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end
in pain;

Some, swell'd to gods, confess ev'n vir-
tue vain;

Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more
or less

Than this, that happiness is happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opi-
nion's leave;

All states can reach it, and all heads
conceive;

Obvious her goods, in no extreme they
dwell;

There needs but thinking right, and
meaning well;

And mourn our various portions as we
please,

Equal is common sense, and common
ease.

Remember, man, «the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;»
And makes what happiness we justly
call,

Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to
the kind:

No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with
pride,

No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd:
Who most to shun or hate mankind
pretend,

Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others
think,

All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would
more obtain,

Shall find, the pleasure pays not half
the pain.

Order is Heaven's first law; and this
confest,

Some are, and must be, greater than
the rest,

More rich, more wise; but who infers
from hence

That such are happier, shocks all com-
mon sense.

Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:

But mutual wants this happiness in-
crease;

All Nature's difference keeps all Na-
ture's peace.

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:

Heaven breathes through every member
of the whole,

One common blessing, as one common
soul.

But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,
And each were equal, must not all con-
test?

If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place con-
tent.

Fortune her gifts may variously dis-
pose,

And these be happy call'd, unhappy
those;

But Heaven's just balance equal will
appear,

While those are plac'd in hope, and these
in fear:

Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh sons of Earth! attempt ye still
to rise,

By mountains pil'd on mountains, to
the skies?

Heaven still with laughter the vain toil
surveys,

And buries madmen in the heaps they
raise.

Know, all the good that individuals
find,

Or God and Nature meant to mere
mankind,

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of
sense,

Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and
Competence.

But Health consists with Temperance
alone;

And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy
own.

The good or bad; the gifts of Fortune
gain;

But these less taste them, as they worse
obtain.

Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong
means, or right?

Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or
curst,

Which meets contempt, or which com-
passion first?

Count all th' advantage prosperous Vice
attains,

'Tis but what Virtue flies from and dis-
dains:

And grant the bad what happiness they
would,

One they must want, which is to pass
for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole
scheme below,

Who fancy bliss to Vice, to Virtue woe!

Who sees and follows that great scheme
the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most
be blest.

But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the
just!

See godlike Turenne prostrate on the
dust!

See Sidney bleeds amid the martial
strife!

Was this their virtue, or contempt of
life?

Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven
ne'er gave,

Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the
grave?

Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the
sire?

Why drew Marseilles' good bishop pu-
rer breath,

When Nature sicken'd, and each gale
was death?

Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and
me?

What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wan-
ders will.

God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till man improv'd
it all.

We just as wisely might of Heaven com-
plain

That righteous Abel was destroyed by
Cain,

As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire
disease.

Think we, like some weak prince, th'
Eternal Cause

Prone for his favourites to reverse his
laws?

Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy
breast?

When the loose mountain trembles from
on high,

Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging
wall?

But still this world (so fitted for the
knave)

Contents us not. A better shall we
have?

A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar
care;

But who, but God, can tell us who they
are?

One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spi-
rit fell;

Another deems him instrument of Hell;
If Calvin feels Heaven's blessing, or its
rod,

This cries, there is, and that, there is
no God.

What shocks one part, will edify the
rest,

Nor with one system can they all be
blest.

The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish
mine.

Whatever is, is right. — This world,
'tis true,

Was made for Cæsar — but for Titus
too;

And which more blest? who chain'd his
country, say,

Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a
day?

«But sometimes Virtue starves, while
Vice is fed.»

What then? Is the reward of Virtue
bread?

That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of
toil;

The knave deserves it, when he tills the
soil;

The knave deserves it, when he tempts
the main,

Where folly fights for kings, or dives
for gain.

The good man may be weak, be indo-
lent;

Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is
o'er?

«No — shall the good want health, the
good want power?»

Add health and power, and every earthly
thing,

«Why bounded power? why private?
why no king?»

Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not man a god, and Earth a
Heaven?

Who ask and reason thus, will scarce
conceive

God gives enough, while he has more
to give;

Immense the power, immense were the
demand;

Say, at what part of Nature will they
stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can
 destroy,
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-
 felt joy,
 Is Virtue's prize: A better would you
 fix?
 Then give Humility a coach and six,
 Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth
 a gown,
 Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
 Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward
 us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish
 for here?
 The boy and man an individual makes,
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for
 cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy
 wife;
 As well as dream such trifles are as-
 sign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a godlike mind;
 Rewards, that either would to virtue
 bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
 To whom can riches give repute, or
 trust,
 Content, or pleasure, but the good and
 just?
 Judges and senates have been bought
 for gold;
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy
 mind,
 The lover and the love of human-kind,
 Whose life is healthful, and whose con-
 science clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds
 a-year.
 Honour and shame from no condition
 rise;
 Act well your part, there all the ho-
 nour lies.
 Fortune in men has some small differ-
 ence made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in bro-
 cade;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson
 gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch
 crown'd.
 «What differ more,» you cry, «than
 crown and cowl!»
 I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a
 fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts
 the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be
 drunk,

Worth makes the man, and want of it
 the fellow:
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.
 Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round
 with strings,
 That thou mayst be by kings, or whores
 of kings.
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious
 race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
 But, by your father's worth if yours you
 rate,
 Count me those only who were good
 and great.
 Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
 Has crept through scoundrels ever since
 the Flood,
 Go! and pretend your family is young;
 Nor own your fathers have been fools
 so long.
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or
 cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the How-
 ards.
 Look next on greatness; say, where
 greatness lies:
 «Where but among the heroes and the
 wise?»
 Heroes are much the same, the point's
 agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
 The whole strange purpose of their lives,
 to find,
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
 Not one looks backward, onward still
 he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward further than
 his nose.
 No less alike the politic and wise:
 All sly slow things, with circumspective
 eyes:
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they
 take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others
 weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these
 can cheat:
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great;
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave,
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains.
 Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or
 bleed
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
 What's fame? a fancy'd life in others
 breath,
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our
 death.
 Just what you hear, you have; and what's
 unknown,
 The same, my lord, if Tully's, or your own.

All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where they shone,
or shine,

Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod:
An honest man's the noblest work of
God.

Fame but from death a villain's name
can save,

As Justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were re-
sign'd,

Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not
to the heart:

One self-approving hour whole years
outweighs

Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be
known; [own:

To see all others faults, and feel our
Condemn'd in business or in arts to
drudge,

Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sink-
ing land?

All fear, none aid you, and few under-
stand.

Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts
too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict
account;

Make fair deductions, see to what they
mount:

How much of other each is sure to cost;
How much for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with
these;

How sometimes life is risk'd, and always
ease:

Think, and if still the things thy envy
call,

Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom
they fall?

To sigh for ribbands, if thou art so
silly,

Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or
Sir Billy.

Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon
shin'd, [kind:

The wisest, brightest, meanest of man-

Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting
fame!

If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story, learn to scorn them
all.

There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd,
and great,

See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens
who lay,

How happy! those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their
glory grows,

From dirt and sea-weed, as proud Ve-
nice rose;

In each, how guilt and greatness equal
ran,

And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the
man:

Now Europe's laurels on their brows
behold,

But stain'd with blood, or ill exchange'd
for gold:

Then see them broke with toils, or sunk
in ease,

Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.

O! wealth ill-fated; which no act of
fame

E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from
shame!

What greater bliss attends their close
of life?

Some greedy minion, or imperious
wife,

The trophy'd arches, story'd halls in-
vade,

And haunt their slumbers in the pom-
pous shade.

Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide
ray,

Compute the morn and evening to the
day;

The whole amount of that enormous
fame,

A tale, that blends their glory with their
shame!

Know then this truth (enough for
man to know),

«Virtue alone is happiness below.»

The only point where human bliss stands
still,

And tastes the good without the fall
to ill;

Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it
gives;

The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:

Without satiety, though e'er so blest,
And but more relish'd as the more
distress'd:

The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very
tears:

Good, from each object, from each place
acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another's blest;
And where no wants, no wishes can
remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to
gain.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on
all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but
thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learn-
ing blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught,
will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private
road,
But looks through Nature, up to Na-
ture's God;
Pursues that chain which links th' im-
mense design,
Joins Heaven and Earth, and mortal
and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some be-
low;
Learns from this union of the rising
whole
The first, last purpose of the human
soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all
began,
All end in love of God, and love of man.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal
to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul:
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and un-
confin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the
mind.
He sees, why Nature plants in man
alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss
unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek
they find:)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest
bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be
blest;
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to di-
vine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's
blessing thine.

Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part.
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life,
and sense,

In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but
human soul

Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind
to wake,

As the small pebble stirs the peaceful
lake;

The centre mov'd, a circle straight suc-
ceeds,

Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will
embrace;

His country next; and next all human
race;

Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings
of the mind

Take every creature in, of every kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless
bounty blest,

And Heaven beholds its image in his
breast.

Come then, my friend! my genius!
come along!

Oh master of the poet, and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now
ascends,

To man's low passions, or their glorious
ends,

Teach me, like thee, in various nature
wise,

To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to
steer,

From grave to gay, from lively to se-
vere;

Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.

Oh! while along the stream of time thy
name

Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the
gale?

When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust
repose,

Whose sons shall blush their fathers
were thy foes.

Shall then this verse to future age pre-
tend

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and
friend?

That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tune-
ful art,

From sounds to things, from fancy to
the heart;

For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's
 light;
 Show'd erring Pride, *whatever is, is*
 right;
 That reason, passion, answer one great
 aim;

That true self-love and social are the
 same;
 That virtue only makes our bliss be-
 low;
 And all our knowledge is, ourselves to
 know.

SATIRE.

I 've often wish'd that I had clear
 For life, six hundred pounds a year,
 A handsome house to lodge a friend,
 A river at my garden's end,
 A terrace-walk, and half a rood
 Of land, set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
 I ask not to increase my store;
 But here a grievance seems to lie,
 All this is mine but till I die;
 I can't but think 'twould sound more
 clever

To me and to my heirs for ever.

If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
 By any trick, or any fault;
 And if I pray by Reason's rules,
 And not like forty other fools:
 As thus, 'Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!
 To grant me this and t' other acre:
 Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
 Direct my plow to find a treasure:
 But only what my station fits,
 And to be kept in my right wits,
 Preserve, Almighty Providence!
 Just what you gave me, competence:
 And let me in these shades compose
 Something in verse as true as prose;
 Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
 Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.'

In short, I'm perfectly content,
 Let me but live on this side Trent;
 Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
 To spend six months with statesmen
 here.

I must by all means come to town,
 'Tis for the service of the crown.
 «Lewis, the Dean will be of use,
 Send for him up, take no excuse.»
 The toil, the danger of the seas;
 Great ministers ne'er think of these;
 Or let it cost five hundred pound,
 No matter where the money 's found.
 It is but so much more in debt,
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

«Good Mr. Dean, go change your
 gown,
 Let my lord know you 're come to
 town.»

I hurry me in haste away,
 Not thinking it is levee-day;

And find his honour in a pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
 Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
 How should I thrust myself between?
 Some wag observes me thus perplex,
 And smiling whispers to the next,
 «I thought the Dean had been too proud,
 To jostle here among a crowd.»
 Another, in a surly fit,
 Tells me I have more zeal than wit,
 «So eager to express your love,
 You ne'er consider whom you shove,
 But rudely press before a duke.»
 I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
 And take it kindly meant to show
 What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw:
 When twenty fools I never saw
 Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
 Desiring I would stand their friend.

This, humbly offers me his case —
 That, begs my int'rest for a place —
 A hundred other men's affairs,
 Like bees, are humming in my ears.
 «To-morrow my appeal comes on,
 Without your help the cause is gone.» —
 The duke expects my lord and you,
 About some great affair, at two —
 «Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind,
 To get my warrant quickly signed:
 Consider 'tis my first request.» —
 Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best: —
 Then presently he falls to tease,
 «You may be certain, if you please;
 I doubt not, if his lordship knew —
 And, Mr. Dean, one word from you —»

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
 (October next it will be four,)
 Since Harley bid me first attend,
 And chose me for an humble friend;
 Would take me in his coach to chat,
 And question me of this and that;
 As, «What's o'clock?» And, «How's the
 wind?»

«Who's chariot's that we left behind?»
 Or gravely try to read the lines
 Writ underneath the country signs;
 Or, «Have you nothing new to-day
 From Pope, from Parnell, or from
 Gay?»

Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.

Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well:
«How think you of our friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean;
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, *tête-à-tête*.
What, they admire him for his jokes —
See but the fortune of some folks!»
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at court;
I'm stopt by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in every street.
«You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
Inform us, will the emp'rour treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?»
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
«Ah, doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret» — I protest
'Tis one to me — «Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their
pay?»

And, tho' I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord-mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly toss'd,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and
town.

O charming noons! and nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
And even the very dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what 's in either of the houses:
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser?
Whether we ought to choose our friends,
For their own worth, or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very best of all?

Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely *à propos*:

Name a town-life, and in a trice
He had a story of two mice.
Once on a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord
A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul,
Knew what was handsome, and would
do 't,

On just occasion, *coûte qui coûte*.
He brought him bacon (nothing lean);
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He eat himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cry'd, «I vow you 're mighty neat.
But Lord, my friend, this savage scene!
For God's sake, come, and live with
men:

Consider, mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I:
Then spend your life in joy and sport;
(This doctrine, friend, I learnt at court.)»

The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temp-
tation.

Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn:
('Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sate late.)

Behold the place, where if a poet
Shin'd in description, he might show it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be said,
The Moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red:
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sate, *tête-à-tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
«*Que ça est bon! Ah goûtez ça!*
That jelly 's rich, this malmsey healing,
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in.»
Was ever such a happy swain!
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
«I'm quite asham'd — 'tis mighty rude
To eat so much — but all 's so good.
I have a thousand thanks to give —
My lord alone knows how to live.»
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
«A rat! a rat! clap to the door» —
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.

O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd stucco has no
chink.)

«An't please your honour,» quoth the
peasant,
«This same dessert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty!»

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1708.

1.

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound;
While, in more lengthen'd notes and
slow,
The deep, majestic solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the
skies:
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold
notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild mu-
sic floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

2.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's
wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

3.

But when our country's cause provokes
to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dared the
seas,
High on the stern the Thracian raised
his strain,

While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflamed with glory's charms;
Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,
And half unsheathed the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies re-
bound
To arms! to arms! to arms!

4.

But when, through all the infernal
bounds
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts!
But, hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortured ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance;
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round
their heads.

5.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers;
By the heroes' armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband, or return the
wife!

He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the poet's prayer;
 Stern Proserpine relented,
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus song could prevail
 A conquest how hard and how glorious!
 Though fate had fast bound her
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

6.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his
 eyes:
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters
 move?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to
 love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in meanders,
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost!
 Now with furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows:
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert
 he flies;

Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Baccha-
 nals' cries —

Ah see, he dies!

Yet even in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
 Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks, and hollow moun-
 tains rung.

7.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm;
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please:
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.
 This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confined the
 sound.
 When the full organ joins the tuneful
 quire,
 The immortal powers incline their ear;
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls
 aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred
 fire;
 And angels lean from heaven to hear.
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell.
 To bright Cecilia greater power is
 given;
 His numbers raised a shade from hell,
 Hers lift the soul to heaven.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground.
 Whose herds with milk, whose fields
 with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.
 Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,

In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
 Together mixt; sweet recreation:
 And innocence, which most does please
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen; unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

ODE.

1.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life!

2.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away!
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great first Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,

And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death!

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let Thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

EPITAPHS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

1.

ON JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul
sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, served no pri-
vate end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no
friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
Praised, wept, and honour'd, by the
muse he loved.

2.

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

Kneller, by Heaven and not a master
taught,
Whose art was nature, and whose pic-
tures thought; [fate
Now for two ages having snatch'd from
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er
was great,
Lies crown'd with princes' honours,
poets' lays, [praise.
Due to his merit, and brave thirst of

No bloom of youth can ever blind | All men of sense will pass your door,
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind: | And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

ON THE DEATH OF Dr. SWIFT.

OCCASIONED BY READING THE FOLLOWING MAXIM IN ROCHEFOUCAULT:

*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose
qui ne nous déplaît pas.*

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him: the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
«In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please
us.»

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post;
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion chill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be over-topt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!

What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?

Her end when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human-kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our heart divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all to me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine:

When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six;
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, «Pox take him and his wit!»
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd at first, and show'd its use.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents Heaven hath bless'd
'em,

Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
«See how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he din'd;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter;

In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.

«For poetry, he 's past his prime:
He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;
But there 's no talking to some men!»

And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
«He 's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail;
Last year we thought him strong and
hale;

But now he 's quite another thing:
I wish he may hold out till spring!»
They hug themselves and reason thus:
«It is not yet so bad with us!»

In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, «Worse and
worse!»)

Would please them better, than to tell,
That, «God be prais'd, the Dean is well.»
Then he who prophesy'd the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
«You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first.»
He 'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his predictions prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain;
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept?
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
For, though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verif'd at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
«How is the Dean?» — «He 's just
alive.»

Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes — the Dean is dead.

Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
«Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who 's his heir?»
«I know no more than what the news is;

'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.»
«To public uses! there 's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all — but first he dy'd.
And had the Dean, in all the nation,
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!»

Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper,
To *curse* the Dean, or *bless* the Drapier.

The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
«We must confess, his case was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
He might have liv'd these twenty years:
For, when we open'd him, we found
That all his vital parts were sound.»

From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, «the Dean is dead.»
And lady Suffolk, in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
The queen, so gracious mild, and good,
Cries, «Is he gone! 'tis time he should.
He 's dead, you say; then let him rot:
I'm glad the medals were forgot.

I promis'd him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then:
But now, as consort of the king,
You know, 'tis quite another thing.»

Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
«Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,
Cries Bob, «I'm sorry for the news:
Oh, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!»

Now Curll his shop from rubbish
drains:

Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
He 'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die:
Which Pope must bear as well as I.

Here shift the scene to represent,
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
«I'm sorry — but we all must die!»

Indifference, clad in wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt!

When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand be-
tween:

The screen remov'd, their hearts are
trembling;

They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:

«The Dean is dead: (Pray what is
trumps?)

Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!

(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)

Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:

(I wish I knew what king to call.)

Madam, your husband will attend

The funeral of so good a friend?

No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;

And he 's engag'd to-morrow night:

My lady Club will take it ill,

If he should fail her at quadrille.

He lov'd the Dean — (I lead a heart:)

But dearest friends, they say, must part.

His time was come; he ran his race;

We hope he 's in a better place.»

Why do we grieve that friends should
die?

No loss more easy to supply.

One year is past; a different scene!

No farther mention of the Dean,

Who now, alas! no more is miss'd,

Than if he never did exist.

Where 's now the favourite of Apollo?

Departed; — *and his works must follow*;

Must undergo the common fate;

His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes,

Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.

Says Lintot, «I have heard the name;

He dy'd a year ago.» — «The same.»

He searches all the shop in vain.

«Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:

I sent them, with a load of books,

Last Monday to the pastry-cook's.

To fancy they could live a year!

I find you 're but a stranger here.

The Dean was famous in his time,

And had a kind of knack at rhyme.

His way of writing now is past:

The town has got a better taste.

I keep no antiquated stuff;

But spick and span I have enough.

Pray, do but give me leave to show 'em:

Here 's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.

This ode you never yet have seen,

By Stephen Duck, upon the queen.

Then here 's a letter finely penn'd

Against the Craftsman and his friend:

It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.

Next, here 's Sir Robert's vindication,
And Mr. Henley's last oration.

The hawkers have not got them yet:

Your honour please to buy a set?

«Here 's Wolston's tracts, the twelfth
edition;

'Tis read by every politician:

The country-members, when in town,

To all their boroughs send them down;

You never met a thing so smart;

The courtiers have them all by heart:

Those maids of honour who can read,

Are taught to use them for their
creed.

The reverend author's good intention

Hath been rewarded with a pension:

He doth an honour to his gown,

By bravely running *priest-craft* down:

He shows, as sure as God 's in Glou-
cester,

That Moses was a grand impostor;

That all his miracles were cheats,

Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:

The church had never such a writer;

A shame he hath not got a mitre!»

Suppose me dead; and then suppose

A club assembled at the Rose;

Where, from discourse of this and that,

I grow the subject of their chat.

And while they toss my name about,

With favour some, and some without;

One, quite indifferent in the cause,

My character impartial draws.

«The Dean, if we believe report,

Was never ill receiv'd at court,

Although, ironically grave,

He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the
knave;

To steal a hint was never known,

But what he writ was all his own.»

«Sir, I have heard another story;

He was a most *confounded* Tory,

And grew, or he is much bely'd,

Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd.»

«Can we the Drapier then forget?

Is not our nation in his debt?

'Twas he that writ the Drapier's let-
ters!» —

«He should have left them for his
bettors:

We had a hundred *abler men*,

Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*. —

Say what you will about his *reading*,

You never can *defend* his *breeding*;

Who, in his *satires* running riot,

Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*;

Attacking, when he took the *whim*,

Court, city, camp — all one to him. —

But why would he, except he *slobber'd*,

Offend our *patriot*, great Sir Robert,

Whose *counsels* aid the sovereign power
To save the nation every hour!
What *scenes* of evil he unravels,
In *satires, libels, lying travels*;
Not sparing his own *clergy cloth*,
But *eats* into it, like a *moth*!

«Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant:
His satire points at no defect,
But what a mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd the senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe:
He spar'd all hump, or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confest,
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
Must be or *ridicul'd* or *lash'd*.
If you *resent* it, who's to blame?
He neither knows *you*, nor your *name*.
Should *vice* expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its *owner* is a *duke*?
His friendships, still to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, or mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower;
He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face,
On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain:

«He never thought an honour done
him,
Because a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
And scorn the tools with stars and
garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends;
And only chose the wise and good;
No flatterers; no allies in blood:
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success;

As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.

«He kept with princes due decorum;
Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just;
In princes never put his trust:
And, would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you nam'd,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair *Liberty* was all his cry;
For her he stood prepar'd to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft expos'd his own.
Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found,
To sell him for six hundred pound.

«Had he but spar'd his tongue and
pen,

He might have rose like other men:
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat:
Ingratitude he often found,
And pity'd those who meant the wound;
But kept the tenour of his mind,
To merit well of human-kind;
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw mischief by a fraction brewing,
While they pursued each other's ruin.
But, finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.

«And, oh! how short are human
schemes!

Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroy'd by one event.
Too soon that precious life was ended,
On which alone our weal depended.
When up a dangerous faction starts,
With wrath and vengeance in their
hearts;

By *solemn league and covenant bound*,
To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
To sacrifice Old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story:
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded virtue stand!

«With horror, grief, despair, the
Dean

Beheld the dire destructive scene:
His friends in exile, or the Tower,
Himself within the frown of power;

Pursued by base envenom'd pens,
Far to the land of hogs and fens;
A servile race in folly nurs'd,
Who truckle most, when treated worst.

«By innocence and resolution,
He bore continual persecution;
While numbers to preferment rose,
Whose merit was to be his foes;
When *ev'n his own familiar friends*,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels,
Against him lifting up their heels.

«The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
An infamous destructive cheat;
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
To save that hapless land from ruin;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.

«To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,
Whose fury blood could never quench;
As vile and profligate a villain,
As modern Scroggs, or old Tressilian;
Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded;
Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent:
But Heaven his innocence defends,
The grateful people stand his friends;
Not strains of law, nor judges' frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,
Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.

«In exile, with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part;
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay.»

«Alas, poor Dean! his only scope
Was to be held a *misanthrope*.
This into general *odium* drew him,
Which if he lik'd, *much good may 't*
do him.

His *zeal* was not to lash our *crimes*,
But *discontent* against the times:
For, had we made him *timely* offers,
To *raise* his *post*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other *brethren* of his *gown*;
For *party* he would scarce have bled: —
I say no more — because he's *dead*. —
What *writings* has he left behind?»

«I hear they're of a different kind:
A few in *verse*; but most in *prose* —»

«Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I suppose: —

All scribbled in the *worst* of *times*,
To *palliate* his friend Oxford's crimes:
To praise Queen Anne, nay more, defend her,

As never favouring the Pretender:
Or *libels* yet conceal'd from sight,
Against the *court* to show his *spite*:
Perhaps his *travels*, *part the third*;
A *lie* at every *second word* —
Offensive to a *loyal* ear: —

But — *not one sermon*, you may *swear*.»

«He knew an hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories:
Was cheerful to his dying day;
And friends would let him have his way.

«As for his works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those.
Nor can I tell what critics thought them;
But this I know, all people bought them,
As with a moral view design'd
To *please* and to *reform* mankind:
And, if he often miss'd his aim,
The *world* must own it to their *shame*,
The *praise* is *his*, and theirs the *blame*.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor;
I wish it soon may have a better.
And, since you dread no further *lashes*,
Methinks you may *forgive his ashes*.»

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

ON THE EVER-LAMENTED LOSS OF THE TWO YEW-TREES IN THE PARISH OF
CHILTHORNE, SOMERSET. 1708.

Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid.

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter-night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother-hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in masquerade,

Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wandering saints, in woeful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,

Having through all the village past,
 To a small cottage came at last;
 Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
 Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
 Who kindly did these saints invite
 In his poor hut to pass the night;
 And then the hospitable sire
 Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire;
 While he from out the chimney took
 A fitch of bacon off the hook,
 And freely from the fattest side
 Cut out large slices to be fry'd;
 Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
 Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
 And saw it fairly twice go round;
 Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
 'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
 As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
 The good old couple were amaz'd,
 And often on each other gaz'd;
 For both were frighten'd to the heart,
 And just began to cry, — «What
 ar't?»

Then softly turn'd aside to view
 Whether the lights were burning blue.
 The gentle *pilgrims*, soon aware on 't,
 Told them their calling, and their errand:

«Good folks, you need not be afraid,
 We are but *saints*,» the hermits said:
 «No hurt shall come to you or yours:
 But for that pack of churlish boors,
 Not fit to live on Christian ground,
 They and their houses shall be drown'd;
 Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
 And grow a church before your eyes.»

They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft

The roof began to mount aloft;
 Aloft rose every beam and rafter;
 The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
 Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
 And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
 But with the upside down, to show
 Its inclination for below:
 In vain; for a superior force,
 Apply'd at bottom, stops its course;
 Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
 'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost
 Lost by disuse the art to roast,
 A sudden alteration feels,
 Increas'd by new intestine wheels;
 And, what exalts the wonder more,
 The number made the motion slower:
 The flier, though 't had leaden feet,
 Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could
 see 't;

But, slacken'd by some secret power,
 Now hardly moves an inch an hour.

The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
 Had never left each other's side:
 The chimney to a steeple grown,
 The jack would not be left alone;
 But, up against the steeple rear'd,
 Became a clock, and still adher'd;
 And still its love to household cares,
 By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
 Warning the cook-maid not to burn
 That roast meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning-chair began to crawl,
 Like a huge snail, along the wall;
 There stuck aloft in public view,
 And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
 Hung high, and made a glittering show,
 To a less noble substance chang'd,
 Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads, pasted on the wall,
 Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
 Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
 The Little Children in the Wood,
 Now seem'd to look abundance better,
 Improv'd in picture, size, and letter;
 And, high in order plac'd, describe
 The heraldry of every tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
 Compact of timber many a load,
 Such as our ancestors did use,
 Was metamorphos'd into pews;
 Which still their ancient nature keep
 By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage by such feats as these
 Grown to a church by just degrees,
 The hermits then desir'd their host
 To ask for what he fancy'd most.
 Philemon, having paus'd awhile,
 Return'd them thanks in homely style:
 Then said, «My house is grown so fine,
 Methinks I still would call it mine;
 I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
 Make me the *parson*, if you please.»

He spoke, and presently he feels
 His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
 He sees, yet hardly can believe,
 About each arm a pudding-sleeve;
 His waistcoat to a cassoc grew,
 And both assum'd a sable hue;
 But, being old, continued just
 As thread-bare, and as full of dust.
 His talk was now of *tithes* and *dues*:
 He smok'd his pipe, and read the news;
 Knew how to preach old sermons next,
 Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
 At christenings well could act his
 part,

And had the service all by heart;
 Wish'd women might have children fast,
 And thought whose sow had farrow'd
 last;

Against *dissenters* would repine,
 And stood up firm for *right divine*;

Found his head fill'd with many a system;
But classic authors, — he ne'er miss'd
'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their
farce on.

Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edg'd with *colberteen*;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black sattin, flounc'd with lace.
Plain *Goody* would no longer down;
'Twas *Madam*, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes.
Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were several years this man and wife
When, on a day, which prov'd their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
«My dear, I see your forehead sprout!»

«Sprout!» quoth the man; «what 's this
you tell us?

I hope you don't believe me jealous?
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too: —
Nay — now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.»

Description would but tire my Muse;
In short, they both were turn'd to
yews.

Old Goodman Dobson of the green
Remembers, he the trees has seen:
He 'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight:
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either *yew*;
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubbed, dy'd a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW,

WHO COMMANDED THE BRITISH FORCES IN SPAIN.

Mordanto fills the trump of fame,
The Christian worlds his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journies he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast;

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to
place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette à-la-main,
This day arriv'd without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reck,
Mordanto at Madrid to seek:
He left the town above a week.

Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto 's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone;
The roads are with his followers strown;
This breaks a girth and that a bone.

His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, though full of vi-
gour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He 's with you like an apparition:

Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar:

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-sake, Charles of Sweden.

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

The farmer's goose, who in the stubble
Has fed without restraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn, and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the barn-door sill;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighbouring pool;
Nor loudly cackles at the door;
For cackling shows the goose is poor.

But, when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common strays,
Hard exercise and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and
spare:

Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground, and upward
springs;

While all the parish, as she flies,
Hear sounds harmonious from the skies.

Such is the poet fresh in pay
(The third night's profits of his play);
His morning-draughts till noon can swill
Among his brethren of the quill:
With good roastbeef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,

Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could sing a note?
Nor Pegasus could bear the load
Along the high celestial road;
The steed, oppress'd, would break his
girth,

To raise the lumber from the Earth.

But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money spent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheese and ale;
His two-years' coat so smooth and
bare,

Through every thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And, like a jockey for a race,
His flesh brought down to flying case:
Now his exalted spirit loaths
Encumbrances of food and clothes;
And up he rises, like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all Grub-street rings.

JAMES THOMSON.**EXTRACTS FROM 'THE SEASONS'.****SPRING.****ITS INFLUENCE ON MAN.**

Still let my song a nobler note as-
sume,
And sing th' infusive force of Spring
on man;
When heaven and earth, as if contend-
ing, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his
breast,
While every gale is peace, and every
grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous
walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of
Earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe!
Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whose
wide thought,
Of all his works, creative Bounty burns
With warmest beam; and on your open
front,

And liberal eye, sits, from his dark
retreat

Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invok'd
Can restless goodness wait: your active
search

Leaves no cold wintry corner unex-
plor'd;

Like silent-working Heaven, surprizing
oft

The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you, the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you, the teem-
ing clouds

Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the
world;

And the Sun sheds his kindest rays for
you,

Ye flower of human race! In these green
days,

Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head:
Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd Health
exalts

The whole creation round. Contentment
walks

The sunny glade, and feels an inward
bliss

Spring o'er his miud, beyond the power
of kings

To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation still.
By swift degrees the love of Nature
works,

And warms the bosom; till at last sub-
lim'd

To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world!
These are the sacred feelings of thy
heart,

Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
O Lyttleton, the friend! thy passions
thus

And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muse, through Hagley Park
thou stray'st,

Thy British Temple! There along the
dale,

With woods o'er-hung and shagg'd with
mossy rocks,

Whence on each hand the gushing wa-
ters play,

And down the rough cascade white-
dashing fall,

Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through
the trees,

You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling
mounts

Thrown graceful round by Nature's care-
less hand,

And pensive listen to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks,
the birds,

The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint
of rills,

That, purling down amid the twisted
roots

Which creep around, their dewy mur-
murs shake

On the sooth'd ear. From these ab-
stracted oft,

You wander through the philosophic
world;

Where in bright train continual won-
ders rise,

Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft, conducted by historic truth,

You tread the long extent of backward
time:

Planning, with warm benevolence of
mind,

And honest zeal, unwarp'd by party-
rage,

Britannia's weal; how from the venal
gulph

To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver
thoughts

The Muses charm: while, with sure taste
refin'd,

You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient
song;

Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy

walk,
With soul to thine attun'd. Then Na-
ture all

Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,

Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace;

And as it pours its copious treasures
forth,

In varied converse, softening every
theme,

You, frequent pausing, turn, and from
her eyes,

Where meeken'd sense, and amiable
grace,

And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd,
drink

That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happiness! which love,

Alone, bestows, and on a *favour'd few*.
Meantime you gain the height, from

whose fair brow
The bursting prospect spreads immense

around:
And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and

wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath

between,
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,

And spiry towns by surging columns
mark'd

Of household smoke, your eye excursive
rooms:

Wide-stretching from the hall, in whose
kind haunt

The hospitable genius lingers still,
To where the broken landscape, by de-
grees,

Ascending, roughens into rigid hills;
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like

far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial
year,

Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher
bloom

Shoots, less and less, the live carnation
round;

Her lips blush deeper sweets; she
breathes of youth;

The shining moisture swells into her
eyes,

In brighter flow; her wishing bosom
heaves

With palpitations wild; kind tumults
seize

Her veins, and all her yielding soul is
 love.
 From the keen gaze her lover turns
 away,
 Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
 With sighing languishment. Ah then,
 ye fair!
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding
 hearts:
 Dare not th' infectious sigh; the plead-
 ing look,
 Downcast, and low in meek submission
 drest,
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent
 tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation
 smooth,
 Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the
 bower,
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed
 a couch,
 While Evening draws her crimson cur-
 tains round,
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying
 man.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of
 love,
 Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis
 too late,
 When on his heart the torrent softness
 pours.
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading
 fame
 Dissolves in air away: while the fond
 soul,
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
 Still paints th' illusive form; the kind-
 ling grace;
 Th' inticing smile; the modest-seeming
 eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, bely-
 ing heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and
 death:
 And still false-warbling in his cheated
 ear,
 Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him
 on
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal
 joy.

Ev'n present, in the very lap of love
 Inglorious laid; while music flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wan-
 ton hours!
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
 Her snaky crest: a quick returning
 pang
 Shoots through the conscious heart,
 where honour still,
 And great design, against the oppres-
 sive load
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

But absent, what fantastic woes,
 arousd,
 Rage in each thought, by restless mus-
 ing fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the
 bloom of life?
 Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
 Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
 'Tis nought but gloom around: the
 darken'd Sun
 Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
 To weeping fancy pines; and yon bright
 arch,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
 All Nature fades extinct; and she alone
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every
 thought,
 Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
 Books are but formal dulness, tedious
 friends;
 And sad amid the social band he sits,
 Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
 Th' unfinish'd period falls: while, borne
 away
 On swelling thought, his wafted spirit
 flies
 To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
 And leaves the semblance of a lover
 fix'd
 In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
 And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
 Shook from his tender trance, and rest-
 less runs
 To glimmering shades, and sympathetic
 glooms;
 Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling
 stream,
 Romantic, hangs; there through the
 pensive dusk
 Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost;
 Indulging all to love: or on the bank
 Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells
 the breeze
 With sighs unceasing, and the brook
 with tears.
 Thus in soft anguish he consumes the
 day,
 Nor quits his deep retirement, till the
 Moon
 Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy
 east,
 Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
 Leads on the gentle hours; then forth
 he walks,
 Beneath the trembling languish of her
 beam,
 With soften'd soul, and wooes the bird
 of eve
 To mingle woes with his: or while the
 world
 And all the sons of care lie hush'd in
 sleep,

Associates with the midnight shadows
drear;

And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every
line

With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow
flies.

All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
Exhausted nature sinks awhile to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic
scene.

Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he
talks;

Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or if
retir'd

To secret winding flower - enwoven
bowers,

Far from the dull impertinence of man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he
knows not how,

Through forests huge, and long untra-
vell'd heaths

With desolation brown, he wanders
waste,

In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks
aghast,

Back, from the bending precipice; or
wades

The turbid stream below, and strives
to reach

The farther shore; where succourless,
and sad,

She with extended arms his aid im-
plores;

But strives in vain: borne by th' outra-
geous flood

To distance down, he rides the ridgy
wave,

Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy
sinks.

These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But through the
heart

Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects,
then,

Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell! Ye gleamings of departed
peace,

Shine out your last! The yellow-tinging
plague

Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.

Ah, then! instead of love-enliven'd
cheeks,

Of sunny features and of ardent eyes,
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks
succeed,

Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, ma-
lignant, sits,

And frightens love away. Ten thousand
fears

Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat
him up

With fervent anguish, and consuming
rage.

In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,

Giving false peace a moment. Fancy
pours,

Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
Her first endearments twining round
the soul,

With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his
mind anew,

Flames through the nerves, and boils
along the veins;

While anxious doubt distracts the tor-
tur'd heart:

For ev'n the sad assurance of his fears
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the
warm youth,

Whom love deludes into his thorny
wilds,

Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads
a life

Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and
all

His lively moments running down to
waste.

But happy they! the happiest of their
kind!

Whom gentler stars unite, and in one
fate

Their hearts, their fortunes, and their
beings blend.

'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony
itself,

Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest
power,

Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;

Thought meeting thought, and will pre-
 venting will,
 With boundless confidence: for nought
 but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss se-
 cure.
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents
 buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
 Well merited, consume his nights and
 days:
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman
 love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they
 feel;
 Let eastern tyrants, from the light of
 Heaven
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly pos-
 sess'd
 Of a mere, lifeless, violated form:
 While those whom love cements in holy
 faith,
 And equal transport, free as Nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to
 them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense
 all!
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can
 wish;
 Something than beauty dearer, should
 they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and
 love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
 Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By de-
 grees,
 The human blossom blows; and every
 day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shows some new
 charm,
 The father's lustre, and the mother's
 bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task! to rear the tender
 thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the
 mind,
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing
 breast.
 Oh, speak the joy! ye whom the sudden
 tear
 Surprises often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights
 of bliss,
 All various nature pressing on the heart:

An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving
 Heaven.
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous
 love;
 And thus their moments fly. The sea-
 sons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they
 roll,
 Still find them happy; and consenting
 Spring
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their
 heads:
 Till evening comes at last, serene and
 mild;
 When, after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance
 swells
 With many a proof of recollected love,
 Together down they sink in social sleep;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immor-
 tal reign.

SUMMER.

SUNRISE — HYMN TO THE SUN.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;
 And, springing from the bed of sloth,
 enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent
 hour,
 To meditation due and sacred song?
 For is there aught in sleep can charm
 the wise?
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life;
 Total extinction of the enlighten'd soul!
 Or else to feverish vanity alive,
 Wilder'd, and tossing through distem-
 per'd dreams?
 Who would in such a gloomy state re-
 main
 Longer than nature craves; when every
 Muse
 And every blooming pleasure wait with-
 out,
 To bless the wildly devious morning
 walk?
 But yonder comes the powerful king
 of day,
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening
 cloud, [brow
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near ap-
 proach
 Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
 Aslant the dew-bright Earth, and co-
 lour'd air,

He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd
 plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and
 wandering streams,
High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer
 Light!

Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe
Without whose vesting beauty all were
 wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom
 best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of
 thee?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive
 force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire: from the far
 bourne
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his
 round

Of thirty years; to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train!
Without whose quickening glance their
 cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and
 dead,

And not, as now, the green abodes of
 life!

How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling spirit; from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily
 race,

The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp pre-
 cede

That waits thy throne, as through thy
 vast domain,

Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sub-
 lime.

Meantime th' expecting nations, circled
 gay

With all the various tribes of foodful
 earth,

Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn: while, round thy beam-
 ing car,

High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly
 dance

Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely
 Rains,

Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
And soften'd into joy the surly Storms.
These, in successive turn, with lavish
 hand,

Shower every beauty, every fragrance
 shower,

Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till kindling
 at thy touch,

From land to land is flush'd the vernal
 year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd Earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy
 woods,

Her liberal tresses, 'is thy force confin'd:
But to the bowell'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty
 power.

Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence
 burnish'd War

Gleams on the day; the nobler works
 of Peace

Hence bless mankind, and generous Com-
 merce binds

The round of nations in a golden chain.

Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd
 by thee,

In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively diamond drinks thy purest
 rays,

Collected light, compact; that, polish'd
 bright,

And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's
 breast,

With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening
 glow,

And with a waving radiance inward
 flames.

From thee the sapphire, solid ether,
 takes

Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topaz
 burns,

Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of
 Spring,

When first she gives it to the southern
 gale,

Than the green emerald shows. But, all
 combin'd,

Thick through the whitening opal play
 thy beams;

Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy
 touch,

Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucient stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice ab-
 rupt,

Projecting horror on the blacken'd
 flood,

Softens at thy return. The desert joys

Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.

Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,

Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,

And all the much-transported Muse can sing,

Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far; great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of Him!

Who, Light himself, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,

Fill'd overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven,

That beam for ever through the boundless sky:

But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd Sun,

And all the extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel

Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of man,

Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,

Ev'n in the depth of solitary woods
By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,

And to the quire celestial Thee resound,
Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!

AUTUMN.

REAPING — A TALE RELATIVE TO IT.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,

And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;

Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.

At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;

While through their cheerful band the rural talk,

The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,

And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;

And, conscious, glancing oft on every side

His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.

The gleaners spread around, and here and there,

Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.

Be not too narrow, husbandmen; but fling

From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,

The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think!

How good the God of Harvest is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;

While these unhappy partners of your kind

Wide-hover round you like the fowls of Heaven,

And ask their humble dole. The various turns

Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want

What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;

And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.

For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,

And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn

Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet

From giddy passion and low-minded pride:

Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,

Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.

Her form was fresher than the morning rose,

When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,

As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;

Or when the mournful tale her mother
 told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd
 once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the
 dewy star
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native
 grace
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd
 limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's
 self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowering
 woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er
 the wild;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by
 all,
 The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, com-
 pell'd
 By strong Necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she
 went
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride
 of swains
 Palemon was, the generous, and the
 rich;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted
 times;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled
 man,
 But free to follow nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his
 eye;
 Unconscious of her power, and turning
 quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
 He saw her charming, but he saw not
 half
 The charms her downcast modesty con-
 ceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste de-
 sire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself un-
 known;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its
 dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can
 scorn, [field:
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

«What pity! that so delicate a form,
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening
 sense
 And more than vulgar goodness seem
 to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude'embrace
 Of some indecent clown! She looks,
 methinks,
 Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
 Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 From whom my liberal fortune took
 its rise;
 Now to the dust gone down; his houses,
 lands,
 And once fair-spreading family, dis-
 solv'd.
 'Tis said that in some lone obscure re-
 treat,
 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent
 pride,
 Far from those scenes which knew their
 better days,
 His aged widow and his daughter live,
 Whom yet my fruitless search could
 never find.
 Romantic wish! would this the daughter
 were!»

When, strict enquiring, from herself
 he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his
 friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his
 heart,
 And through his nerves in shivering
 transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd,
 and bold;
 And, as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and
 o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden
 tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher
 bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.
 «And art thou then Acasto's dear
 remains?
 She, whom my restless gratitude has
 sought
 So long in vain? O, Heavens! the very
 same,
 The soften'd image of my noble friend,
 Alive his every look, his every feature,
 More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than
 Spring!
 Thou sole surviving blossom from the
 root
 That nourish'd up my fortune! say, ah
 where, [drawn
 In what sequester'd desert, hast thou

The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?
Into such beauty spread, and blown so
fair;

Though poverty's cold wind, and crush-
ing rain,
Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender
years?

O let me now, into a richer soil,
Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns,
and showers,

Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy!
Ill it befits thee, oh! it ill befits

Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ampler
heart,

The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
Which from his bounteous friendship
I enjoy.

Then throw that shameful pittance from
thy hand,

But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are
thine;

If to the various blessings which thy
house

Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that
bliss,

That dearest bliss, the power of bless-
ing thee!»

Here ceas'd the youth, yet still his
speaking eye

Express'd the sacred triumph of his
soul,

With conscious virtue, gratitude, and
love,

Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.

Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all

In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd con-
sent.

The news immediate to her mother
brought,

While, pierc'd with anxious thought,
she pin'd away

The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she
heard,

Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one
bright gleam

Of setting life shone on her evening
hours:

Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and
rear'd

A numerous offspring, lovely like them-
selves,

And good, the grace of all the country
round.

WINTER.

STORMS AND SNOWS.

Nature! great parent! whose unceas-
ing hand

Rolls round the seasons of the change-
ful year,

How mighty, how majestic, are thy
works!

With what a pleasing dread they swell
the soul!

That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd
sings!

Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to
blow,

With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice
to you.

Where are your aërial magazines re-
serv'd,

To swell the brooding terrors of the
storm?

In what far distant region of the sky,
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when
'tis calm?

When from the pallid sky the Sun
descends,

With many a spot, that o'er his glar-
ing orb

Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery
streaks

Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet

Which master to obey: while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the

Moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted
horns.

Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;

Or frequent seen to shoot athwart the
gloom,

And long behind them trail the whiten-
ing blaze,

Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the
wither'd leaf;

And on the flood the dancing feather
floats.

With broaden'd nostrils to the sky up-
turn'd,

The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy
gale.

Ev'n as the matron, at her nightly task,
With pensive labour draws the flaxen

thread,
The wasted taper and the crackling

flame
Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy

race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.

Retiring from the downs, where all day
long

They pick'd their scanty fare, a blacken-
 ing train
 Of clamorous rooks thick urge their
 weary flight.
 And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
 Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
 Plies his sad song. The cormorant on
 high
 Wheels from the deep, and screams
 along the land.
 Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and
 with wild wing
 The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky
 clouds.
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken
 tide
 And blind commotion heaves; while
 from the shore,
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
 And forest-rustling mountains, comes
 a voice,
 That solemn sounding bids the world
 prepare.
 Then issues forth the storm with sudden
 burst,
 And hurls the whole precipitated air,
 Down, in a torrent. On the passive
 main
 Descends th' ethereal force, and with
 strong gust
 Turns from its bottom the discolour'd
 deep.
 Through the black night that sits im-
 mense around,
 Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting
 brine
 Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to
 burn.
 Meantime the mountain-billows to the
 clouds
 In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above
 surge,
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
 And anchor'd navies from their stations
 drive,
 Wild as the winds across the howling
 waste
 Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous
 shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their
 head.
 Emerging thence again, before the
 breath
 Of full-exerted Heaven they wing their
 course,
 And dart on distant coasts; if some
 sharp rock,
 Or shoal insidious break not their career,
 And in loose fragments fling them float-
 ing round.

Nor less at land the loosen'd tempest
 reigns.
 The mountain thunders; and its sturdy
 sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they
 shade.
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all
 aghast,
 The dark way-faring stranger breathless
 toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the
 blast.
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and
 sheds
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet re-
 main;
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tear-
 ing wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
 Thus struggling through the dissipated
 grove,
 The wirling tempest raves along the
 plain;
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly
 roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the so-
 lid base.
 Sleep frighted flies; and round the rock-
 ing dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage
 blast.
 Then too, they say, through all the
 burden'd air,
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds,
 and distant sighs,
 That, utter'd by the demon of the night,
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and
 death.
 Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds,
 commixt
 With stars swift gliding, sweep along
 the sky.
 All Nature reels: till Nature's King,
 who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a
 calm;
 Then strait, air, sea, and earth, are
 hush'd at once.
 As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary
 clouds
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost
 in sleep,
 Let me associate with the serious Night,
 And Contemplation, her sedate compeer;
 Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of
 day,
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.
 Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
 Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train,

Where are you now? and what is your
amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet delu-
ded man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy
round.
Ah! little think the gay licentious
proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence
surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in
giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah! little think they, while they dance
along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many
bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and
man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon
glooms;
Shut from the common air, and com-
mon use
Of their own limbs. How many drink
the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry
winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, re-
morse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the
height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
Ev'n in the vale, where Wisdom loves
to dwell
With Friendship, Peace, and Contem-
plation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions,
droop
In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest
friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought
fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless
ills,
That one incessant struggle render life
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of
fate,
Vice in his high career would stand ap-
pall'd,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn
to think;

The conscious heart of Charity would
warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social
sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.
And here can I forget the generous
band,
Who, touch'd with human woe, redres-
sive search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery
moans;
Where sickness pines; where thirst and
hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of
vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whose every street and public meeting
glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starv-
ing mouth;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tat-
ter'd weed;
Ev'n robb'd them of the last of com-
forts, sleep;
The free-born Briton to the dungeon
chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious
stripes:
And crush'd out lives, by secret bar-
barous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd,
or bled.
O, great design! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd
zeal.
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's
iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they
give.
Much still untouch'd remains; in this
rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand re-
quir'd.
The toils of law, (what dark insidious
men
Have cumberous added to perplex the
truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade,)
How glorious were the day that saw
these broke,
And every man within the reach of right!
By wintry famine rous'd, from all
the tract
Of horrid mountains, which the shining
Alps,

And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
 Cruel as Death, and hungry as the
 Grave!
 Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt,
 and grim!
 Assembling wolves in raging troops
 descend;
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear
 along,
 Keen as the north wind sweeps the
 glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the
 steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty
 heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front de-
 fend,
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they
 fly,
 And tear the screaming infant from her
 breast.
 The godlike face of man avails him
 nought.
 Ev'n Beauty, force divine! at whose
 bright glance
 The generous lion stands in soften'd
 gaze,

Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd
 prey.
 But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
 The country be shut up, lur'd by the
 scent,
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to re-
 late!)
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
 The shrouded body from the grave; o'er
 which,
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted
 ghosts, they howl.
 Among those hilly regions, where em-
 brac'd
 In peaceful vales the happy Grisons
 dwell, [cliffs,
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded
 Mountains of snow their gathering ter-
 rours roll.
 From steep to steep, loud-thundering
 down they come,
 A wintry waste in dire commotion all;
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers,
 and swains,
 And sometimes whole brigades of march-
 ing troops,
 Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
 Are deep beneath the smothering ruin
 whelm'd.

O D E.

Tell me, thou soul of her I love,
 Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
 To what delightful world above,
 Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
 And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
 Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
 Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
 While under every well-known tree,
 I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
 And every tear is full of thee;

Should then the weary eye of grief,
 Beside some sympathetic stream,
 In slumber find a short relief,
 O visit thou my soothing dream!

S O N G.

Hard is the fate of him who loves,
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
 But to the sympathetic groves,
 But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh! when she blesses next your shade,
 Oh! when her footsteps next are seen
 In flowery tracts along the mead,
 In fresher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
 To whom the tears of love are dear,
 From dying lillies waft a gale,
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

O, tell her what she cannot blame,
 Though fear my tongue must ever bind;
 O, tell her that my virtuous flame
 Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
 With chaster tenderness his care,
 Not purer her own wishes rise,
 Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if, at first, her virgin fear
 Should start at love's suspected name,
 With that of friendship soothe her ear —
 True love and friendship are the same.

SONG.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?

But busy, busy, still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

HYMN TO SOLITUDE.

Hail, mildly pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good,
But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky;
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.

A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face;
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hartford's bloom,
(As, with her Musidora, she
Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage, and swain;
Plain Innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head:
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine
About thee sports sweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell!
And in thy deep recesses dwell;
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sang the strain:
Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia! etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia! etc.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame
And work their woe and thy renown.
Rule Britannia! etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine!
Rule Britannia! etc.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair: —
Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves!

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

A HYMN TO VENUS,

from the Greek of Sappho.

O Venus, beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,
Gaily false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles,
O, goddess! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O, gentle goddess, hear me now.
Descend, thou bright immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confest.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton sparrows drew;
Hovering in air they lightly flew;
As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play.

The birds, dismiss'd, (while you remain,)
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you, with looks divinely mild,

In every heavenly feature smil'd,
And ask'd, what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid?

What phrenzy in my bosom rag'd,
And by what care to be assuag'd?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure?
Who does thy tender heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?

Though now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms;
Though now thy offerings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief:
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

TO CHARLOTTE PULTENEY.

Timely blossom, Infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn and every night
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please;
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue;

Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush;
Like the linnet in the bush
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat;
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,

Like the linnet green, in May
Flitting to each bloomy spray;
Wearied then and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest: —
This thy present happy lot

This, in time will be forgot:
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever-busy Time prepares;
And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
This picture, once, resembled thee.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

ODE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy
modest ear,

Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-
hair'd Sun

Sits in yon western tint, whose cloudy
skirts,

With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-
ey'd bat,

With short shrill shriek flits by on
leathern wing;

Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless
hum;

Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy
darkening vale,

May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her
brows with sedge,

And sheds the freshening dew, and,
lovelier still,

The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy
scene;

Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary
dells,

Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving
rain,

Prevent my willing feet, be mine the
hut,

That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd
spires;

And hears their simple bell, and marks
o'er all

Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers,
as oft he wont,

And bathe thy breathing tresses, meek-
est Eve!

While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with
 leaves; [air,
 Or Winter, yelling through the troublous
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smil-
 ing Peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy favourite name!

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possest beyond the Muse's painting:
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
 And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each (for Madness rul'd the hour)
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd; his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings:
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair
 Low, sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance
 hail!

Still would her touch the strain pro-
 long;

And from the rocks, the woods, the
 vale,

She call'd on Echo still, through all
 the song;

And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at
 every close,

And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd
 her golden hair.

And longer had she sung; — but, with
 a frown,

Revenge impatient rose:
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword, in
 thunder, down;
 And with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of
 woe!
 And, ever and anon, he beat
 The doubling drum, with furious heat;
 And though sometimes, each dreary
 pause between,
 Dejected Pity, at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd
 bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were
 fix'd;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state;
 Of differing themes the veering song
 was mix'd;
 And now it courted Love, now raving
 call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sate retir'd,
 And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her
 pensive soul:

And, dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
 Through glades and glooms the ming-
 led measure stole,

Or, o'er some haunted stream, with
 fond delay,

Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of Peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier
 tone,

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest
 hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning
 dew,

Blew an inspiring air, that dale and
 thicket rung,

The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad
known!
The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-
ey'd Queen,
Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear;
And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his
beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand ad-
drest;
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening
viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd
the best;
They would have thought who heard
the strain
They saw, in Tempé's vale, her na-
tive maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the
strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic
round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone
unbound;

And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy
wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard;
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page —
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found,
Cæcilia's mingled world of sound —
O bid our vain endeavour cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON.

The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft, as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail;

Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering
near?

With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade;
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
«O! vales and wild woods, «shall he say,
«In yonder grave your Druid lies!

RICHARD SAVAGE.

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY.

Twice twenty tedious moons have roll'd
 away
 Since Hope, kind flatt'rer! tun'd my
 pensive lay,
 Whisp'ring that you, who rais'd me
 from despair,
 Meant, by your smiles, to make life
 worth my care;
 With pitying hand an orphan's tears
 to screen,
 And o'er the motherless extend the
 Queen.
 'Twill be — the prophet guides the
 strain!
 Grief never touch'd a heart like yours
 in vain;
 Heav'n gave you power, because you
 love to bless,
 And pity, when you feel it, is redress.
 Two fathers join'd to rob my claim
 of one!
 My mother too thought fit to have no
 son!
 The senate next, whose aid the helpless
 own,
 Forgot my infant wrongs, and mine
 alone!
 Yet parents pitiless, nor peers unkind,
 Nor titles lost, nor woes mysterious
 join'd,
 Strip me of Hope — by Heav'n thus
 lowly laid,
 To find a *Pharaoh's* daughter in the
 shade.
 You cannot hear unmov'd, when
 wrongs implore,
 Your heart is woman, though your mind
 be more;
 Kind, like the Pow'r who gave you to
 your pray'rs,
 You would not lengthen life to sharpen
 cares:
 They who a barren leave to live bestow,
 Snatch but from Death to sacrifice to
 Woe.
 Hated by her from whom my life I drew,
 Whence should I hope, if not from heav'n
 and you?
 Nor dare I groan beneath affliction's rod,
 My Queen, my Mother; and my Father,
 God.

The pitying Muses saw me wit pur-
 sue,
 A *Bastard Son*, alas! On that side too
 Did not your eyes exalt the poet's fire,
 And what the Muse denies, the Queen
 inspire?
 While rising thus your heavenly soul
 to view
 I learn, how angels think, by copying
 you.
 Great Princess! 'tis decreed — once
 ev'ry year
 I march uncall'd your Laureat Volun-
 teer;
 Thus shall your poet his low genius raise,
 And charm the world with truths too
 vast for praise.
 Nor need I dwell on glories all your
 own,
 Since surer means to tempt your smiles
 are known;
 Your poet shall allot your Lord his part,
 And paint him in his noblest throne,
 your heart.
 Is there a greatness that adorns him
 best,
 A rising wish that ripens in his breast?
 Has he fore-meant some distant age to
 bless,
 Disarm oppression, or expell distress?
 Plans he some scheme to reconcile man-
 kind,
 People the seas, and busy every wind?
 Would he, by pity, the deceiv'd reclaim,
 And smile contending factions into
 shame?
 Would his example lend his laws a
 weight,
 And breathe his own soft morals o'er
 his state?
 The Muse shall find it all, shall make
 it seen,
 And teach the world his praise, to
 charm his Queen.
 Such be the annual truths my verse
 imparts,
 Nor frown, fair *fav'rile* of a people's
 heart!
 Happy, if plac'd, perchance, beneath
 your eye, [try
 My Muse unpension'd might her pinions

Fearless to fail, while you indulge her
flame,
And bid me proudly boast your Lau-
reat's name.

Renobled thus by wraths my Queen be-
stows,
I lose all memory of wrongs and woes.

JOHN NORRIS.

ON A MUSICIAN

SUPPOSED TO BE MAD WITH MUSIC.

Poor dull mistake of low mortality
To call that madness which is ecstasy!
'Tis no disorder of the brain.
His soul is only set t' an higher strain;
Outsoar he does the sphere of common
sense,
Rais'd to diviner excellence;
But when of highest pitch, his soul
outflies,
Not reason's bounds, but those of vul-
gar eyes.

So when the mystic Sybil's sacred breast
Was with divine infusions possest,
'Twas rage and madness thought to
be,
Which was all oracle and mystery.
And so the soul that's shortly to com-
mence
A spirit free from dregs of sense,
Is thought to rave when she discourses
high,
And breathes the lofty strains of im-
mortality.

Music, thou generous ferment of the soul
Thou universal cement of the whole!
Thou spring of passion, that dost in-
spire
Religious ardours, and poetic fire.
Who'd think that madness should be
inscribed to thee,
That mighty discord to thy harmony?
But 'twas such ignorance that call'd the
gift divine
Of various tongues, rage, and the effects
of wine.

But thou, seraphic soul, do thou advance
In thy sweet ecstasy, thy pleasing trance;
Let thy brisk passions still mount higher,
Till they join to the element of fire,
Soar higher yet, till thou shalt calmly
hear
The music of a well-tun'd sphere;
Then on the lumpish mass look down
and thou shalt know
The madness of the world for grovell-
ing still below.

Mrs. CATHERINE COCKBURN.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling:
I've felt all its favours and found its
decay:
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing;
But now it is fled — it is fled far away.

I've seen the forest
Adorned the foremost
With flowers of the fairest most plea-
sant and gay;
Sae bonnie was their blooming!
Their scent the air perfuming!
But now they are wither'd and weeded
away.

I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempests storming before the
mid-day:

I've seen Tweed's silver streams
Shining in the sunny beams,
Grow dimly and dark as he row'd on
his way.

Oh fickle Fortune!
Why the cruel sporting? [day?
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me;
For the flowers of the Forest are all
weeded away.

SONG: THE VAIN ADVICE.

Ah! gaze not on those eyes! forbear
That soft, enchanting voice to hear:
Not looks of basilisks give surer death,
Nor Syrens sing with more destructive
breath.

Fly, if thy freedom thou'dst maintain
Alas! I feel, th' advice is vain!
A heart, whose safety but in flight does
lie,
Is too far lost to have the power to fly.

THE CAUTION.

Soft kisses may be innocent;
But ah! too easy maid, beware!
Tho' that is all thy kindness meant,
'Tis love's delusive, fatal snare.

'Tis easy ere set out to stay;
But who the useful art can teach,
When sliding down a steepy way,
To stop, before the end we reach?

No virgin e'er at first design'd
Thro' all the maze of love to stray;
But each new path allures her mind,
Till wandering on, she lose her way.

Keep ever something in thy power,
Beyond what would thy honour stain:
He will not dare to aim at more,
Who for small favours sighs in vain.

EDWARD YOUNG.

THE COMPLAINT: OR, NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

On Life, Death and Immortality.

Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy
Sleep,
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he
forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturb'd
repose,
I wake: How happy they, who wake no
more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the
grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd despond-
ing thought,
From wave to wave of *fancied* misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason
lost.
Though now restor'd, 't is only change
of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The *Day* too short for my distress; and
Night,
E'en in the *zenith* of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess! from her *ebon*
throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering
world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how
profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object
finds;
Creation sleeps. 'T is, as the general
pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a
pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no
more.
Silence and *Darkness!* solemn sisters!
twins
From ancient *Night*, who nurse the
tender thought!
To *reason*, and on *reason* build *resolve*,
(That column of true majesty in man,)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave
The grave, your kingdom: *there* this
frame shall fall

A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye? —

Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval *Silence*, when the morning
stars,

Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball!
O thou, whose word from solid *dark-*
ness struck

That spark, the Sun; strike wisdom
from my soul;

My soul, which flies to thee, her trust,
her treasure,

As misers to their gold, while others
rest.

Through this opaque of *Nature*, and
of *soul*,

This double night, transmit one pitying
ray,

To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my
mind,

(A mind that fain would wander from
its woe,)

Lead it through various scenes of *life*
and *death*;

And from each scene, the noblest truths
inspire.

Nor less inspire my *conduct*, than my
song;

Teach my best reason, reason; my best
will

Teach rectitude; and fix my firm re-
solve

Wisdom to wed, and pay her long ar-
rear:

Nor let the phial of thy vengeance,
pour'd

On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.
The bell strikes *one*. We take no note

of time
But from its loss. To give it then a
tongue,

Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,

It is the *knell* of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond

the flood.
It is the *signal* that demands dispatch;
How much is to be done? My hopes

and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow
verge

Look down — On what? a fathomless
abyss!

A dread eternity! how surely *mine*!
And can eternity belong to me,

Poor pensioner on the bounties of an
hour?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how
august,

How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He, who made

him such!

Who centered in our make such strange
extremes!

From different natures marvelously
mix'd,

Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd *link* in being's endless
chain!

Midway from *nothing* to the *Deity*!
A beam ethereal, sully'd and absorb'd!

Though sully'd and dishonour'd, still
divine!

Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!

Helpless immortal! insect *infinite*!
A worm! a god! — I tremble at myself,

And in myself am lost! at home a
stranger,

Thought wanders up and down, sur-
pris'd, aghast,

And wondering at her *own*: How Rea-
son reels!

O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what
dread!

Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life? or what
destroy?

An angel's arm can't snatch me from
the grave;

Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'T is past conjecture; all things rise

in proof:
While o'er my limbs *sleep*'s soft domi-
nion spread,

What though my soul fantastic mea-
sures trod

O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the
gloom

Of pathless woods; or, down the craggy
steep

Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the
mantled pool:

Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow
winds,

With antic shapes, wild natives of the
brain?

Her ceaseless flight, though devious,
speaks her nature

Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aërial, towering, unconfin'd,

Unfetter'd with her gross companion's
fall.

E'en silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, Heaven husbands all

events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain
dreams in vain.

Why then *their* loss deplore, that are
not lost?

Why wanders wretched thought their
tombs around,

In infidel distress? Are *angels* there?

Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal
fire?

They live! they greatly live a life on
Earth

Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the
dead.

This is the desert, *this* the solitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad *cypress* gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on Earth, is *shadow*, all beyond
Is *substance*; the reverse is folly's *creed*:
How solid all, where change shall be
no more!

This is the bud of being, the dim
dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule:
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and Death,
Strong Death, alone can heave the massy
bar,

This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us *embryos* of existence free.
From *real* life, but little more remote
Is *he*, not yet a candidate for light,
The *future* embryo, slumbering in his
sire.

Embryos we must be, till we burst the
shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to
life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of
man.

Yet man, fool man! *here* buries all
his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of Earth, and pent beneath
the Moon,

Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by
Heaven

To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where *seraphs* gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne
of God.

What golden joys ambrosial clustering
glow,

In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where Time, and Pain, and Chance,
and Death expire!

And is it in the flight of threescore
years,

To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idle-
ness,

Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or in-
dulge,

Resembles *ocean* into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure? It o'er-
whelms myself;

How was my heart incrustated by the
world!

O how self-fetter'd was my grovelling
soul!

How, like a worm, was I wrapt round
and round

In silken thought, which reptile *Fancy*
spun,

Till darken'd *Reason* lay quite clouded
o'er

With soft conceit of endless comfort
here,

Nor yet put forth her wings to reach
the skies!

Night-visions may befriend (as sung
above):

Our *waking* dreams are fatal. How I
dreamt

Of things impossible! (Could sleep do
more?)

Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances
hung

With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd
joys!

Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at Death's toll, whose restless iron
tongue

Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself un-
done.

Where now my phrenzy's pompous fur-
niture?

The *cobweb'd* cottage, with its ragged
wall

Of mouldering mud, is *royalty* to me!
The *spider's* most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss! it breaks at every
breeze.

O ye blest scenes of permanent de-
light!

Full, above 'measure! lasting, beyond
bound!

A *perpetuity* of bliss is bliss.

Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an
end,

That ghastly thought would drink up
all your joy,

And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling
spheres;

The baleful influence of whose giddy
dance

Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.

Here teems with revolutions every hour

And rarely for the better; or the *best*,
More mortal than the *common* births
of fate.

Each *moment* has its sickle, emulous
Of *Time*'s enormous scythe, whose ample
sweep

Strikes *empires* from the root; each
moment plays

His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet *domestic* comfort, and cuts
down

The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss! sublunary bliss! — proud words,
and vain!

Implicit treason to divine decree!

A bold invasion of the rights of Heaven!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found
them air.

O had I weigh'd it ere my fond em-
brace!

What darts of agony had miss'd my
heart!

Death! great proprietor of all! 't is
thine

To tread out empire, and to quench
the stars.

The sun himself by thy permission shines;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from
his sphere.

Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy *partial* quiver on a mark so *mean*?
Why thy *peculiar* rancour wreak'd on
me?

Insatiate archer! could not *one* suffice?
Thy shaft flew *thrice*; and *thrice* my
peace was slain

And thrice, ere thrice yon Moon had
fill'd her horn.

O Cynthia! why so pale? Dost thou
lament

Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to
see thy wheel

Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human
life?

How wanes my *borrow'd* bliss! from
fortune's smile,

Precarious courtesy! not *virtue's* sure,
Self-given, *solar* ray of sound delight.

In every vary'd posture, place, and
hour,

How widow'd every thought of every joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for
my peace!

Through the dark postern of time long
elaps'd,

Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and such it
proves!)

Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleas-
ing *past*;

In quest of wretchedness perversely
strays;

And finds all desert *now*; and meets
the ghosts

Of my departed joys; a numerous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweetcomfort's blasted clusters I lament;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear;
And every pleasure pains me to the
heart.

Yet why *complain*? or why complain
for one?

Hangs out the Sun his lustre but for me,
The *single* man? Are angels all beside?
I mourn for millions: 't is the common
lot;

In *this* shape, or in *that*, has Fate en-
tail'd

The mother's throes on all of woman
born,

Not more the children, than sure heirs,
of *pain*.

War, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm,
and Fire,

Intestine broils, *Oppression*, with her
heart

Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege man-
kind.

God's image disinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a Sun
was made.

There, beings deathless as their haughty
lord,

Are hammer'd to the galling oar for
life;

And plow the winter's wave, and reap
despair.

Some, for hard masters, broken under
arms,

In battle lopt away, with half their
limbs,

Beg bitter bread through realms their
valour sav'd,

If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom.
Want, and incurable *Disease*, (fell pair!)

On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once; and make a refuge of the grave.

How groaning *hospitals* eject their dead!
What numbers groan for sad admission
there!

What numbers, once in *Fortune's* lap
high-fed,

Solicit the cold hand of Charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!

Ye silken sons of pleasure! since in
pains

You rue more modish visits, visit *here*,
And breathe from your debauch: *give*,
and reduce

Surfeit's dominion o'er you: but so great
Your impudence, you blush at what is
right.

Happy! did sorrow seize on *such* alone,
Not *prudence* can defend, or *virtue* save

Disease invades the chastest temperance;
And punishment the guiltless; and alarm,
Through thickest shades, pursues the
fond of peace.

Man's caution often into danger turns:
And his guard, falling, crushes him to
death.

Not *happiness* itself makes good her
name;

Our very wishes give us not our wish.
How distant oft the thing we doat on
most,

From that for which we doat, *felicity*!
The *smoothest* course of Nature has its
pains!

And *truest* friends, through error, wound
our rest.

Without misfortune, what calamities!
And what hostilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the best on
Earth.

But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause
to sigh.

A part how small of the terraqueous
globe

Is tenanted by man! the rest a *waste*,
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning
sands;

Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings,
and death.

Such is Earth's melancholy map! but,
far

More sad! this Earth is a true map of
man.

So bounded are its haughty lord's *de-*
lights

To *woe's* wide empire; where deep
troubles toss,

Loud *sorrows* howl, envenom'd *passions*
bite,

Ravenous *calamities* our vitals seize,
And threatening *fate* wide opens to
devour.

What then am I, who sorrow for
myself!

In age, in infancy, from others' aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be *kind*.

That, Nature's *first, last* lesson to man-
kind:

The selfish heart deserves the pain it
feels.

More generous sorrow, while it sinks,
exalts;

And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than *prudence*, bids

me give
Sworn thought a *second* channel; who
divide,

They weaken too, the torrent of their
grief.

Take then, O *World*! thy much indeb-
[ted tear:

How sad a sight is human happiness,
To those woe thought can pierce beyond
an hour!

O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart
exults!

Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy
fate?

I know thou wouldst; thy pride de-
mands it from me.

Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature
needs,

The salutary censure of a friend.
Thou happy *wretch*! by blindness thou
art blest;

By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.
Know, *smiler*! at thy peril art thou
pleas'd!

Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,

But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,

To sting thee more, and double thy
distress.

Lorenzo, Fortune makes her court to
thee,

Thy fond heart dances, while the *Syren*
sings.

Dear is thy welfare; think me not un-
kind;

I would not damp, but to secure thy
joys.

Think not that *fear* is sacred to the
storm:

Stand on thy guard against the *smiles*
of Fate.

Is Heaven tremendous in its frowns?
Most sure;

And in its favours formidable too:
Its favours here are trials, not rewards;

A call to duty, not discharge from care;
And should alarm us, full as much as
woes;

Awake us to their *cause* and *conse-*
quence;

And make us tremble, weigh'd with our
desert;

Awe Nature's tumult, and chastise her
joys,

Lest, while we clasp, we kill them; nay,
invert

To worse than *simple* misery, their
charms.

Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment
sour'd,]

With rage envenom'd rise against our
peace.

Beware what Earth calls happiness;
beware

All joys, but joys that never can ex-
pire.

Who builds on less than an *immortal*
[base,

Fond as he seems, condemns his joys
to death.

Mine died with thee, Philander! thy
last sigh
Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanted
Earth

Lost all her lustre. Where her glitter-
ing towers?

Her golden mountains, where? all dar-
ken'd down

To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears;
The great magician's dead! Thou poor,
pale piece

Of out-cast earth, in darkness! what a
change

From yesterday! Thy darling hope so
near,

(Long-labour'd prize!) O how ambition
truly great,

Of virtuous praise. *Death's* subtle seed
within

(Sly, treacherous miner!) working in
the dark,

Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme,
and beckon'd

The worm to riot on that rose so red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!

Man's foresight is *conditionally* wise;
Lorenzo! wisdom into folly turns
Oft, the first instant, its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim
our eye!

The *present* moment terminates our
sight;

Clouds, thick as those on doomsday,
drown the *next*;

We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.

Time is dealt out by particles; and each,
Ere mingled with the streaming sands
of life,

By Fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, «Where eternity begins.»

By Nature's law, what may be, may
be *now*;

There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought
can rise

Than man's presumption on to-morrow's
dawn?

Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes, spin out eternal
schemes,

As we the fatal sisters could out-spin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not e'en Philander had bespoke his
shroud:

Nor had he cause; a warning was de-
ny'd:

How many fall as sudden, not as safe!
As sudden, though for years admonish'd
home.

Of human ills the last extreme beware,
Beware, Lorenzo! a *slow sudden* death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day; 't is madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of
life.

Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are
fled,

And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be
strange?

That 't is so frequent, *this* is stranger
still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this
bears

The palm, «That all men are about to
live,»

For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to
think

They one day shall not drivel: and their
pride

On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their *future* selves
applaud;

How excellent that life they *ne'er* will
lead!

Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *folly's*
vails;

That lodg'd in *fate's*, to *wisdom* they
consign;

The thing they can't but *purpose*, they
postpone;

'T is not in *folly*, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human *wisdom*, to do
more.

All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when
young, indeed,

In full content we, sometimes, nobly
rest,

Unanxious for *ourselves*; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our *fathers* were more
wise.

At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his
plan;

At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve*;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the
same.

And why? Because he thinks himself
immortal.

All men think all men mortal, but
themselves;

Themselves, when some alarming shock
 of fate
 Strikes through their wounded hearts
 the sudden dread;
 But their hearts wounded, like the
 wounded air,
 Soon close; where, past the shaft no
 trace is found.
 As from the *wing*, no scar the sky re-
 tains;
 The parted wave no furrow from the
 keel;
 So die in human hearts the thoughts
 of death.
 E'en with the tender tear which Na-
 ture sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their
 grave.
 Can I forget Philander? That were
 strange!
 O my full heart! — But should I give
 it vent,
 The longest night, though longer far,
 would fail,
 And the *lark* listen to my *midnight* song.
 The sprightly *lark's* shrill matin
 wakes the morn;
Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on
 my breast,
 I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer

The sullen gloom, sweet Philomel! like
 thee,
 And call the stars to listen: every star
 Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
 Yet be not vain; there are, who thine
 excel,
 And charm through distant ages: wrapt
 in shade,
 Prisoner of darkness! to the silent *hours*,
 How often I repeat their rage divine,
 To lull my griefs, and steal my heart
 from woe!
 I roll their raptures, but not catch their
 fire.
 Dark, though not blind, like thee, Mæo-
 nides!
 Or, Milton! thee; ah, could I reach your
 strain!
 Or *his*, who made Mæonides our *own*.
Man too he sung: *immortal* man I sing;
 Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds
 of life;
 What, *now*, but immortality can please?
 O had *he* press'd his theme, pursued
 the track,
 Which opens out of darkness into day!
 O had he, mounted on his wing of fire,
 Soar'd where I sink, and sung *immor-*
 tal man! [me!
 How had it blest mankind, and rescued

LADY MARY MONTAGU.

THE LOVER.

A BALLAD.

At length, by so much importunity
 press'd,
 Take, Congreve, at once the inside of
 my breast.
 This stupid indifference so often you
 blame,
 Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to
 shame:
 I am not as cold as a virgin in lead,
 Nor is Sunday's sermon so strong in
 my head;
 I know but too well how time flies
 along,
 That we live but few years, and yet
 fewer are young.
 But I hate to be cheated, and never
 will buy
 Long years of repentance for moments
 of joy.

Oh! was there a man (but where shall
 I find
 Good sense and good-nature so equally
 join'd?)
 Would value his pleasure, contribute
 to mine;
 Not meanly would boast, nor lewdly
 design;
 Not over severe, yet not stupidly vain,
 For I would have the power, tho' not
 give the pain.
 No pedant, yet learned; no rake-helly
 gay,
 Or laughing because he has nothing to
 say;
 To all my whole sex obliging and free,
 Yet never be fond of any but me,
 In public preserve the decorum that's
 just,

And shew in his eyes he is true to his
trust;
Then rarely approach, and respectfully
bow,
But not fulsomely pert, nor foppishly
low.

But when the long hours of public are
past,
And we meet with champagne and a
chicken at last,
May every fond pleasure that moment
endear;
Be banish'd afar both discretion and
fear!
Forgetting or scorning the airs of the
crowd,
He may cease to be formal, and I to
be proud,
Till lost in the joy, we confess that we
live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may
forgive.

And that my delight may be solidly
fix'd,
Let the friend and the lover be hand-
somerly mix'd,

In whose tender bosom my soul may
confide,
Whose kindness can soothe me, whose
counsel can guide.
From such a dear lover as here I de-
scribe,
No danger should fright me, no millions
should bribe;
But till this astonishing creature I know,
As I long have liv'd chaste, I will keep
myself so.
I never will share with the wanton
coquet,
Or be caught by a vain affectation of
wit.
The toasters and songsters may try all
their art,
But never shall enter the pass of my
heart.
I loath the lewd rake, the drest fopling
despise;
Before such pursuers the nice virgin
flies;
And as Ovid has sweetly in parable
told,
We harden like trees, and like rivers
grow cold.

TO THE MOON.

Thou silver deity of secret night,
Direct my footsteps thro' the woodland
shade,
Thou conscious witness of unknown
delight, [aid!
The lover's guardian, and the muse's
By thy pale beams I solitary rove,
To thee my tender grief confide;

Serenely sweet, you gild the silent grove,
My friend, my goddess, and my guide!
E'en thee, fair queen, from thy amazing
height,
The charms of young Endymion drew;
Veil'd with the mantle of concealing
night; [ness too.
With all thy greatness, and thy cold-

TO A LADY WHO ADVISED ME TO RETIRE.

You little know the heart that you ad-
vise;
I view this various scene with equal eyes;
In crowded court I find myself alone,
And pay my worship to a nobler throne.
Long since the value of this world I
knew;
Pitied the folly, and despis'd the shew;

Well as I can, my tedious part I bear,
And wait dismissal without pain or
fear.
Seldom I mark mankind's detested ways,
Not hearing censure, nor affecting
praise;
And unconcern'd my future fate I trust,
To that sole Being merciful and just.

FRANCES SHERIDAN.

ODE TO PATIENCE.

Unaw'd by threats, unmov'd by force,
My steady soul pursues her course,
Collected, calm, resign'd;

Say, you who search with curious eyes
The source, whence human actions rise,
Say, whence this turn of mind?

'Tis Patience! lenient goddess, hail!
O let thy votary's vows prevail,
Thy threaten'd flight to stay;
Long hast thou been a welcome guest,
Long reign'd an inmate in this breast,
And rul'd with gentle sway.

Thro' all the various turns of fate,
Ordain'd me in each several state,
My wayward lot has known;
What taught me silently to bear,
To curb the sigh, to check the tear,
When sorrow weigh'd me down?

'Twas Patience! temperate goddess, stay!
For still thy dictates I obey,
Nor yield to passion's power;
Tho' by injurious foes borne down,
My fame, my toil, my hopes o'erthrown,
In one ill-fated hour.

When robb'd of what I held most dear,
My hands adorn'd the mournful bier
Of her I lov'd so well;
What, when mute sorrow chain'd my
tongue,
As o'er the sable hearse I hung,
Forbade the tide to swell?

'T was Patience! goddess ever calm!
O pour into my breast thy balm,
That antidote to pain;

Which flowing from thy nectar'd urn,
By chemistry divine can turn
Our losses into gain.

When sick and languishing in bed,
Sleep from my restless couch had fled,
(Sleep which e'en pain beguiles,)
What taught me calmly to sustain
A feverish being rack'd with pain,
And dress'd my looks in smiles?

'T was Patience! Heaven-descended maid
Implor'd, flew swiftly to my aid,
And lent her fostering breast;
Watch'd my sad hours with parent care,
Repell'd th' approaches of despair,
And sooth'd my soul to rest.

Say, when dissever'd from his side,
My friend, protector, and my guide
When my prophetic soul,
Anticipating all the storm,
Saw danger in its direst form,
What could my fears control?

'T was Patience! gentle goddess, hear!
Be ever to thy suppliant near,
Nor let one murmur rise;
Since still some mighty joys are given,
Dear to her soul, the gifts of heaven,
The sweet domestic ties.

JOHN DYER.

EXTRACT FROM THE 'RUINS OF ROME.'

See'st thou yon fane? e'en now in-
cessant time
Sweeps her low mouldering marbles to
the dust;
And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its
woods,
Threatens huge ruin o'er the small ro-
tund.
'T was there beneath a fig-tree's um-
brage broad,
Th' astonish'd swains with reverend
awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
Pressing the teat within a monster's
grasp
Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged
wolf
Turn'd her stretch'd neck and form'd
your tender limbs;
So taught of Jove e'en the fell savage
fed
Your sacred infancies, your virtues, toils,

The conquests, glories, of th' Ausonian
state,
Wrapp'd in their secret seeds. Each
kindred soul,
Robust and stout, ye grapple to your
hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,
Green twigs of osier weave the slender
walls,
Green rushes spread the roofs; and here
and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy
cave.
Elate with joy Etruscan Tiber views
Her spreading scenes enamelling his
waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks
and herds,
And gathering swains; and rolls his
yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majestic
train.

Her speedy growth alarm'd the states
 around,
 Jealous; yet soon, by wondrous virtue
 won,
 They sink into her bosom. From the
 plough
 Rose her dictators; fought, o'ercame,
 return'd,
 Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd
 their peers;
 For then no private pomp, no house-
 hold state,
 The public only swell'd the generous
 breast.
 Who has not heard the Fabian heroes
 sung?
 Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
 How Manlius sav'd the Capitol? the
 choice
 Of steady Regulus? As yet they stood,
 Simple of life; as yet seducing wealth
 Was unexplor'd, and shame of poverty
 Yet unimagin'd. — Shine not all the
 fields
 With various fruitage? murmur not the
 brooks
 Along the flowery valleys? They, con-
 tent,
 Feasted at Nature's hand, indelicate,
 Blithe, in their easy taste; and only
 sought
 To know their duties; that their only
 strife,
 Their generous strife, and greatly to
 perform.
 They through all shapes of peril and
 of pain,
 Intent on honour, dar'd in thickest
 death
 To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Tre-
 bia quell'd,
 Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody
 field,
 Their dauntless courage; storming Han-
 nibal
 In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,
 The thunder of the battle they return'd
 Back on his Punic shores; till Carthage
 fell,
 And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
 With precious spoils: alas, prosperity!
 Ah, baneful state! yet ebb'd not all
 their strength
 In soft luxurious pleasures; proud de-
 sire
 Of boundless sway, and feverish thirst
 of gold,
 Rous'd them again to battle. Beauteous
 Greece,
 Torn from her joys, in vain with languid
 arm [avail
 Half rais'd her rusty shield; nor could

The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian
 dart;
 Nor yet the car of that fam'd British
 chief,
 Which seven brave years, beneath the
 doubtful wing
 Of Victory, dreadful roll'd its griding
 wheels
 Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
 Triumph'd, till Fame was silent to their
 foes.
 And now the world unrivall'd they
 enjoy'd
 In proud security: the crested helm,
 The plated greave and corslet hung un-
 brac'd;
 Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and
 sounding shield,
 But on the glittering trophy to the
 wind.
 Dissolv'd in ease and soft delights
 they lie,
 Till every sun annoys, and every wind
 Has chilling force, and every rain offends:
 For now the frame no more is girt with
 strength
 Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart
 Laughs at the winter storm, and sum-
 mer-beam,
 Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice
 Withers each nerve, and opens every
 pore
 To painful feeling: flowery bowers they
 seek
 (As ether prompts, as the sick sense
 approves)
 Or cool Nymphæan grotts; or tepid baths
 (Taught by the soft Ionians); they, along
 The lawny vale, of every beauteous stone,
 Pile in the roseat air with fond expense:
 Through silver channels glide the va-
 grant waves,
 And fall on silver beds crystalline down,
 Melodious murmuring; while Luxury
 Over their naked limbs with wanton
 hand
 Sheds roses, odours, sheds unheeded
 bane.
 Swift is the flight of wealth; unnum-
 ber'd wants,
 Brood of voluptuousness, cry out aloud
 Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe.
 The citron board, the bowl emboss'd
 with gems,
 And tender foliage wildly wreath'd
 around
 Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,
 Corinthian Thericles; whate'er is known
 Of rarest acquisition; Tyrian garbs,
 Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,
 And flavour'd Chian wines with incense
 fum'd

To slake patrician thirst; for these, their
rights
In the vile streets they prostitute to sale,
Their native g'lorious freedom. Is there
none,
Is there no villain, that will bind the
neck
Stretch'd to the yoke? they come; the
market throngs.
But who has most by fraud or force
amass'd?
Who most can charm corruption with
his doles?
He be the monarch of the state; and lo!
Didius, vile usurer, through the crowd
he mounts,
Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cowers,
And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth.
O Britons, O my countrymen, beware;
Gird, gird your hearts; the Romans once
were free,
Were brave, were virtuous. — Tyranny,
howe'er,
Deign'd to walk forth awhile in pageant
state,
And with licentious pleasures fed the
rout,
The thoughtless many: to the wanton
sound
Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in
the shade
Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war,
Immortal Cæsar! Lo, a god, a god,
He cleaves the yielding skies! Cæsar
meanwhile
Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat
Enrag'd pursues; or at his lonely meal
Starves a wide province; tastes, dislikes,
and flings

To dogs and sycophants. A god, a god!
The flowery shades and shrines obscene
return.

But see along the north the tempests
swell
O'er the rough Alps, and darken all
their snows!
Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded
names,
Rush as the breach of waters, whelm-
ing all
Their domes, their villas; down the
festive piles,
Down fall their Parian porches, gilded
baths,
And roll before the storm in clouds
of dust.

Vain end of human strength, of hu-
man skill,
Conquest, and triumph, and domain,
and pomp,
And ease, and luxury! O Luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin is not
thine?

How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
How dost thou lure the fortunate and
great!

Dreadful attraction! while behind thee
gapes

Th' unfathomable gulph where Asher
lies

O'erwhelm'd, forgotten; and high-boast-
ing Cham;

And Elam's haughty pomp; and beau-
teous Greece;

And the great queen of Earth, imperial
Rome.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

THE DYING KID.

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit — *Virg.*

A Tear bedews my Delia's eye,
To think yon playful kid must die;
From crystal spring, and flowery mead,
Must, in his prime of life, recede!

Erewhile, in sportive circles round
She saw him wheel and frisk, and bound;
From rock to rock pursue his way,
And on the fearful margin play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
She saw him climb my rustic cell;

Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells with what delight he stood
To trace his features in the flood;
Then skipp'd aloof with quaint amaze,
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed
He flew to hear my vocal reed;
And how with critic face profound,
And stedfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care;

And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid must die. —

But knows my Delia, timely wise,
How soon this blameless era flies?
While violence and craft succeed;
Unfair design, and ruthless deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more;
Ah! soon, eras'd from every grove
Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love.

No more those bowers might Strephon see,
Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee;

No more those beds of flowerets find,
Which for thy charming brows he
twin'd.

Each wayward passion soon would
tear

His bosom, now so void of care;
And, when they left his ebbing vein,
What, but insipid age, remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of Fate,
That gave his life so short a date;
And I will join thy tenderest sighs,
To think that youth so swiftly flies!

THE SHEPHERD'S HOME.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep,
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains are border'd with moss,
Where the harebells and violets blow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-brier entwines it around:
Not my fields, in the prime of the
year,

More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to re-
tire

To the bower I have laboured to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasten'd and planted it there.
Oh, how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands
and groves

What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From the thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As — she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found when the wood-pigeons
breed;

But let me such plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed;
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
Who would rob a poor bird of its young;
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she called it the sister of Love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

THE INTRODUCTION OF 'THE ROSCIAD.'

Roscius deceas'd, each high aspiring
play'r
Push'd all his int'rest for the vacant
chair.
The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage

No longer whine in love, and rant in
rage;

The monarch quits his throne, and con-
descends

Humbly to court the favour of his friends;

For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,
And, their applause to gain, recounts
his claps.

Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient
Rome,
To win the mob, a suppliant's form
assume,
In pompous strain fight o'er th' extin-
guish'd war,
And show where honour bled in ev'ry
scar.

But though bare merit might in Rome
appear [here;
The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not
We form our judgment in another way;
And they will best succeed, who best
can pay:

Those, who would gain the votes of
British tribes,
Must add to force of merit, force of
bribes.

What can an actor give? In ev'ry age
Cash hath been rudely banish'd from
the stage;

Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry
play'r,

Appear as often as their image there:
They can't, like candidate for other seat,
Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise
of meat.

Wine! they could bribe you with the
world as soon,
And of roast beef, they only know the
tune:

But what they have they give; could
Clive do more,

Though for each million he had brought
home four?

Shuter keeps open house at South-
wark fair,

And hopes the friends of humour will
be there;

In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival
treat

For those who laughter love, instead
of meat;

Foote, at Old House, for even Foote
will be,

In self-conceit, an actor, bribes with tea;
Which Wilkinson at second-hand re-
ceives,

And at the New, pours water on the
leaves.

The town divided, each runs sev'ral
ways,

As passion, humour, int'rest, party sways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,

Shape of a leg, complexion brown or
fair,

A dress well chosen, or a patch mis-
plac'd,

Conciliate favour, or create distaste.

From galleries loud peals of laughter
roll,

And thunder Shuter's praises — he's
so droll.

Embox'd, the ladies must have some-
thing smart,

Palmer! Oh! Palmer tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching
eyes,

Looks up, and vows that Barry's out
of size;

Whilst to six feet the vig'rous stripling
grown,

Declares that Garrick is another Coan.
When place of judgment is by whim
supply'd,

And our opinions have their rise in
pride;

When, in discoursing on each mimic
elf,

We praise and censure with an eye to
self;

All must meet friends, and Ackman
bids as fair

In such a court, as Garrick, for the
chair.

At length agreed, all squabbles to
decide,

By some one judge the cause was to
be try'd;

But this their squabbles *did* afresh re-
new,

Who should be judge in such a trial:
— Who?

For Johnson some, but Johnson, it
was fear'd,

Would be too grave; and Sterne too
gay appear'd:

Others for Francklin voted; but 't was
known,

He sicken'd at all triumphs but his
own:

For Colman many, but the peevish
tongue

Of prudent Age found out that he was
young:

For Murphy some few *pilfring* wits
declar'd,

Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands, and
Wisdom star'd.

To mischief train'd, e'en from his
mother's womb,

Grown old in fraud, though yet in man-
hood's bloom,

Adopting arts, by which gay villains
rise,

And reach the heights which honest
men despise;

Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of
the proud;

A pert, prim, prater of the *northern* race,

Guilt in his heart, and famine in his
face,
Stood forth: — and thrice he wav'd his
lily hand —
And thrice he twirl'd his tye — thrice
strok'd his band —

«At Friendship's call,» (thus oft with
trait'rous aim
Men, void of faith, usurp Faith's sacred
name)
«At Friendship's call I come, by Murphy
sent,
Who thus by me *developes* his intent.
But lest, *transfus'd*, the spirit should
be lost,
That spirit which in storms of *rhet'ric*
tost,
Bounces about, and flies like bottled
beer,
In his own words his own intentions
hear.

«Thanks to my friends. — But to vile
fortunes born,
No robes of fur these shoulders must
adorn.
Vain your applause, no aid from thence
I draw;
Vain all my wit, for what is wit in
law?
Twice (curs'd remembrance!) twice I
strove to gain
Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed
train,
Who in the Temple and Gray's Inn,
prepare
For clients' wretched feet the legal
snare;
Dead to those arts, which polish and
refine,
Deaf to all worth, because that worth
was *mine*,
Twice did those blockheads startle at
my name,
And, foul rejection, gave me up to shame.
To laws and lawyers then I bad adieu,
And plans of far more lib'ral note pur-
sue.
Who will may be a judge — my kind-
ling breast
Burns for that chair which Roscius once
possess'd.

Here give your votes, your int'rest *here*
exert,
And let success for *once* attend desert.»
With sleek appearance, and with am-
bling pace
And, type of vacant head, with vacant
face,
The Proteus Hill put in his *modest*
plea, —
«Let Favour speak for others, Worth
for me.» —

For who, like him, his various powers
could call
Into so many shapes, and shine in all?
Who could so nobly grace the motley
list,

Actor, inspector, doctor, botanist?
Knows any one so well — sure no one
knows, —
At once to *play, prescribe, compound,*
compose?
Who can — But Woodward came, —
Hill slipp'd away,
Melting like ghosts, before the rising
day.

With that *low* cunning, which in fools
supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent,
gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that *smooth* falsehood, whose ap-
pearance charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt
disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile
descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears Friendship's mask for purposes
of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the
night;
With that *malignant* envy, which turns
pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with
hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the *cold* caution of a coward's
spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks
a screen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her
view —
What's *basely* done, should be done
safely too;
With that *dull, rooted, callous* impu-
dence,
Which, death to shame, and ev'ry nicer
sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading Vice's
snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue *unawares*;
With all these blessings, which we sel-
dom find
Lavish'd by Nature on *one* happy mind,
A motley figure, of the Fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or
pen describe,
Came *simp'ring* on; to ascertain whose
sex
Twelve sage, *impanell'd* matrons would
perplex.

Nor *male*, nor *female*; *neither*, and yet
 both;
 Of *neuter* gender, though of *Irish* growth;
 A six-foot suckling, mincing in *its* gait;
 Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
 Fearful *it* seem'd, though of athletic
 make,
 Lest *brutal breezes* should too roughly
 shake
Its tender form, and *savage* motion
 spread, [red.
 O'er *its* pale cheeks, the horrid manly
 Much did *it* talk, in *its* own *pretty*
 phrase,
 Of genius and of taste, of play'rs and
 plays;
 Much too of writings, which *itself* had
 wrote,
 Of special merit, though of little note;
 For Fate, in a strange humour, had
 decreed
 That what *it* wrote, none but *itself*
 should read;
 Much too it chatter'd of *dramatic* laws,
 Misjudging critics, and misplac'd ap-
 plause;
 Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, it smirk'd, it wriggled to the
chair;

And, with an awkward briskness not
its own,
 Looking around, and *perking* on the
 throne,
 Triumphant seem'd, when that strange
 savage dame,
 Known but to few, or only known by
 name,
 Plain Common-Sense appear'd, by Na-
 ture there
 Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard
 the chair.
 The pageant saw, and blasted with her
 frown,
 To *its* first state of nothing melted down.
 Nor shall the Muse (for even there
 the pride
 Of this *vain nothing* shall be mortified)
 Nor shall the Muse (should Fate ordain
 her rhymes
 Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after-
 times)
 With such a trifler's name her pages
 blot;
 Known be the character, the *thing* for-
 got;
 Let *it*, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a
name!

MARK AKENSIDE.

EXTRACT FROM 'PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION'.

*The separation of the works of Imagination from
 Philosophy, the cause of their abuse among the
 moderns. Prospect of their re-union under the
 influence of public Liberty.*

When shall the laurel and the vocal string
 Resume their honours? When shall we
 behold
 The tuneful tongue, the Promethéan
 hand,
 Aspire to ancient praise? Alas! how
 faint,
 How slow, the dawn of Beauty and of
 Truth
 Breaks the reluctant shades of Gothic
 night
 Which yet involve the nations! Long
 they groan'd
 Beneath the furies of rapacious Force;
 Oft as the gloomy North, with iron-
 swarms
 Tempestuous pouring from her frozen
 caves,
 Blasted the Italian shore, and swept the
 works

Of Liberty and Wisdom down the gulf
 Of all-devouring Night. As long im-
 mur'd
 In noon-tide darkness by the glimmer-
 ing lamp,
 Each Muse and each fair Science pin'd
 away
 The sordid hours: while foul, barbarian
 hands
 Their mysteries profan'd, unstrung the
 lyre,
 And chain'd the soaring pinion down
 to Earth.
 At last the Muses rose, and spurn'd
 their bonds,
 And, wildly warbling, scatter'd, as they
 flew,
 Their blooming wreaths from fair Val-
 clusa's bowers
 To Arno's myrtle border, and the shore
 Of soft Parthenope. But still the rage
 Of dire Ambition and gigantic Power,
 From public aims and from the busy
 walk

Of civil Commerce, drove the bolder
 train
 Of penetrating Science to the cells,
 Where studious Ease consumes the si-
 lent hour
 In shadowy searches and unfruitful care.
 Thus from their guardians torn, the
 tender arts
 Of mimic Fancy and harmonious Joy,
 To priestly domination and the lust
 Of lawless courts, their amiable toil
 For three inglorious ages have resign'd,
 In vain reluctant: and Torquato's tongue
 Was tun'd for slavish pæans at the
 throne
 Of tinsel pomp: and Raphael's magic
 hand
 Effus'd its fair creation to enchant
 The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
 To blind belief; while on their prostrate
 necks
 The sable tyrant plants his heel secure.
 But now, behold! the radiant era dawns,
 When Freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at
 length
 For endless years on Albion's happy
 shore
 In full proportion, once more shall ex-
 tend
 To all the kindred powers of social bliss
 A common mansion, a parental roof.
 There shall the Virtues, there shall Wis-
 dom's train,
 Their long-lost friends rejoining, as of
 old,
 Embrace the smiling family of Arts,
 The Muses and the Graces. Then no
 more
 Shall Vice, distracting their delicious
 gifts
 To aims abhorr'd, with high distaste
 and scorn
 Turn from their charms the philosophic
 eye,
 The patriot-bosom; then no more the
 paths
 Of public care or intellectual toil,
 Alone by footsteps haughty and severe
 In gloomy state be trod: the harmo-
 nious Muse,
 And her persuasive sisters, then shall
 plant
 Their sheltering laurels o'er the black
 ascent,
 And scatter flowers along the rugged
 way.
 Arm'd with the lyre, already have we
 dar'd
 To pierce divine Philosophy's retreats,
 And teach the Muse her lore; already
 strove
 Their long-divided honours to unite,

While tempering this deep argument
 we sang
 Of Truth and Beauty. Now the same
 glad task
 Impends; now urging our ambitious toil,
 We hasten to recount the various springs
 Of adventitious pleasure, which adjoin
 Their grateful influence to the prime
 effect
 Of objects grand or beauteous, and en-
 large
 The complicated joy. The sweets of
 sense,
 Do they not oft with kind accession flow,
 To raise harmonious Fancy's native
 charm?
 So while we taste the fragrance of the
 rose,
 Glows not her blush the fairer? While
 we view
 Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill
 Gush through the trickling herbage, to
 the thirst
 Of summer yielding the delicious draught
 Of cool refreshment; o'er the mossy
 brink
 Shines not the surface clearer, and the
 waves
 With sweeter music murmur as they
 flow?
 Nor this alone; the various lot of life
 Oft from external circumstance assumes
 A moment's disposition to rejoice
 In those delights which at a different
 hour
 Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of
 Spring,
 When rural songs and odours wake the
 Morn,
 To every eye; but how much more to his
 Round whom the bed of sickness long
 diffus'd
 Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair,
 When first with fresh-born vigour he
 inhales
 The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed
 Sun
 Warm at his bosom, from the springs
 of life
 Chasing oppressive damps and languid
 pain!
 Or shall I mention, where celestial
 Truth
 Her awful light discloses, to bestow
 A more majestic pomp on Beauty's
 frame?
 For man loves knowledge, and the beams
 of Truth
 More welcome touch his understanding's
 eye,
 Than all the blandishments of sound
 his ear,

Than all of taste his tongue. Nor ever yet
 The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd
 hues
 To me have shone so pleasing, as when
 first
 The hand of Science pointed out the
 path
 In which the sun-beams gleaming from
 the west
 Fall on the watery cloud, whose dark-
 some veil
 Involves the orient; and that trickling
 shower
 Piercing through every crystalline con-
 vex
 Of clustering dew-drops to their flight
 oppos'd,
 Recoil at length where concave all be-
 hind
 The internal surface on each glassy orb
 Repels their forward passage into air;
 That thence direct they seek the radiant
 goal
 From which their course began; and,
 as they strike
 In different lines the gazer's obvious eye,
 Assume a different lustre, through the
 brede
 Of colours changing from the splendid
 rose
 To the pale violet's dejected hue.
 Or shall we touch that kind access
 of joy,
 That springs to each fair object, while
 we trace [aim
 Through all its fabric, Wisdom's artful
 Disposing every part, and gaining still
 By means proportion'd her benignant
 end?
 Speak, ye, the pure delight, whose fa-
 vour'd steps
 The lamp of Science through the jea-
 leous maze

Of Nature guides, when haply you re-
 veal
 Her secret honours: whether in the sky,
 The beauteous laws of light, the central
 powers
 That wheel the pensile planets round
 the year;
 Whether in wonders of the rolling deep,
 Or the rich fruits of all-sustaining
 earth,
 Or fine-adjusted springs of life and sense,
 Ye scan the counsels of their author's
 hand.
 What, when to raise the meditated
 scene,
 The flame of passion through the strugg-
 ling soul
 Deep-kindled, shows across that sudden
 blaze
 The object of its rapture, vast of size,
 With fiercer colours and a night of
 shade?
 What? like a storm from their capa-
 cious bed
 The sounding seas o'erwhelming, when
 the might
 Of these eruptions, working from the
 depth
 Of man's strong apprehension, shakes
 his frame
 Even to the base; from every naked sense
 Of pain or pleasure dissipating all
 Opinion's feeble coverings, and the veil
 Spun from the cobweb fashion of the
 times
 To hide the feeling heart? Then Nature
 speaks
 Her genuine language, and the words
 of men,
 Big with the very motion of their souls,
 Declare with what accumulated force
 The impetuous nerve of passion urges on
 The native weight and energy of things.

THOMAS GRAY.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the
 lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his
 weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and
 to me.
 Now fades the glimmering landscape on
 the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,

Save where the beetle wheels his dron-
 ing flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant,
 folds:
 Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the Moon com-
 plain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret
 bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-
 tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a moul-
 dering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing
 Morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-
 built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing
 horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their
 lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth
 shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
 No children run to lisp their sire's re-
 turn,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to
 share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yie'd,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has
 broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team
 a-field!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their
 sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful
 smile,
 The short and simple annals of the
 poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of
 power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er
 gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour:
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the
 fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies
 raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle
 and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of
 praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting
 breath?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent
 dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of
 Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial
 fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might
 have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample
 page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er
 unroll;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush
 unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with daunt-
 less breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may
 rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his coun-
 try's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to
 command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's
 eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd a'one
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes
 confin'd;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to
 a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth
 to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous
 shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
 strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their
 way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to pro-
 tect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless
 sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th'
unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and e'egy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This p'leasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful
day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look
behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul
relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye re-
quires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Na-
ture cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th'unhonour'd
dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale
relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy
fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
«Oft have we seen him at the peep of
dawn

Brushing with hasty steps the dew away
To meet the Sun upon the upland lawn.

«There at the foot of yonder nodding
beech,

That wreathes its old fantastic roots
so high,

His listless length at noontide would
he stretch,

And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

«Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in
scorn,

Muttering his wayward fancies he would
rove,

Now drooping woeful wan, like one
forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hope-
less love.

«One morn I miss'd him on the 'cus-
tom'd hill,

Along the heath and near his favourite
tree;

Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

«The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we
saw him borne.

Approach and read (for thou canst read)
the lay,

Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged
thorn.»

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of
Earth,

A youth to fortune and to fame un-
known,

Fair Science frown'd not on his humble
birth,

And Melancholy mark'd him for her
own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sin-
cere,

Heaven did a recompence as largely
send:

He gave to Misery all he had — a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('t was all he
wish'd) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread

abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope re-
pose,)

The bosom of his Father and his God.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'T was on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd

The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,

The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,

The velvet of her paws,

Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,

She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,

The Genii of the stream:

Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view

Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize;
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sate by, and smil'd,)
The slippery verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd;
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard,
A favourite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all, that tempts your wandering eyes,
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Not all that glisters, gold.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE PATRIOT.

(From 'The Traveller'.)

Far to the right, where Appenine as-
cends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends:
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's
side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride:
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops
between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
Could Nature's bounty satisfy the
breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in diff'rent climes are
found,
That proudly rise or humbly court the
ground;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to
die;
These here disporting own the kindred
soil;
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's
toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings
expand
To winnow fragrance round the smil-
ing land.
But small the bliss that sense alone
bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwind-
les here.
Contrasted faults through all his man-
ners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though sub-
missive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet
untrue;

And ev'n in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs; not far remov'd
the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd thro'
the state;
At her command the palace learnt to
rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the
skies;
The canvass glow'd, beyond e'en Na-
ture warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with hu-
man form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern
gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her
sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches
gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without
a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruit-
less skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
Yet still the loss of wealth is here
supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former
pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-
fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp
array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the caval-
cade:
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.

By sports like these are all their cares
 beguil'd,
 The sports of children satisfy the child:
 Each nobler aim, repress'd by long con-
 trol,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the
 soul;
 While low delights, succeeding fast be-
 hind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind:
 As in those domes, where Cesars once
 bore sway,
 Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his
 shed;
 And, wond'ring man could want the
 larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a
 smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to
 survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race
 display,
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy
 mansions tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty
 bread:
 No product here the barren hills afford
 But man and steel, the soldier and his
 sword:
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks
 array,
 But winter ling'ring chills the lap of
 May:
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's
 breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms
 invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread
 a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage dis-
 arm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts
 tho' small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head;
 To shame the meanness of his humble
 shed;

No costly lord the sumptuous banquet
 deal,
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and
 toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the
 soil.
 Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short
 repose,
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he
 goes;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to
 the steep;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks
 mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into
 day.
 At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a
 shed;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round
 surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at
 the blaze;
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her
 hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
 Thus ev'ry good his native wilds im-
 part
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
 And e'en those hills, that round his
 mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund sup-
 plies:
 Dear is that shed to which his soul con-
 forms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to
 the storms;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds
 molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's
 breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's
 roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains
 more.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

EXTRACT.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the
 plain,
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the
 lab'ring swain, [paid,
 Where smiling Spring its earliest visit
 And parting Summer's ling'ring blooms
 delay'd:

Dear lovely bow'ers of innocence and
 ease,
 Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport
 could please:
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endear'd each
 scene!

How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topt the neigh-
 b'ring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath
 the shade,
 For talking age and whisp'ring lovers
 made!
 How often have I b'less'd the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to p'ay,
 And all the village train, from labour
 free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spread-
 ing tree:
 While many a pastime circled in the
 shade,
 The young contending as the old sur-
 vey'd;
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the
 ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength
 went round;
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band in-
 spir'd
 The dancing pair that simply sought
 renown,
 By holding out to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd
 face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the
 place;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of
 love,
 The matron's glance that would those
 looks reprove:
 These were thy charms, sweet village!
 sports like these
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil
 to please;
 These round thy bow'rs their cheerful
 influence shed,
 These were thy charms — but all these
 charms are fled.
 Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the
 lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms
 withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand
 is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole do-
 main,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling
 plain:
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the
 day, [way;
 But chok'd with sedges works its weary
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its
 nest;

Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvary'd
 cries.
 Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the moul-
 d'ring wall;
 And, trembling, shrinking from the
 spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.
 Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a
 prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men
 decay;
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may
 fade:
 A breath can make them, as a breath
 has made:
 But a bold peasantry, their country's
 pride,
 When once destroyed, can never be
 supply'd.
 A time there was, ere England's griefs
 began,
 When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd
 its man;
 For him light labour spread her whole-
 some store,
 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave
 no more:
 His best companions, innocence and
 health;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
 But times are alter'd: trade's unfeel-
 ing train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd ham-
 lets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp
 repose;
 And ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,
 And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade
 to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little
 room,
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the
 peaceful scene,
 Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all
 the green;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no
 more.
 Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful
 hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's
 pow'r.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd
 grounds,
 And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the haw-
 thorn grew,

Remembrance wakes with all her busy
train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past
to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world
of care,
In all my griefs — and God has giv'n
my share —

I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me
down;

To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by
repose:

I still had hopes, for pride attends us
still,

Amidst the swains to show my book-
learn'd skill,

Around my fire an ev'ning group to
draw,

And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns
pursue,

Pants to the place from whence at first
she flew,

I still had hopes, my long vexations
past, [last.

Here to return — and die at home at

O blest retirement, friend to life's
decline,

Retreats from care, that never must be
mine,

How blest is he who crowns, in shades
like these,

A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temp-
tations try,

And, since 't is hard to combat, learns
to fly!

For him no wretches, born to work and
weep,

Explore the mine, or tempt the danger-
ous deep;

No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the
gate;

But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's
friend;

Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd
decay,

While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to
the last,

His heav'n commences ere the world
be past.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And, if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran —
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad —
When he put on his cloths.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man, at first, were friends;
But, when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite —
The dog it was that died.

SONG.

O memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

[ing,
Thou, like the world, th' opprest oppress-
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

ON THE DEATH OF Mr. ROBERT LEVET,

A PRACTISER IN PHYSIC.

Condemn'd to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;
Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
His vig'rous remedy display'd
The pow'r of art without the show.

In Misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,

Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely Want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride,
The modest wants of ev'ry day
The toil of ev'ry day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day — the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm — his powers were
bright,

Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

E L E G Y.

Joyless I seek the solitary shade,
Where dusky Contemplation veils the
scene,
The dark retreat (of leafless branches
made)
Where sick'ning sorrow wets the yellow'd green.

The darksome ruins of some sacred cell,
Where erst the sons of Superstition trod,
Tott'ring upon the mossy meadow, tell
We better know, but less adore our God.

Now, as I mournful tread the gloomy
cave,
Thro' the wide window (once with mysteries dight)
The distant forest, and the darken'd wave
Of the swoln Avon ravishes my sight.

But see the thick'ning veil of evening's
drawn,
The azure changes to a sable blue;

The rapt'ring prospects fly the less'ning
lawn,
And Nature seems to mourn the dying
view.

Self-sprighted Fear creeps silent thro'
the gloom,
Starts at the rust'ling leaf, and rolls
his eyes;
Aghast with horror, when he views the
tomb,
With every torment of a hell he flies.

The bubbling brooks in plaintive murmurs roll,
The bird of omen, with incessant scream,
To melancholy thoughts awakes the soul,
And lulls the mind to contemplation's dream.

A dreary stillness broods o'er all the vale,
The clouded moon emits a feeble glare;
Joyless I seek the darkling hill and dale,
Where'er I wander sorrow still is there.

THE RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the pow'r of human skill, —
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy pow'r,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my sun reveals.

WILLIAM MASON.**ODE TO MEMORY.**

Mother of Wisdom! thou, whose sway
The throng'd ideal hosts obey;
Who bidd'st their ranks, now vanish,
 now appear,
Flame in the van, or darken in the rear;
Accept this votive verse. Thy reign
Nor place can fix, nor power restrain.
All, all is thine. For thee the ear, and
 eye,
Rove through the realms of grace, and
 harmony:
The senses thee spontaneous serve,
That wake, and thrill through ev'ry
 nerve.
Else vainly soft, lov'd Philomel! would
 flow
The soothing sadness of thy warbled
 woe:
Else vainly sweet yon woodbine shade
With clouds of fragrance fill the glade;
Vainly, the cygnet spread her downy
 plume,
The vine gush nectar, and the virgin
 bloom.
But swift to thee, alive and warm,
Devolves each tributary charm:
See modest Nature bring her simple
 stores,
Luxuriant Art exhaust her plastic pow-
 ers;

While every flower in Fancy's clime,
Each gem of old heroic time,
Cull'd by the hand of the industrious
 Muse,
Around thy shrine their blended beams
 diffuse.

Hail, Mem'ry! hail. Behold, I lead
To that high shrine the sacred maid:
Thy daughter she, the empress of the
 lyre,

The first, the fairest, of Aoania's quire.
She comes, and lo, thy realms expand!
She takes her delegated stand
Full in the midst, and o'er thy num'-
 rous train

Displays the awful wonders of her reign.
There thron'd supreme in native state,
If Sirius flame with fainting heat,
She calls; ideal groves their shade ex-
 tend,

The cool gale breathes, the silent show'rs
 descend.

Or, if bleak Winter, frowning round,
Disrobe the trees, and chill the ground,
She, mild magician, waves her potent
 wand,

And ready summers wake at her com-
 mand.

See, visionary suns arise

Through silver clouds and azure skies;
 See, sportive zephyrs fan the crisped
 streams;
 Through shadowy brakes light glance
 the sparkling beams:
 While, near the secret moss-grown cave,
 That stands beside the crystal wave,
 Sweet Echo, rising from her rocky bed,
 Mimics the feather'd chorus o'er her
 head.

Rise, hallow'd Milton! rise, and say,
 How, at thy gloomy close of day,
 How, when «deprest by age, beset with
 wrongs:»
 When «fall'n on evil days and evil
 tongues;»
 When darkness, brooding on thy sight,
 Exil'd the sov'reign lamp of light;
 Say, what could then one cheering hope
 diffuse?
 What friends were thine, save Mem'ry
 and the Muse?

Hence the rich spoils, thy studious youth
 Caught from the stores of ancient truth:
 Hence all thy classic wand'rings could
 explore, [shore;
 When rapture led thee to the Latian
 Each scene, that Tyber's banks supply'd;
 Each grace, that play'd on Arno's side;
 The tepid gales, through Tuscan glades
 that fly:
 The blue serene, that spreads Hesperia's
 sky;
 Were still thine own; thy ample mind
 Each charm receiv'd, retain'd, combin'd.
 And thence «the nightly visitant,» that
 came
 To touch thy bosom with her sacred
 flame,
 Recall'd the long-lost beams of grace,
 That whilom shot from Nature's face,
 When God, in Eden, o'er her youthful
 breast
 Spread with his own right hand Per-
 fection's gorgeous vest.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON.

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BRISTOL.

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds
 dear:
 Take that best gift which Heav'n so
 lately gave:
 To Bristol's fount I bore with tremb-
 ling care
 Her faded form; she bow'd to taste the
 wave,
 And died. Does youth, does beauty, read
 the line?
 Does sympathetic fear their breasts
 alarm?
 Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain
 divine:

Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have
 power to charm.
 Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like
 thee; [move;
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly
 And if so fair, from vanity as free;
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in
 love. [to die,
 Tell them, though 't is an awful thing
 ('T was ev'n to thee) yet the dread path
 once trod,
 Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
 And bids «the pure in heart behold
 their God.»

SERIES THE FOURTH.

From Cowper to Tennyson.

SERIES THE FOURTH

From Cowper to Tennyson.

WILLIAM COWPER.

EXTRACT FROM 'TABLE TALK'.

POETS SHOULD HABITUATE THEIR MINDS TO GREAT SUBJECTS.

To dally much with subjects mean
and low,
Proves that the mind is weak, or makes
it so.
Neglected talents rust into decay,
And ev'ry effort ends in push-pin play.
The man that means success, should
soar above
A soldier's feather, or a lady's glove;
Else summoning the Muse to such a
theme,
The fruit of all her labour is whipp'd
cream.
As if an eagle flew aloft, and then —
Stoop'd from its highest pitch to pounce
a wren.
As if the poet, purposing to wed,
Should carve himself a wife in ginger-
bread.

Ages elaps'd ere Homer's lamp ap-
pear'd,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was
heard.
To carry nature lengths unknown be-
fore,
To give a Milton birth, ask'd ages more.
Thus Genius rose and set at order'd
times,
And shot a day-spring into distant
climes,
Ennobling ev'ry region that he chose;
He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose;
And, tedious years of Gothic darkness
pass'd,
Emerg'd all splendour in our isle at last.
Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,
Then show far off their shining plumes
again.

EXTRACTS FROM 'THE TASK'.

RURAL SOUNDS. — Book I.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural
sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty
winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spread-
ing wood
Of ancient growth, make music not un-
like
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the
mind;
Unnumber'd branches waving in the
blast,
And all their leaves fast flutt'ring, all
at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice

Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that
slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming
as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at
length [green,
In matted grass, that with a livelier
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day,
and one
The live-long night: nor these alone,
whose notes
Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim
sublime

In still repeated circles, screaming
 loud,
 The jay, the pie, and ev'n the boding
 owl,
 That hails the rising moon, have charms
 for me.
 Sounds inharmonious in themselves and
 harsh,
 Yet heard in scenes where peace for
 ever reigns,
 And only there, please highly for their
 sake.

MOVEMENT AND ACTION THE LIFE OF
 NATURE. — Book I.

By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
 Constant rotation of th' unwearied wheel,
 That Nature rides upon, maintains her
 health,
 Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
 An instant's pause, and lives but while
 she moves.

Its own revolvency upholds the World.
 Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
 And fit the limpid element for use,
 Else noxious; oceans, rivers, lakes, and
 streams,

All feel the fresh'ning impulse, and are
 cleans'd

By restless undulation; ev'n the oak
 Thrives by the rude concussion of the
 storm:

He seems indeed indignant, and to feel
 Th' impression of the blast with proud
 disdain,

Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm
 He held the thunder: but the monarch
 owes

His firm stability to what he scorns,
 More fix'd below, the more disturb'd
 above.

The law, by which all creatures else
 are bound,

Binds man, the lord of all. Himself de-
 rives

No mean advantage from a kindred
 cause,

From strenuous toil his hours of sweet-
 est ease.

The sedentary stretch their lazy length
 When Custom bids, but no refreshment
 find.

For none they need: the languid eye,
 the cheek

Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
 And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,
 Reproach their owner with that love
 of rest,

To which he forfeits ev'n the rest he
 loves.

Not such the alert and active. Measure
 life

By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
 And theirs alone seems worthy of the
 name.

Good health, and, its associate in the
 most,

Good temper; spirits prompt to under-
 take,

And not soon spent, though in an ar-
 duous task;

The pow'rs of fancy and strong thought
 are theirs;

Ev'n age itself seems privileged in them
 With clear exemption from its own de-
 fects.

A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
 The vet'ran shows, and, gracing a gray
 beard

With youthful smiles, descends towards
 the grave

Sprightly, and old almost without decay.

TRUE GAIETY. — Book I.

Whom call we gay? That honour has
 been long

The boast of mere pretenders to the
 name.

The innocent are gay — the lark is gay,
 That dries his feathers, saturate with
 dew,

Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the
 beams

Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.
 The peasant, too, a witness of his song,
 Himself a songster, is as gay as he.

But save me from the gaiety of those,
 Whose headaches nail them to a noon-
 day bed;

And save me too from theirs, whose
 haggard eyes

Flash desperation, and betray their
 pangs

For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;
 From gaiety, that fills the bones with
 pain,

The mouth with blasphemy, the heart
 with woe.

HOME DELIGHTS OF A WINTER EVENING
 Book IV.

Now stir the fire, and close the shut-
 ters fast,

Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa
 round;

And while the bubbling and loud hiss-
 ing urn

Throws up a steamy column, and the
 cups

That cheer but not inebriate, wait on
each,

So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.

O Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happi-
ness,

And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before
these gates;

No powder'd pert, proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these
doors

Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless
of the sound,

The silent circle fan themselves, and
quake:

But here the needle plies its busy task;
The pattern grows, the well-depicted
flow'r,

Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves,
and sprigs,

And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flow'rs,
that blow

With most success when all besides de-
cay.

The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for th' amusement of the
rest;

The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of
sweet sounds

The touch from many a trembling chord
shakes out;

And the clear voice symphonious, yet
distinct,

And in the charming strife triumphant
still;

Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry: the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task pro-
ceeds.

The volume clos'd, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman
meal;

Such as the mistress of the world once
found

Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble
doors,

And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoy'd — spare feast! — a radish and
an egg.

Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not
dull,

Nor such as with a frown forbids the
play

Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of
mirth:

Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion phrenzy, and the God,
That made them, an intruder on their
joys,

Start at his awful name, or deem his
praise

A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with Mem'ry's point-
ing wand,

That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken
snare,

The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd, and peace
restor'd,

Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.

«O ev'nings worthy of 'the gods!» ex-
claim'd

The Sabine bard. O ev'nings, I reply,
More to be priz'd and coveted than
yours,

As more illumin'd, and with nobler
truths,

That I, and mine, and those we love,
enjoy.

CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM. — Book V.

Patriots have toil'd, and in their
country's cause

Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they
deserve,

Receive proud recompense. We give in
charge

Their names to the sweet lyre. Th'
historic Muse,

Proud of the treasure, marches with it
down

To latest times; and Sculpture, in her
turn, [brass

Gives bond in stone and ever-during
To guard them, and t' immortalize her
trust:

But fairer wreaths are due, though never
paid,

To those, who, posted at the shrine of
Truth,

Have fall'n in her defence. A patriot's
blood,

Well spent in such a strife, may earn
indeed,

And for a time ensure, to his lov'd land
The sweets of liberty and equal laws;

But martyrs struggle for a brighter
prize,

And win it with more pain. Their blood
is shed

In confirmation of the noblest claim,
 Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
 To walk with God, to be divinely free,
 To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
 Yet few remember them. They liv'd un-
 known,
 Till Persecution dragg'd them into fame,
 And chas'd them up to Heav'n. Their
 ashes flew
 — No marble tells us whither. With
 their names
 No bard embalms and sanctifies his song:
 And History, so warm on meaner themes,
 Is cold on this. She execrates, indeed,
 The tyranny, that doom'd them to the
 fire, [praise.
 But gives the glorious suff'rers little
 He is the freeman, whom the truth
 makes free,
 And all are slaves beside. There's not
 a chain,

That hellish foes, confed'rate for his
 harm,
 Can wind around him, but he casts it
 off
 With as much ease as Samson his green
 withes.
 He looks abroad into the varied field
 Of nature, and, though poor, perhaps,
 compar'd
 With those whose mansions glitter in
 his sight,
 Calls the delightful scen'ry all his own.
 His are the mountains, and the valleys
 his,
 And the resplendent rivers. His t' enjoy
 With a propriety that none can feel,
 But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,
 Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous
 eye,
 And smiling say — «My father made
 them all.»

FROM 'TIROCINIUM, OR A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS'.

THE PLAY-PLACE OF EARLY DAYS.

Be it a weakness, it deserves some
 praise,
 We love the play-place of our early days;
 The scene is touching, and the heart is
 stone,
 That feels not at that sight, and feels
 at none.
 The wall on which we tried our graving
 skill,
 The very name we carv'd subsisting still;
 The bench on which we sat while deep
 employ'd,
 Though mangled, hack'd, and hew'd,
 not yet destroy'd;

The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot,
 Playing our games, and on the very
 spot;
 As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
 The chalky ring, and knuckle down at
 taw;
 To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
 Or drive it devious with a dext'rous
 pat;
 The pleasing spectacle at once excites
 Such recollection of our own delights,
 That, viewing it, we seem almost t'
 obtain
 Our innocent sweet simple years again.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O that those lips had language! Life
 has pass'd
 With me but roughly since I heard thee
 last.
 Those lips are thine — thy own sweet
 smile I see,
 The same, that oft in childhood solac'd
 me; [say,
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they
 «Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears
 away!»
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it,) here shines on me still
 the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected
 here! [song,
 Who bidd'st me honour with an artless
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own:
 And, while that face renews my filial
 grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream that thou art she.
 My mother! when I learn'd that thou
 wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears
 I shed?

Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorr'wing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just
begun?

Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt,
a kiss;

Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in
bliss —

Ah that maternal smile! it answers —
Yes.

I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow
away,

And, turning from my nurs'ry window,
drew

A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? — It was. — Where
thou art gone,

Adieus and farewells are a sound un-
known.

May I but meet thee on that peaceful
shore,

The parting word shall pass my lips no
more!

Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my
concern,

Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,

And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.
By expectation ev'ry day beguil'd,

Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and
went,

Till, all my stock of infant-sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,

But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er
forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is
heard no more,

Children not thine have trod my nurs'-
ry floor;

And where the gard'ner Robin, day by
day,

Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and
wrapp'd

In scarlet-mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'T is now become a hist'ry little known,

That once we call'd the past'ral house
our own.

Short-liv'd possession! but the record
fair,

That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness
there,

Still outlives many a storm, that has
effac'd

A thousand other themes less deeply
trac'd.

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and
warmly laid;

Thy morning bounties ere I left my
home,

The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks be-
stow'd

By thy own hand, till fresh they shone
and glow'd!

All this, and more endearing still than
all,

Thy constant flow of love, that knew
no fall,

Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and
breaks,

That humour interpos'd too often makes;
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,

And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay

Such honours to thee as my numbers
may;

Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in Heav'n, though little
notic'd here.

Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore
the hours,

When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd
flow'rs,

The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,

(And thou wast happier than myself the
while,

Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my
head, and smile.)

Could those few pleasant days again
appear,

Might one wish bring them, would I
wish them here?

I would not trust my heart — the dear
delight

Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might. —
But no — what here we call our life

is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,

That I should ill requite thee to con-
strain

Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's
coast

(The storms all weather'd and the ocean
cross'd)

Shoots into port at some well-haven'd
isle,

Where spices breathe, and brighter sea-
sons smile,

There sits quiescent on the floods, that
show

Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense
play

Around her, fanning light her streamers
gay;

So thou, with sails how swift! hast
reach'd the shore,

«Where tempests never beat nor billows
roar,»

And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous
 tide
 Of life long since has anchor'd by thy
 side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that
 rest,
 Always from port withheld, always dis-
 tress'd —
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tem-
 pest-toss'd,
 Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and
 compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwart-
 ing force
 Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous
 course.
 Yet O the thought, that I deduce my
 birth
 From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the
 Earth;

But higher far my proud pretensions
 rise —
 The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
 And now, farewell — Time unrevok'd
 has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wish'd
 is done.
 By contemplation's help, not sought in
 vain, [again;
 I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er
 To have renew'd the joys that once
 were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine;
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are
 free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his
 theft —
 Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to soothe
 me left.

VERSES

supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.

I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute;
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O Solitude! where are the charms,
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts, that roam over the plain,
 My form with indifference see;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,
 O, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again!
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word!
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this Earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-goingbell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
 Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land, I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there;
 But alas! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There 's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought!
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

THE CAST-AWAY.

Obscurest night involv'd the sky;
 Th' Atlantic billows roar'd,
 When such a destin'd wretch as I,
 Wash'd headlong from on board,
 Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
 His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast,
 Than he, with whom he went,
 Nor ever ship left Albion's coast,
 With warmer wishes sent.
 He lov'd them both, but both in vain,
 Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
 Expert to swim, he lay:
 Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
 Or courage die away;
 But wag'd with death a lasting strife,
 Supported by despair of life.

He shouted; nor his friends had fail'd
 To check the vessel's course,
 But so the furious blast prevail'd,
 That, pitiless, perforce,
 They left their outcast mate behind,
 And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford;
 And, such as storms allow,
 The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
 Delay'd not to bestow.
 But he, they knew, nor ship nor shore,
 Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
 Their haste himself condemn,
 Aware that flight, in such a sea,
 Alone could rescue them;

Yet bitter felt it still to die
 Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
 In ocean, self-upheld:
 And so long he, with unspent pow'r,
 His destiny repell'd:
 And ever as the minutes flew,
 Entreated help, or cried — «Adieu!»

At length, his transient respite past,
 His comrades, who before
 Had heard his voice in ev'ry blast,
 Could catch the sound no more.
 For then, by toil subdued, he drank
 The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him; but the page
 Of narrative sincere,
 That tells his name, his worth, his age
 Is wet with Anson's tear.
 And tears by bards or heroes shed
 Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
 Descanting on his fate,
 To give the melancholy theme
 A more enduring date.
 But misery still delights to trace
 It's semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
 No light propitious shone;
 When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
 We perish'd, each alone:
 But I beneath a rougher sea,
 And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he.

THE YEARLY DISTRESS;

OR, TITHING TIME AT STOCK, IN ESSEX.

Verses addressed to a country gentleman, complaining of the disagreeableness of the day annually appointed for receiving the dues of the parsonage.

Come, ponder well, for 'tis no jest,
 To laugh it would be wrong,
 The troubles of a worthy priest,
 The burthen of my song.

This priest he merry is and blithe
 Three-quarters of a year;
 But oh! it cuts him like a scythe,
 When tithing time draws near.

He then is full of fright and fears,
 As one at point to die,
 And long before the day appears
 He heaves up many a sigh.

For then the farmers come jog, jog,
 Along the miry road,
 Each heart as heavy as a log,
 To make their payments good.

In sooth, the sorrow of such days
 Is not to be express'd,
 When he that takes, and he that pays,
 Are both alike distress'd.

Now all unwelcome at his gates,
 The clumsy swains alight,
 With rueful faces and bald pates —
 He trembles at the sight.

And well he may, for well he knows
Each bumpkin of the clan,
Instead of paying what he owes,
Will cheat him if he can.

So in they come — each makes his leg,
And flings his head before,
And looks as if he came to beg,
And not to quit a score.

«And how does miss and madam do,
The little boy and all?»
«All tight and well. And how do you,
Good Mr. What-d'ye call?»

The dinner comes, and down they sit;
Were e'er such hungry folk?
There's little talking and no wit;
It is no time to joke.

One wipes his nose upon his sleeve,
One spits upon the floor,
Yet, not to give offence or grieve,
Holds up the cloth before.

The punch goes round, and they are dull
And lumpish still as ever;

Like barrels with their bellies full,
They only weigh the heavier.

At length the busy time begins.
«Come, neighbours, we must wag —»
The money chinks, down drop their chins,
Each lugging out his bag.

One talks of mildew and of frost,
And one of storms of hail,
And one of pigs that he has lost
By maggots at the tail.

Quoth one, «A rarer man than you
In pulpit none shall hear:
But yet, methinks, to tell you true,
You sell it plaguy dear.»

O why are farmers made so coarse,
Or clergy made so fine?
A kick, that scarce would move a horse,
May kill a sound divine.

Then let the boobies stay at home;
'Twould cost him, I dare say,
Less trouble taking twice the sum,
Without the clowns that pay.

PAIRING TIME ANTICIPATED.

A FABLE.

I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau,
If birds confabulate or no;
'Tis clear, that they were always able
To hold discourse, at least in fable;
And e'en the child, who knows no better
Than to interpret by the letter
A story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull.

It chanced then, on a winter's day,
But warm, and bright, and calm as
May,

The birds, conceiving a design
To forestall sweet St. Valentine,
In many an orchard, copse, and grove,
Assembled on affairs of love,
And with much twitter and much chatter,
Began to agitate the matter.

At length a Bulfinch, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the most,
Entreated, opening wide his beak,
A moment's liberty to speak;
And, silence publicly enjoin'd,
Deliver'd briefly thus his mind:

My friends! be cautious how ye treat
The subject upon which we meet;
I fear we shall have winter yet.

A Finch, whose tongue knew no con-
trol,
With golden wing, and satin poll,

A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
What marriage means, thus pert replied:
Methinks the gentleman, quoth she,
Opposite in the apple tree,
By his good will would keep us single,
Till yonder heaven and earth shall
mingle,

Or (which is likelier to befall)
Till death exterminate us all.

I'll marry without more ado:

My dear Dick Redcap, what say you?

Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling,
bridling,

Turning short round, strutting, and
sideling,

Attested, glad, his approbation
Of an immediate conjugation.

Their sentiments, so well express'd,
Influenced mightily the rest;

All pair'd, and each pair built a nest.

But though the birds were thus in
haste,

The leaves came on not quite so fast,
And Destiny, that sometimes bears

An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smiled on theirs.

The wind, of late breathed gently forth,
Now shifted east, and east by north;
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,

Could shelter them from rain or snow;
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,
Themselves were chill'd, their eggs were
addled.

Soon every father-bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome and peck'd each other,
Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met,

And learn'd in future to be wiser
Than to neglect a good adviser.

MORAL.

Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry —
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

JAMES BEATTIE.

THE MINSTREL.

EXTRACT FROM BOOK II.

Of chance or change O let not man
complain,
Else shall he never, never cease to wail;
For from the imperial dome, to where
the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel th' assault of Fortune's fickle
gale;
Art, empire, Earth itself, to change are
doom'd;
Earthquakes have rais'd to Heaven the
humble vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass
entomb'd;
And where th' Atlantic rolls wide con-
tinents have bloom'd.

But sure to foreign climes we need not
range,
Nor search the ancient records of our
race,
To learn the dire effects of time and
change,
Which in ourselves, alas! we daily trace.
Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd
face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine:
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental
grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's
flame is mine.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread com-
mand,
Shall here without reluctance change
my lay,
And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher
hand
Now when I leave that flowery path for
aye
Of childhood where I sported many a
day,

Warbling and sauntering carelessly
along;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's
infant song.

«Perish the lore that deadens young
desire,»
Is the soft tenour of my song no more.
Edwin, tho' lov'd of Heaven, must not
aspire
To bliss, which mortals never knew be-
fore.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy
soar,
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of
joy:
But now and then the shades of life
explore;
Though many a sound and sight of woe
annoy,
And many a qualm of care his rising
hopes destroy.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience
grows.
The weakly blossom, warm in summer-
bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may dis-
close;
But soon it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks! Superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of Heaven they
rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of
strength supplies.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd
voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;

And walks of wider circuit were his
choice,
And vales more mild, and mountains
more sublime.
One evening, as he fram'd the careless
rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never
trod;
A vale appear'd below, a deep retired
abode.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene.
For rocks on rocks pil'd as by magic
spell,
Here scorch'd with lightning, there with
ivy green,
Fenc'd from the north and east this
savage dell.
Southward a mountain rose with easy
swell,
Whose long, long groves eternal mur-
mur made:
And toward the western sun a streamlet
fell,
Where through the cliffs, the eye, re-
mote, survey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and
skies in gold array'd.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow
ground,
And, here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine
crown'd.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on
high;
And from the summit of that craggy
mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings, to shoot
athwart the sky.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rose-bud rears its blush-
ing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty
teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove
and stream,
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's
soul:
He minded not the Sun's last trembling
gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew
toll;
When slowly on his ear these moving
accents stole:

«Hail, awful scenes, that calm the
troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose!
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of
woes!
Here Innocence may wander, safe from
foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O solitude! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real
grandeur springs.

«Vain man! is grandeur giv'n to gay
attire?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:
To friends, attendants, armies, bought
with hire?
It is thy weakness that requires their
aid:
To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the
storm:
To hosts, through carnage who to con-
quest wade?
Behold the victor vanquish'd by the
worm!
Behold, what deeds of woe the locust
can perform!

«True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has rais'd above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven
resign'd,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her
deadliest blow.»
This strain from 'midst the rocks was
heard to flow,
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the
evening star;
And from embattled clouds emerging
slow
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly
from afar.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme
renew:

(While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening
stood)

«Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
Scorn'd by the wise and hated by the
good!

Ye only can engage the servile brood
Of Levity and Lust, who all their days,
Asham'd of truth and liberty, have
woo'd,
And hugg'd the chain, that, glittering
on their gaze,
Seems to outshine the pomp of Heaven's
empyreal blaze.

«Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's
 sway,
 I sought for glory in the paths of guile;
 And fawn'd and smil'd, to plunder and
 betray,
 Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the
 while;
 So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file;
 But now, with pangs of keen remorse,
 I rue
 Those years of trouble and debasement
 vile.
 Yet why should I this cruel theme pur-
 sue!
 Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from
 my view!

«The gusts of appetite, the clouds of
 care,
 And storms of disappointment, all o'er-
 past,
 Henceforth no earthly hope with Heaven
 shall share
 This heart, where peace serenely shines
 at last.
 And if for me no treasure be amass'd,
 And if no future age shall hear my
 name,
 I lurk the more secure from fortune's
 blast,
 And with more leisure feed this pious
 flame,
 Whose rapture far transcends the fairest
 hopes of fame.

«The end and the reward of toil is rest.
 Be all my prayer for virtue and for
 peace.
 Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power
 possess'd,
 Who ever felt his weight of woe de-
 crease?
 Ah! what avails the lore of Rome and
 Greece,
 The lay heaven-prompted, and harmo-
 nious string,
 The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
 All that art, fortune, enterprise, can
 bring,
 If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the
 bosom wring!

«Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
 With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons
 of renown,
 In the deep dungeon of some Gothic
 dome,
 Where night and desolation ever frown.
 Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the
 down;
 Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
 With here and there a violet bestrown,

Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmur-
 ing wave;
 And many an evening sun shine sweetly
 on my grave.

«And thither let the village-swain repair;
 And, light of heart, the village-maiden
 gay,
 To deck with flowers her half-dishevell'd
 hair,
 And celebrate the merry morn of May.
 There let the shepherd's pipe the live-
 long day
 Fill all the grove with love's bewitching
 woe;
 And when mild Evening comes in mantle
 gray,
 Let not the blooming band make haste
 to go;
 No ghost, nor spell, my long and last
 abode shall know.

«For though I fly to 'scape from For-
 tune's rage,
 And bear the scars of envy, spite, and
 scorn,
 Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
 Yet with no impious spleen my breast
 is torn:
 For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.
 O man! creation's pride, Heaven's dar-
 ling child,
 Whom Nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
 Why from thy home are truth and joy
 exil'd,
 And all thy favorite haunts with blood
 and tears defil'd?

«Along yon glittering sky what glory
 streams!
 What majesty attends Night's lovely
 queen!
 Fair laugh our valleys in the vernal
 beams;
 And mountains rise, and oceans roll
 between,
 And all conspire to beautify the scene.
 But, in the mental world, what chaos
 drear;
 What forms of mournful, loathsome,
 furious mien!
 O when shall that eternal morn appear,
 These dreadful forms to chase, this
 chaos dark to clear!

«O Thou, at whose creative smile, yon
 heaven,
 In all the pomp of beauty, life, and
 light
 Rose from th' abyss; when dark Con-
 fusion driven
 Down, down the bottomless profound
 of night,

Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing
sight!
O glance on these sad shades one pi-
tying ray,
To blast the fury of oppressive might,
Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's
sway,
And cheer the wandering soul, and light
him on the way!»

Silence ensu'd: and Edwin raised his
eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.
«And is it thus in courtly life,» he cries,
«That man to man acts a betrayer's
part?
And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven
pervert,
Each social instinct, and sublime desire?
Hail, Poverty! if honour, wealth, and
art,

If what the great pursue, and learn'd
admire,
Thus dissipate and quench the soul's
ethereal fire!»

He said, and turn'd away; nor did the
sage
O'erhear, in silent orisons employ'd.
The youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hied, the evening scene
enjoy'd:
For now no cloud obscures the starry
void;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the
hills;
Nor is the mind with startling sounds
annoy'd;
A soothing murmur the lone region
fills,
Of groves, and dying gales, and me-
lancholy rills.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

GONDOLINE.

A BALLAD.

The night it was still, and the moon it
Serenely on the sea, [shone
And the waves at the foot of the rifted
They murmured pleasantly. [rock

When Gondoline roamed along the shore,
A maiden full fair to the sight,
Though love had made bleak the rose
on her cheek,
And turned it to deadly white.

Her thoughts they were drear, and the
silent tear
It filled her faint blue eye,
As oft she heard, in fancy's ear,
Her Bertrand's dying sigh.

Her Bertrand was the bravest youth
Of all our good king's men,
And he was gone to the Holy Land
To fight the Saracen.

And many a month had passed away,
And many a rolling year,
But nothing the maid from Palestine
Could of her lover hear.

Full oft she vainly tried to pierce
The ocean's misty face;
Full oft she thought her lover's bark
She on the wave could trace.

And every night she placed a light
In the high rock's lonely tower,
To guide her lover to the land,
Should the murky tempest lower.

But now despair had seized her breast,
And sunken in her eye;
«Oh, tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace will die.»

She wandered o'er the lonely shore,
The curlew screamed above —
She heard the scream with a sickening
heart,
Much boding of her love.

Yet still she kept her lonely way,
And this was all her cry,
«Oh, tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace shall die.»

And now she came to a horrible rift,
All in the rock's hard side,
A bleak and blasted oak o'erspread
The cavern yawning wide.

And pendent from its dismal top
The deadly nightshade hung;
The hemlock and the aconite
Across the mouth were flung.

And all within was dark and drear,
And all without was calm;
Yet Gondoline entered, her soul upheld
By some deep-working charm.

And as she entered the cavern wide,
The moonbeam gleam'd pale,
And she saw a snake on the craggy rock,
It clung by its slimy tail.

Her foot it slipped, and she stood aghast,
She trod on a bloated toad;
Yet, still upheld by the secret charm,
She kept upon her road.

And now upon her frozen ear
Mysterious sounds arose;
So, on the mountain's piny top,
The blustering north wind blows.

Then furious peals of laughter loud
Were heard with thundering sound,
Till they died away in soft decay,
Low whispering o'er the ground.

Yet still the maiden onward went,
The charm yet onward led,
Though each big glaring ball of sight
Seemed bursting from her head.

But now a pale blue light she saw,
It from a distance came;
She followed, till upon her sight
Burst full a flood of flame.

She stood appalled; yet still the charm
Upheld her sinking soul;
Yet each bent knee the other smote,
And each wild eye did roll.

And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal saw before,
And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal shall see more.

A burning cauldron stood in the midst,
The flame was fierce and high,
And all the cave, so wide and long,
Was plainly seen thereby.

And round about the cauldron stout
Twelve withered witches stood;
Their waists were bound with living
snakes,
And their hair was stiff with blood.

Their hands were gory too, and red
And fiercely flamed their eyes;
And they were muttering indistinct
Their hellish mysteries.

And suddenly they joined their hands,
And uttered a joyous cry,
And round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

And now they stopped; and each pre-
pared
To tell what she had done
Since last the lady of the night
Her waning course had run.

Behind a rock stood Gondoline,
Thick weeds her face did veil,
And she leaned fearful forwarder,
To hear the dreadful tale.

The first arose: she said she had seen
Rare sport since the blind cat mewed,
She had been to sea in a leaky sieve,
And a jovial storm had brewed.

She called around the wing'd winds,
And raised a devilish rout;
And she laughed so loud, the peals were
Full fifteen leagues about. [heard

She said there was a little bark
Upon the roaring wave,
And there was a woman there, who
had been
To see her husband's grave.

And she had got a child in her arms,
It was her only child,
And oft its little infant pranks
Her heavy heart beguiled.

And there was too, in that same bark,
A father and his son;
The lad was sickly, and the sire
Was old and woe-begone.

And when the tempest wax'd strong,
And the bark could no more it bide,
She said it was jovial fun to hear
How the poor devils cried!

The mother clasped her orphan child
Unto her breast and wept;
And, sweetly folded in her arms,
The careless baby slept.

And she told how, in the shape of the
wind,
As manfully it roared,
She twisted her hand in the infant's hair,
And threw it overboard.

And to have seen the mother's pangs,
'Twas a glorious sight to see;
The crew could scarcely hold her down
From jumping in the sea.

The hag held a lock of the hair in her
And it was soft and fair: [hand,
It must have been a lovely child,
To have had such lovely hair.

And she said, the father in his arms
He held his sickly son,

And his dying throes they fast arose,
His pains were nearly done.

And she throttled the youth with her
sinewy hands,

And his face grew deadly blue;
And the father he tore his thin grey
And kissed the livid hue. [hair,

And then she told, how she bored a
hole

In the bark, and it filled away;
And 'twas rare to hear, how some did
swear,

And some did vow and pray.

The man and woman they soon were
dead,

The sailors their strength did urge,
But the billows that beat were their
winding-sheet,

And the winds sung their funeral dirge.

She threw the infant's hair in the fire,
The red flame flamèd high,

And round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

The second begun: she said she had done
The task that Queen Hecate had set
her,

And that the devil, the father of evil,
Had never accomplished a better.

She said, there was an aged woman,
And she had a daughter fair,
Whose evil habits filled her heart
With misery and care.

The daughter had a paramour,
A wicked man was he,
And oft the woman him against
Did murmur grievously.

And the hag had worked the daughter
To murder her old mother, [up
That then she might seize on all her
goods,

And wanton with her lover.

And one night as the old woman
Was sick and ill in bed,
And pondering sorely on the life
Her wicked daughter led,

She heard her footstep on the floor,
And she raised her pallid head,
And she saw her daughter, with a knife,
Approaching to her bed,

And said, My child, I am very ill,
I have not long to live,
Now kiss my cheek, that ere I die,
Thy sins I may forgive.

And the murderess bent to kiss her cheek,
And she lifted the sharp bright knife,
And the mother saw her fell intent,
And hard she begged for life.

But prayers would nothing her avail,
And she screamed aloud with fear,
But the house was lone, and the pierc-
ing screams

Could reach no human ear.

And though that she was sick, and old,
She struggled hard, and fought;
The murderess cut three fingers through
Ere she could reach her throat.

And the hag she held the fingers up,
The skin was mangled sore,
And they all agreed a nobler deed
Was never done before.

And she threw the fingers in the fire,
The red flame flamèd high,
And round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

The third arose: she said she had been
To Holy Palestine,
And seen more blood in one short day
Than they had all seen in nine.

Now Gondoline, with fearful steps,
Drew nearer to the flame;
For much she dreaded now to hear
Her hapless lover's name.

The hag related then the sports
Of that eventful day,
When on the well-contested field
Full fifteen thousand lay.

She said that she in human gore
Above the knees did wade,
And that no tongue could truly tell
The tricks she there had played.

There was a gallant-featured youth,
Who like a hero fought;
He kissed a bracelet on his wrist,
And every danger sought.

And in a vassal's garb disguised,
Unto the knight she sues,
And tells him she from Britain comes,
And brings unwelcome news.

That three days ere she had embarked
His love had given her hand
Unto a wealthy thane — and thought
Him dead in Holy Land.

And to have seen how he did writhe
When this her tale she told,
It would have made a wizard's blood
Within his heart run cold.

Then fierce he spurred his warrior steed,
And sought the battle's bed;
And soon, all mangled o'er with wounds
He on the cold turf bled.

And from his smoking corse she tore
His head, half clove in two —
She ceased, and from beneath her garb
The bloody trophy drew.

The eyes were starting from their sockets,
The mouth it ghastly grinned,
And there was a gash across the brow,
The scalp was nearly skinned.

'Twas Bertrand's head! — With a terrible scream
The maiden gave a spring,
And from her fearful hiding-place
She fell into the ring.

The lights they fled, the cauldron sunk,
Deep thunders shook the dome,
And hollow peals of laughter came
Resounding through the gloom.

Insensible the maiden lay
Upon the hellish ground,

And still mysterious sounds were heard
At intervals around.

She woke — she half arose — and wild,
She cast a horrid glare;
The sounds had ceased, the lights had
And all was stillness there. [fled,

And through an awning in the rock,
The moon it sweetly shone,
And showed a river in the cave
Which dismally did moan.

The stream was black, it sounded deep,
As it rushed the rocks between;
It offered well, for madness fired
The breast of Gondoline.

She plung'd in, the torrent moaned
With its accustomed sound;
And hollow peals of laughter loud
Again rebellowed round.

The maid was seen no more! — But oft
Her ghost is known to glide,
At midnight's silent, solemn hour,
Along the ocean's side.

I'M PLEASED, AND YET I'M SAD.

When twilight steals along the ground,
And all the bells are ringing round,
One, two, three, four, and five,
I at my study-window sit,
And, wrapped in many a musing fit,
To bliss am all alive.

But though impressions calm and sweet
Thrill round my heart a holy heat,
And I am inly glad;
The tear-drop stands in either eye,
And yet I cannot tell thee why —
I'm pleased, and yet I'm sad.

The silvery rack that flies away,
Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,
Does that disturb my breast?
Nay; what have I, a studious man,
To do with life's unstable plan,
Or pleasure's fading vest?

Is it that here I must not stop,
But o'er yon blue hill's woody top
Must bend my lonely way?
No, surely no! for, give but me
My own fireside, and I shall be
At home where'er I stray.

Then is it that yon steeple there,
With music sweet shall fill the air
When thou no more canst hear?
Oh, no! oh, no! for then, forgiven,
I shall be with my God in Heaven,
Released from every fear.

Then whence it is I cannot tell,
But there is some mysterious spell
That holds me when I'm glad;
And so the tear-drop fills my eye,
When yet in truth I know not why,
Or wherefore I am sad.

SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that bids me moan;
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sere and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sullen wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too:
I start, and then, the vision flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

ON BEING CONFINED TO SCHOOL ONE PLEASANT MORNING IN SPRING.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

The morning sun's enchanting rays
Now call forth every songster's praise;
Now the lark with upward flight,
Gaily ushers in the light;
While wildly warbling from each tree,
The birds sing songs to Liberty.

But for me no songster sings,
For me no joyous lark upsprings;
For I, confined in gloomy school,
Must own the pedant's iron rule,
And, far from sylvan shades and bowers,
In durance vile must pass the hours;
There con the scholiast's dreary lines,
Where no bright ray of genius shines,
And close to rugged learning cling,
While laughs around the jocund spring.

How gladly would my soul forego
All that arithmeticians know,

Or stiff grammarians quaintly teach,
Or all that industry can reach,
To taste each morn of all the joys
That with the laughing sun arise;
And unconstrained to rove along
The bushy brakes and glens among;
And woo the Muses' gentle power,
In unfrequented rural bower!
But, ah! such heaven-approaching joys
Will never greet my longing eyes;
Still will they cheat in vision fine,
Yet never but in fancy shine.

Oh, that I were the little wren
That shrilly chirps from yonder glen!
Oh, far away I then would rove,
To some secluded bushy grove;
There hop and sing with careless glee,
Hop and sing at liberty;
And till death should stop my lays,
Far from men would spend my days.

JAMES GRAHAME.

SABBATH WALKS.

A SPRING SABBATH WALK.

Most earnest was his voice! most mild
his look,
As with raised hands he bless'd his
parting flock.
He is a faithful pastor of the poor:
He thinks not of himself; his Master's
words,
«Feed, feed my sheep,» are ever at his
heart,
The cross of Christ is aye before his
eyes.
Oh how I love with melted soul to leave

The house of prayer, and wander in the
fields
Alone! What though the opening spring
be chill!
What though the lark, check'd in his
airy path,
Eke out his song, perch'd on the fallow
clod,
That still o'ertops the blade! What
though no branch
Have spread its foliage, save the willow
wand,
That dips its pale leaves in the swollen
stream!

What though the clouds oft lower! their
threats but end
In sunny showers, that scarcely fill the
folds
Of moss-couch'd violet, or interrupt
The merle's dulcet pipe — melodious
bird!
He, hid behind the milk-white sloe-thorn
spray
(Whose early flowers anticipate the leaf),
Welcomes the time of buds, the infant
year.

Sweet is the sunny nook, to which
my steps
Have brought me, hardly conscious
where I roam'd,
Unheeding where — so lovely, all around,
The works of God, array'd in vernal
smile!

Oft at this season musing I prolong
My devious range, till, sunk from view,
the sun
Emblaze, with upward-slanting ray, the
breast
And wing unquivering of the wheeling
lark,
Descending vocal from her latest flight,
While, disregardful of yon lonely star —
The harbinger of chill night's glittering
host —
Sweet redbreast, Scotia's Philomela,
chaunts,
In desultory strains his evening hymn.

A SUMMER SABBATH WALK.

Delightful is this loneliness; it calms
My heart: pleasant the cool beneath
these elms
That throw across the stream a move-
less shade.
Here nature in her midnoon whisper
speaks;
How peaceful every sound! — the ring-
dove's plaint,
Moan'd from the forest's gloomiest re-
treat,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-
coved nest,
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty
clear —
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp —
the buzz,
Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,
That soon as loosed booms with full
twang away —
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal

Scared from the shallows by my pass-
ing tread.
Dimpling the water glides, with here
and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-
eyed trout
Watches his time to spring; or from
above,
Some feather'd dam, purveying 'mong
the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plume-
less brood
Bears off the prize. Sad emblem of man's
lot!
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf
(Where safe and happily he might have
lurk'd)
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream,
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes th' inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets
his fate.

Now, let me trace the stream up to
its source
Among the hills, its runnel by degrees
Diminishing, the murmur turns a tinkle.
Closer and closer still the banks ap-
proach,
Tangled so thick with pleaching bramble-
shoots,
With brier and hazel branch, and haw-
thorn spray,
That, fain to quit the dingle, glad I
mount
Into the open air: grateful the breeze
That fans my throbbing temples! smiles
the plain
Spread wide below: how sweet the pla-
cid view!
But, oh! more sweet the thought, heart-
soothing thought,
That thousands and ten thousands of
the sons
Of toil partake this day the common joy
Of rest, of peace, of viewing hill and
dale,
Of breathing in the silence of the woods,
And blessing him who gave the Sab-
bath-day.
Yes! my heart flutters with a freer throb,
To think that now the townsman wan-
ders forth
Among the fields and meadows, to enjoy
The coolness of the day's decline, to
see
His children sport around and simply
pull.

The flower and weed promiscuous, as
a boon
Which proudly in his breast they smiling
fix.

Again I turn me to the hill, and trace
The wizard stream, now scarce to be
discern'd,
Woodless its banks, but green with
ferny leaves,
And thinly strew'd with heath-bells up
and down.

Now, when the downward sun has
left the glens,
Each mountain's rugged lineaments are
traced
Upon the adverse slope, where stalks
gigantic
The shepherd's shadow thrown athwart
the chasm,
As on the topmost ridge he homeward
hies.
How deep the hush! the torrent's canal
dry,

Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt.
But hark a plaintive sound floating
along!

'Tis from yon heath-roof'd shieling; now
it dies

Away, now rises full; it is the song
Which He, who listens to the hallelujahs
Of choiring seraphim, delights to hear;
It is the music of the heart, the voice
Of venerable age, of guileless youth,
In kindly circle seated on the ground
Before their wicker door. Behold the
man!

The grandsire and the saint; his silvery
locks

Beam in the parting ray; before him
lies,

Upon the smooth-cropt sword, the open
book,

His comfort, stay, and ever-new delight;
While heedless at a side, the lisping
boy

Fondles the lamb that nightly shares
his couch.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE SWALLOW.

The gorse is yellow on the heath,
The banks with speedwell flowers are
gay,
The oaks are budding; and beneath,
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled Spring,
The Swallow too is come at last;
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hail'd her as she pass'd.

Come, summer visitant, attach
To my reed-roof your nest of clay,
And let my ear your music catch,
Low-tittering underneath the thatch,
At the gay dawn of day.

As fables tell, an Indian Sage
The Hindostani woods among,
Could in his desert hermitage,
As if 'twere mark'd in written page,
Translate the wild bird's song.

I wish I did his power possess,
That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,
What our vain systems only guess,
And know from what wild wilderness
You came across the sea.

I would a little while restrain
Your rapid wing, that I might hear
Whether on clouds that bring the rain,
You sail'd above the western main,
The wind your charioteer.

In Afric, does the sultry gale
Thro' spicy bower, and palmy grove,
Bear the repeated Cuckoo's tale?
Dwells *there* a time, the wandering Rail,
Or the itinerant Dove?

Were you in Asia? O relate,
If there your fabled sister's woes
She seem'd in sorrow to narrate;
Or sings she but to celebrate
Her nuptials with the rose?

I would inquire how journeying long
The vast and pathless ocean o'er,
You ply again those pinions strong,
And come to build anew among
The scenes you left before;

But if, as colder breezes blow,
Prophetic of the waning year,
You hide, tho' none know when or how,
In the cliff's excavated brow,
And linger torpid here;

Thus lost to life, what favouring dream
Bids you to happier hours awake;
And tells, that dancing in the beam,
The light gnat hovers o'er the stream,
The May-fly on the lake?

Or if, by instinct taught to know
Approaching dearth of insect food;
To isles and willowy aits you go,
And crowding on the pliant bough,
Sink in the dimpling flood:

How learn ye, while the cold waves boom
Your deep and oozy couch above,
The time when flowers of promise bloom,
And call you from your transient tomb,
To light, and life, and love?

Alas! how little can be known,
Her sacred veil where Nature draws;
Let baffled science humbly own,
Her mysteries understood alone,
By *Him* who gives her laws.

SONG.

FROM 'BEACHY HEAD'.

Let us to woodland wilds repair,
While yet the glittering night-dews seem
To wait the freshly-breathing air,
Precursive of the morning beam,
That rising with advancing day,
Scatters the silver drops away.

An elm uprooted by the storm,
The trunk with mosses gray and green,
Shall make for us a rustic form,
Where lighter grows the forest scene;
And far among the bowery shades,
Ave ferny lawns and grassy glades.

Retiring May to lovely June
Her latest garland now resigns;
The banks with ouckoo-flowers are
strewn,

The woodwalks blue with columbines,
And with its reeds, the wandering stream
Reflects the flag-flower's golden gleam.

There, feathering down the turf to meet,
Their shadowy arms the beeches spread,
While high above our sylvan seat,
Lifts the light ash its airy head;
And later-leav'd, the oaks between
Extend their boughs of vernal green.

The slender bird its paper rind
Seems offering to divided love,
And shuddering even without a wind
Aspens their paler foliage move,
As if some spirit of the air
Breath'd a low sigh in passing there.

The squirrel in his frolic mood
Will fearless bound among the boughs;
Yaffils laugh loudly thro' the wood,
And murmuring ring-doves tell their
vows;

While we, as sweetest woodscents rise,
Listen to woodland melodies.

And I'll contrive a sylvan room
Against the time of summer heat,

Where leaves, inwoven in Nature's loom
Shall canopy our green retreat;
And gales that «close the eye of day»
Shall linger, ere they die away.

And when a sear and shallow hue
From early frost the bower receives,
I'll dress the sand-rock cave for you,
And strew the floor with heath and leaves,
That you, against the autumnal air
May find securer shelter there.

The nightingale will then have ceas'd
To sing her moonlight serenade;
But the gray bird with blushing breast,
And woodlarks still will haunt the shade,
And by the borders of the spring
Reed wrens will yet be carolling.

The forest-hermit's lonely cave
None but such soothing sounds shall
reach,

Or hardly heard, the distant wave
Slow breaking on the stony beach;
Or winds, that now sigh soft and low,
Now make wild music as they blow.

And then, before the chilling North
The tawny foliage falling light,
Seems, as it flits along the earth,
The footfall of the busy Sprite,
Who, rapt in pale autumnal gloom,
Calls up the mist-born mushroom.

Oh! could I hear your soft voice there
And see you in the forest green
All beauteous as you are, more fair
You'd look, amid the sylvan scene,
And in a wood-girl's simple guise,
Be still more lovely in mine eyes.

Ye phantoms of unreal delight,
Visions of fond delirium born!
Rise not on my deluded sight,
Then leave me drooping and forlorn
To know, such bliss can never be
Unless Amanda lov'd like me.

Mrs. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

VERSES WRITTEN IN AN ALCOVE.

Now the moonbeam's trembling lustre,
SILVERS o'er the dewy green,
And in soft and shadowy colours,
Sweetly paints the chequer'd scene.

Here, between the opening branches,
Streams a flood of soften'd light;
There, the thick and twisted foliage,
Spreads the browner gloom of night.

This is sure the haunt of fairies;
In yon cool alcove they play:
Care can never cross the threshold,
Care was only made for day.

Far from hence be noisy clamour,
Sick disgust and anxious fear,
Pining grief and wasting anguish
Never keep their vigils here.

Tell no tales of sheeted spectres,
Rising from the quiet tomb:
Fairer forms this cell shall visit;
Brighter visions gild the gloom.

Choral songs and sprightly voices
Echo from her cell shall call;
Sweeter, sweeter, than the murmur
Of the distant waterfall.

Every ruder gust of passion
Lull'd with music, dies away;
Till within the charmed bosom
None but soft affections play:

Soft, as when the evening breezes
Gently stir the poplar grove;
Brighter than the smile of summer,
Sweeter than the breath of love.

Thee, th' enchanted Muse shall follow
Lissy, to the rustic cell,
And each careless note repeating,
Tune them to her charming shell.

Not the muse who, wreath'd with laurel,
Solemn stalks with tragic gait,
And in dear and lofty vision
Sees the future birth of fate;

Not the maid who, crown'd with cypress,
Sweeps along in scepter'd pall;
And in sad and solemn accents
Mourns the crested hero's fall;

But that other smiling sister,
With the blue and laughing eye,
Singing, in a lighter measure,
Strains of woodland harmony;

All unknown to fame and glory,
Easy, blithe, and debonair,
Crown'd with flowers, her careless tresses
Loosely floating in the air:

Then, when next the star of evening
Softly sheds the silent dew,
Let me in this rustic temple,
Lissy, meet the muse and you.

SONG.

Come here, fond youth, 'whoe'er thou be,
That boasts to love as well as me;
And if thy breast have felt so wide a
wound,
Come hither, and thy flame approve;
I'll teach thee what it is to love,
And by what marks true passion may
be found.

It is to be all bath'd in tears;
To live upon a smile for years;
To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet:
To kneel, to languish, and implore;
And still tho' she disdain, adore:
It is to do all this, and think thy suf-
ferings sweet.

It is to gaze upon her eyes,
With eager joy, and fond surprise;
Yet temper'd with such chaste and aw-
ful fear
As wretches feel who wait their doom;
Nor must one ruder thought presume,
Tho' but in whispers breath'd, to meet
her ear.

It is to hope, tho' hope were lost;
Tho' heaven and earth thy passion crost;
Tho' she were bright as sainted queens
above,
And thou the least and meanest swain
That folds his flock upon the plain,
Yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost
not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears;
To nurse strange doubts and groundless
fears:

If pangs of jealousy thou hast not prov'd,
Tho' she were fonder, and more true
Than any nymph old poets drew,
O never dream again that thou hast lov'd!

If, when the darling maid is gone,
Thou dost not seek to be alone,
Wrapt in a pleasing trance of tender
woe,

And muse, and fold thy languid arms,
Feeding thy fancy on her charms,
Thou dost not love, for love is nou-
rish'd so.

If any hopes thy bosom share
But those which love has planted there,
Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall,
Thou never yet his power hast known;
Love sits on a despotic throne,
And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at
all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,
Here all thy tender sorrows bring,
And prove whose patience longest can
endure:

We'll strive whose fancy shall be lost
In dreams of fondest passion most;
For if thou thus hast lov'd, oh! never
hope a cure.

SONG.

When first upon your tender cheek
I saw the morn of beauty break
With mild and cheering beam,
I bow'd before your infant shrine,
The earliest sighs you had were mine,
And you my darling theme.

I saw you in that opening morn
For beauty's boundless empire born,
And first confess'd your sway;
And ere your thoughts, devoid of art,
Could learn the value of a heart,
I gave my heart away.

I watch'd the dawn of every grace,
And gaz'd upon that angel face,
While yet 'twas safe to gaze;

And fondly bless'd each rising charm,
Nor thought such innocence could harm
The peace of future days.

But now despotic o'er the plains
The awful noon of beauty reigns,
And kneeling crowds adore;
These charms arise too fiercely bright,
Danger and death attend the sight,
And I must hope no more.

Thus to the rising God of day
Their early vows the Persians pay,
And bless the spreading fire;
Whose glowing chariot mounting soon
Pours on their heads the burning noon;
They sicken and expire.

Mrs. HANNAH MORE.

EXTRACT from 'FLORIO',

A TALE FOR FINE GENTLEMEN AND FINE LADIES.

Florio and his friend Bellario.

Exhausted Florio, at the age
When youth should rush on glory's stage;
When life should open fresh and new,
And ardent hope her schemes pursue;
Of youthful gaiety bereft,
Had scarce an unbroach'd pleasure left;
He found already to his cost,
The shining gloss of life was lost;
And pleasure was so coy a prude,
She fled the more, the more pursu'd;
Or if, o'ertaken and caress'd,
He loath'd, and left her when possess'd.

But Florio knew the world; that science
Sets sense and learning at defiance;
He thought the world to him was known,
Where as he only knew the town;
In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set — Mankind.

Tho' high renown the youth had gain'd,
No flagrant crimes his life had stain'd;
No tool of falsehood, slave of passion,
But spoilt by *Custom*, and the *Fashion*.
Tho' known among *a certain set*,
He did not like to be in debt;

He shudder'd at the dicer's box,
Nor thought it very heterodox
That tradesmen should be sometimes
paid,

And bargains kept, as well as made.
His growing credit, as a sinner,
Was that he lik'd to spoil a dinner;
Made pleasure, and made business wait,
And still, by system, came too late;
Yet 'twas a hopeful indication,
On which to found a reputation:
Small habits, well pursu'd betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes,
And who a juster claim preferred,
Than one who alwayls broke his word?

His mornings were not spent in vice,
'Twas lounging, sauntering, eating ice;
Walk up and down St. James's Street,
Full fifty times the youth you'd meet:
He hated cards, detested drinking,
But stroll'd to shun the toil of thinking;
'Twas doing nothing was his curse,
Is there a vice can plague us worse?
The wretch who digs the mine for bread,
Or ploughs, that others may be fed,
Feels less fatigue than that decreed
To him who cannot think or read.
Not all the peril of temptations,
Not all the conflict of the passions,
Can quench the spark of glory's flame,
Or quite extinguish Virtue's name;
Like the true taste for genuine saunter,
Like Sloth, the soul's most dire en-
chanter.

The active fires that stir the breast,
Her poppies charm to fatal rest;
They rule in short and quick succession,
But Sloth keeps one long, fast posses-
sion;

Ambition's reign is quickly clos'd,
Th' usurper Rage is soon depos'd;
Intemperance, where there's no temp-
tation,
Makes voluntary abdication;
Of other tyrants short the strife
But Indolence is king for life;
The despot twists, with soft control,
Eternal fetters round the soul.

Yet tho' so polish'd Florio's breeding,
Think him not ignorant of reading;
For he to keep him from the vapours:
Subscrib'd at Hookham's, saw the pa-
pers:

Was deep in poet's-corner wit;
Knew what was in Italics writ;
Explain'd fictitious names at will,
Each gutted syllable could fill;
There oft, in paragraphs, his name
Gave symptom sweet of growing fame;
Tho' yet they only serv'd to hint
That Florio lov'd to see in print,
His ample buckles' alter'd shape,

His buttons chang'd, his varying cape.
And many a standard phrase was his
Might rival *bore*, or banish *quizz*;

The man who grasps this young renown,
And early starts for fashion's crown;
In time that glorious prize may wield,
Which clubs, and even Newmarket yield.

He studied while he dress'd, for true
'tis,

He read *Compendiums, Extracts, Beau-
ties,*

*Abrégés, Dictionnaires, Recueils,
Mercures, Journaux, Extraits, and
Feuilles;*

No work in substance now is follow'd,
The Chemic Extract only's swallow'd.
He lik'd those literary cooks,
Who skim the cream of others' books;
And ruin half an author's graces,
By plucking bons-mots from their places;
He wonders any writing sells,
But these spic'd mushrooms and mo-
rells;

His palate these alone can touch,
Where every mouthful is *bonne bouche*.
Some phrase, that with the public took,
Was all he read of any book;
For plan, detail, arrangement, system,
He let them go, and never miss'd 'em.
Of each new play he saw a part,
And all the *Anas* had by heart;
He found whatever they produce
Is fit for conversation — use;
Learning so ready for display,

A page would prime him for a day:
They cram not with a mass of know-
ledge, [college,
Which smacks of toil, and smells of
Which in the memory useless lies,
Or only makes men — good and wise.
This might have merit once indeed,
But now for other ends we read.

A friend he had, Bellario hight;
A reasoning, reading, learned wight;
At least with men of Florio's breeding,
He was a prodigy of reading.
He knew each tale and vapid lie,
In tomes of French philosophy;
And then, we fairly may presume,
From Pyrrho down to David Hume,
'Twere difficult to single out
A man more full of shallow doubt;
He knew the little sceptic prattle,
The sophist's paltry arts of battle;
Talk'd gravely of th' Atomic dance,
Of moral fitness, fate and chance;
Admir'd the system of Lucretius,
Whose matchless verse makes nonsense
specious;

To this his doctrine owes its merits,
Like poisonous reptiles kept in spirits;
Tho' sceptics dull his scheme rehearse,

Who have not souls to taste his verse.
 Bellario founds his reputation
 On dry, stale jokes about Creation;
 Would prove, by argument circuitous
 The combination was fortuitous.
 Swore Priests' whole trade was to de-
 ceive!

And prey on bigots who believe;
 With bitter ridicule could jeer,
 And had the true free-thinking sneer.
 Grave arguments he had in store,
 Which have been answer'd o'er and o'er;
 And us'd, with wondrous penetration,
 The trite, old trick of false citation;
 From ancient authors fond to quote
 A phrase or thought they never wrote.

Upon his highest shelf there stood
 The classics, neatly cut in wood;
 And in a more commodious station,
 You found them in a French translation:
 He swears, 'tis from the Greek he quotes,
 But keeps the French—just for the notes.
 He worshipp'd certain modern names,
 Who History write in Epigrams,
 In pointed periods, shining phrases,
 And all the small poetic daisies,
 Which crowd the pert and florid style,
 Where fact is dropt to raise a smile;
 Where notes indecent or profane
 Serve to *raise* doubts, but not *explain*:
 Where all is spangle, glitter, show,
 And truth is overlaid below:
 Arts scorn'd by History's sober Muse,
 Arts Clarendon distain'd to use.

Whate'er the subject of debate,
 'Twas larded still with sceptic prate;
 Begin whatever theme you will,
 In unbelief he lands you still;
 The good, with shame I speak it, feel
 Not half this proselyting zeal;
 While cold their Master's cause to own,
 Content to go to Heaven alone;
 The infidel in liberal trim,
 Would carry all the world with him;
 Would treat his wife, friend, kindred,
 notion,

Mankind — with what? — Annihilation.
 Tho' Florio did not quite believe him,
 He thought, why should a friend de-
 ceive him?

Much as he priz'd Bellario's wit,
 He lik'd not all his notions yet;
 He thought him charming, pleasant, odd,
 But hop'd one might believe in God;
 Yet such the charms that grac'd his
 tongue,

He knew not how to think him wrong.
 Tho' Florio tried a thousand ways,
 Truth's insuppressive torch would blaze;
 Where once her flame has burnt, I doubt
 If ever it go fairly out.

Yet under great Bellario's care
 He gain'd each day a better air;
 With many a leader of renown,
 Deep in the learning of the town,
 Who never other science knew,
 But what from that prime source they
 drew;

Pleas'd to the opera they repair,
 To get recruits of knowledge there;
 Mythology gain at a glance,
 And learn the classics from a dance:
 In Ovid they ne'er car'd a groat
 How far'd the venturous Argonaut;
 Yet charm'd they see Medea rise
 On fiery dragons to the skies.
 For Dido, tho' they never knew her,
 As Maro's magic pencil drew her,
 Faithful, and fond, and broken-hearted,
 Her pious vagabond departed;
 Yet, for Didone how they roar!
 And *cara! cara!* loud encore.

One taste Bellario's soul possess'd,
 The master-passion of his breast;
 It was not one of those frail joys,
 Which, by possession, quickly cloy;
 This bliss was solid, constant, true,
 'Twas action, and 'twas passion too;
 For tho' the business might be finish'd,
 The pleasure scarcely was diminish'd;
 Did he ride out, or sit, or walk,
 He liv'd it o'er again in talk;
 Prolong'd the fugitive delight,
 In words by day, in dreams by night.
 'Twas *eating* did his soul allure,
 A deep, keen, modish epicure;
 Tho' once this name, as I opine,
 Meant not such men as live to dine;
 Yet all our modern Wits assure us,
 That's all *they* know of Epicurus:
 They fondly fancy, that repletion
 Was the *chief good* of that fam'd Gre-
 cian.

To live in gardens full of flowers,
 And talk philosophy in bowers,
 Or, in the covert of a wood,
 To descant on the *sovereign good*,
 Might be the notion of their founder,
 But they have notions vastly sounder;
 Their bolder standards they erect,
 To form a more substantial sect;
 Old Epicurus would not own 'em;
 A dinner is their *summum bonum*.
 More like you 'll find such sparks as
 these

To Epicurus' Deities;
 Like them they mix not with affairs,
 But loll and laugh at human cares.
 To beaux this difference is allow'd,
 They choose a sofa for a cloud;
 Bellario had embrac'd with glee
 This practical philosophy.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

THE WIDOW TO HER HOUR-GLASS.

Come, friend, I'll turn thee up again:
Companion of the lonely hour!
Spring thirty times hath fed with rain
And cloth'd with leaves my humble
bower;

Since thou hast stood
In frame of wood,
On chest or window by my side:
At every birth still thou wert near,
Still spoke thine admonitions clear —
And, when my husband died.

I've often watch'd thy streaming sand
And seen the growing mountain rise,
And often found life's hopes to stand
On props as weak as Wisdom's eyes:

Its conic crown
Still sliding down,
Again heap'd up, then down again:
The sand above more hollow grew,
Like days and years still filt'ring through,
And mingling joy and pain.

While thus I spin and sometimes sing
(For now and then my heart will glow)
Thou measur'st Time's expanding wing:
By thee the noontide hour I know:

Though silent thou,
Still shalt thou flow,
And jog along thy destin'd way,
But when I glean the sultry fields,
When earth her yellow harvest yields,
Thou get'st a holiday.

Steady as truth, on either end
Thy daily task performing well,
Thou'rt Meditation's constant friend,
And strik'st the heart without a bell:

Come, lovely May!
Thy lengthen'd day
Shall gild once more my native plain:
Curl inward here, sweet Woodbine
flower; —
Companion of the lonely hour,
I'll turn thee up again.

ROSY HANNAH.

A spring, o'erhung with many a flower,
The gray sand dancing in its bed,
Embank'd beneath a hawthorn bower,
Sent forth its waters near my head.

A rosy lass approach'd my view;
I caught her blue eyes' modest beam;
The stranger nodded 'How-d'ye-do?'
And leap'd across the infant stream.

The water heedless pass'd away;
With me her glowing image stayed;
I strove, from that auspicious day,
To meet her where beneath our feet

Through downy moss the wild thyme
grew;
Nor moss elastic, flowers though sweet,
Match'd Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

I met her where the dark woods wave,
And shaded verdure skirts the plain;
And when the pale moon rising gave
New glories to her rising train.
From her sweet cot upon the moor,
Our plighted vows to heaven are down;
Truth made me welcome at her door;
And rosy Hannah is my own.

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

EXTRACT from 'THE BAVIAD'.

A PARAPHRASTIC IMITATION OF THE FIRST SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

*Impune ergo mihi recitaverit ille Sonettas,
Hic Elegos!*

P. When I look round on man, and
find how vain
His passions —

F. Save us from this canting strain!
Why, who will read it?

P. Say'st thou *this* to me?

F. None, by my life.

P. What, none? Nay, two or three —

F. No, not one. 'Tis sad; but —

P. Sad; but — why?

Pity is insult here. I care not, I,
Tho' Boswell, of a song and supper vein,
And Bell's whole choir (an ever-jingling
train),

In splay-foot madrigals their pow'rs
combine,

To praise Miles Andrews' verse, and
censure mine —

No, not a jot. Let the besotted town
Bestow as fashion prompts the laurel
crown;

But do not Thou, who mak'st a fair
pretence

To that best boon of Heaven, *Common
Sense*,

Resign thy judgment to the rout, and
pay

Knee-worship to the idol of the day:
For all here —

F. What? Speak freely; let me know,

P. O might I! durst I! Then — but
let it go.

Yet, when I view the follies that engage
The full-grown children of this piping
age;

See snivelling Jerningham at fifty weep
O'er love-lorn oxen and deserted sheep.

See Cowley frisk it to one ding - done
chime,

And weekly cuckold her poor spouse
in rhyme;

See Thrale's grey widow with a satchel
roam,

And bring in pomp laborious nothings
home;

See Robinson forget her state, and
move

On crutches tow'rd the grave, to «Light
o' Love,»

See Parsons while all sound advice he
scorns,

Mistake two soft excrescences for horns;
And butting all he meets, with awkward
pains,

Lay bare his forehead, and expose his
brains:

I scarce can rule my spleen —

F. Forbear, forbear;

And what the great delight in learn to
spare.

P. It must not, cannot be; for I was
born

To brand obtrusive ignorance with
scorn;

On bloated pedantry to pour my rage,
And hiss preposterous fustian from the
stage.

Lo, *Della Crusca*! in his closet pent,
He toils to give the crude conception
vent.

Abortive thoughts that right and wrong
confound,

Truth sacrific'd to letters, sense to sound;
False glare, incongruous images, com-
bine;

And noise and nonsense clatter through
the line.

'Tis done. Her house the generous Piozzi
lends,

And thither summons her blue-stocking
friends;

The summons her blue-stocking friends
obey,

Lur'd by the love of Poetry — and Tea.
The Bard steps forth in birth-day splen-
dour drest,

His right hand graceful waving o'er his
breast,

His left extending, so that all might see,
A roll inscrib'd «The wreath of Liberty.»

So forth he steps, and with complacent
air,

Bows round the circle, and assumes the
chair:

With lemonade he gargles first his throat,
Then sweetly preludes to the liquid
note:

And now 'tis silence all. *Genius or
Muse*,

Thus while the flowry subject he pur-
sues,

A wild delirium round th' assembly flies;
Unusual lustre shoots from Emma's eyes;

Luxurious Arno drivels as he stands;
And Anna frisks, and Laura claps her
hands.

O wretched man! And dost thou toil
to please,

At this late hour such prurient ears as
these?

Is thy poor pride contented to receive
Such transitory fame as fools can give?

Fools who, unconscious of the critic's
laws,

Rain in such show'rs their indistinct
applause.

That Thou, even Thou, who liv'st upon
renown,

And with eternal puffs insult'st the
town,

Art forc'd at length to check the idiot
roar,

And cry, «For heaven's sweet sake, no
more, no more!

«But why (thou say'st) why am I learn'd,
why fraught

«With all the priest and all the sage
have taught,

«If the huge mass, within my bosom
pent,

(Must struggle there, despairing of a
vent?»

Thou learn'd! Alas, for Learning! She
 is sped.
 And hast thou dimm'd thy eyes, and
 rack'd thy head
 And broke thy rest for *This*, for *This*
 alone?
 And is thy knowledge nothing if not
 known?
 O fool, fool, fool! — But still, thou
 criest, 'tis sweet
 To hear «That's He!» from every one
 we meet;
 That's he whom critic Bell declares
 divine,
 For whom the fair diurnal laurels twine,
 Whom Magazines, Reviews, conspire to
 praise,
 And Greathead calls the Homer of our
 days.

F. And it is nothing, then, to hear
 our name
 Thus blazon'd by the general voice of
 Fame?

P. Nay, it were every thing, did *That*
 dispense
 The sober verdict found by taste and
 sense.

But mark our jury. O'er the flowing
 bowl,
 When wine has drown'd all energy of
 soul,

Ere *Faro* comes (a dreary interval!)
 For some fond fashionable lay they call.
 Here the spruce ensign, tottering on
 his chair,

With lisping accent, and affected air,
 Recounts the wayward fate of that poor
 poet,

Who, born for anguish, and dispos'd to
 shew it,

Did yet so awkwardly his means em-
 ploy, [joy.

That gaping fiends mistook his grief for
 Lost in amaze at language so divine,
 The audience hiccup, and exclaim,
 «Damn'd fine!»

And are not now the author's ashes
 blest?

Now lies the turf not lightly on his
 breast?

Do not sweet violets now around him
 bloom?

Laurels now burst spontaneous from
 his tomb?

F. This is mere mockery: and (in
 your ear)

Reason is ill refuted by a sneer.
 Is praise an evil? Is there to be found
 One so indifferent to its soothing sound,
 As not to wish hereafter, to be known,
 And make a long futurity his own;
 Rather than —

P. — With 'Squire Jerningham de-
 scend
 To pastry-cooks and moths, «and there
 an end!»

O thou that deign'st this homely scene
 to share,

Thou know'st when chance (tho' this
 indeed be rare)

With random gleams of wit has grac'd
 my lays,

Thou know'st too well how I have re-
 lish'd praise.

Not mine the soul that pants not after
 fame —

Ambitious of a poet's envied name,
 I haunt the sacred fount, athirst to
 prove

The grateful influence of the stream I
 love.

And yet, my friend (though still at
 praise bestow'd

Mine eye has glister'd, and my cheek
 has glow'd)

Yet when I prostitute the lyre to gain
 The eulogies that wait each modish
 strain,

May the sweet Muse my groveling hopes
 withstand,

And tear the string indignant from my
 hand;

Nor think that, while my verse too much
 I prize,

Too much th' applause of fashion I
 despise;

For mark to what 'tis given, and then
 declare,

Mean tho' I am, if it be worth my care.
 Is it not given to Este's unmeaning dash,

To Topham's fustian, Colman's flippant
 trash,

To Andrews' doggrel — where three
 wits combine,

To Morton's catch-word, Greathead's
 idiot line,

And Holcroft's Shuglane cant, and Mer-
 ry's Moorfields whine.

Skill'd in one useful science at the least,
 The great man comes, and spreads a
 sumptuous feast;

Then, when his guests behold the prize
 at stake,

And thirst and hunger only are awake,
 My friends, he cries, what do the gal-
 leries say,

And what the boxes, of my last new
 play?

Speak freely, tell me all — come, be
 sincere;

For truth, you know, is music to my
 ear.

They speak? Alas, they cannot! But
 shall I,

I who receive no bribe, who dare not
lie?
This then — «that worse was never
writ before,
Nor worse will be — till thou shalt
write once more.»
Blest be «two-headed Janus!» tho' in-
clin'd,
No waggish stork can peck at him be-
hind;
He no wry mouth, no lolling tongue
can fear,
Nor the brisk twinkling of an ass's ear.
But you, ye St. Johns, curs'd with one
poor head,
Alas! what mockeries have not ye to
dread!
Hear now our guests: — The critics,
sir! they cry —
Merit like yours the critics may defy.
But this indeed they say — «Your varied
rhymes,
At once the boast and envy of the
times,
In every page, song, sonnet, what you
will,
Shew boundless genius, and unrivall'd
skill.
If comedy be yours, the searching strain
Gives a sweet pleasure, so chastis'd by
pain
That e'en the guilty at their sufferings
smile,
And bless the lancet, tho' they bleed
the while.
If tragedy, th' impassion'd numbers flow
In all the sad variety of woe,
With such a liquid lapse, that they
betray
The breast unwares, and steal the soul
away.»

Thus fool'd, the moon-struck tribe, whose
best essays
Sunk in acrostics and in roundelays,
To loftier labours now pretend a call,
And bustle in heroics, one and all.
E'en Bertie burns of gods and chiefs to
sing —
Bertie who lately twitter'd to the string
His namby-pamby madrigals of love,
In the dark dingles of a glittering
grove,
Where airy lays, woven by the hand
of morn,
Were hung to dry upon a cobweb
thorn!!!
Happy the soil where bards like mush-
rooms rise,
And ask no culture but what Byshe
supplies!
Happier the bards who, write whate'er
they will,
Find gentle readers to admire them
still!
Some love the verse that like Maria's
flows
No rubs to stagger, and no sense to
pose;
Which read, and read, you raise your
eyes in doubt,
And gravely wonder what it is about.
These fancy 'Bell's Poetics' only sweet,
And intercept his hawkers in the street;
There, smoaking hot, inhale Mit Yenda's
strains,
And the rank fume of Tony Pasquin's
brains.
Other's, like Kemble, on black letter pore,
And what they do not understand, adore,
Buy at vast sums the *trash* of ancient
days,
And draw on prodigality for praise.

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

Sweet flowers! that from your humble
beds
Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And trust your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius' watery skies;

Retire, retire! *These* tepid airs
Are not the genial brood of May;
That sun with light malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray.

Stern Winter's reign is not yet past —
Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
On icy pinions comes the blast,
And nips your root, and lays you low.

Alas, for such ungentle doom!
But I will shield you; and supply
A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
A nobler bed on which to die.

Come then — ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
O come, and grace my Anna's breast.

Ye droop, fond flowers! But, did ye know
What worth, what goodness there reside,
Your cups with liveliest tints would glow,
And spread their leaves with conscious
pride.

For there has liberal Nature join'd
Her riches to the stores of Art,
And added to the vigorous mind,
The soft, the sympathizing heart.

Come then — ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your
crest,

And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
O come and grace my Anna's breast.

O! I should think, — that fragment bed
Might I but hope with you to share, —

Years of anxiety repaid,
By one short hour of transport there.

More blest than me, thus shall ye live
Your little day; and when ye die,
Sweet flowers! the grateful muse shall
give
A verse; the sorrowing maid, a sigh.

While I alas! no distant date,
Mix with the dust from whence I came,
Without a friend to weep my fate,
Without a stone to tell my name.

LINES WRITTEN TWO YEARS AFTER THE PRECEDING.

I wish I was where Anna lies;
For I am sick of lingering here,
And every hour affection cries,
Go, and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could! For when she died,
I lost my all; and life has prov'd
Since that sad hour a dreary void,
A waste unlovely, and unlov'd.

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moss away,
And weeds that have «no business
there?»

And who with pious hand shall bring
The flowers she cherish'd, snow-drops
cold,
And violets that unheeded spring,
To scatter o'er her hollow'd mold?

And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I did it; and would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore —
But health and strength have left me
now,
And I alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid! this simple
strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine;
Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with music vie,
Thy air, that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye,

Thy spirits, frolicsome, as good,
Thy courage, by no ills dismay'd,
Thy patience, by no wrongs subdu'd,
Thy gay good-humour — can they «fade!»

Perhaps — but sorrow dims my eye:
Cold turf, which I no more must view,
Dear name, which I no more, must sigh,
A long, a last, a sad adieu!

GEORGE COLMAN.

BROAD GRINS.

Tom, Dick, and Will, were little known
No matter; — [to Fame:
But to the ale-house, oftentimes, they
To chatter. [came,
It was the custom of these three
To sit up late;
And, o'er the embers of the ale-house
fire,
When steadier customers retire,

The choice *triumviri*, d'ye see,
Held a debate.
Held a debate? — On politics, no doubt.
Not so: — they cared not who was in,
No, not a pin —
Nor who was out.
All their discourse on modern poets ran:
For in the muses was their sole de-
light: —

They talked of such, and such, and
such a man;
Of those who could, and those who could
not write.

It cost them very little pains
To count the modern poets, who had
brains.

'Twas a small difficulty: — 'twasn't any;
They were so few:

But to cast up the scores of men
Who wield a stump they call a pen,
Lord! they had much to do, —

They were so many!
Buoy'd on a sea of fancy, Genius rises,
And like the rare leviathan surprises;
But the *small fry* of scribblers! — tiny
souls!

They wriggle thro' the mud in shoals.
It would have raised a smile to see the
faces

They made, and the ridiculous grimaces,
At many an author, as they overhaul'd
him.

They gave no quarter to a calf,
Blown up with puff, and paragraph;
But, if they found him bad, they maul'd
him.

On modern dramatists they fell,
Pounce, *vi et armis* — tooth and nail
— pell mell:

They call'd them carpenters, and smugg-
lers;
Filching their incidents from ancient
hoards,
And knocking them together, like deal
boards:

And jugglers;
Who all the town's attention fix,
By making — plays? — No, sir; by mak-
ing *tricks*.

The versifiers — Heaven defend us!
They play'd the very devil with their
rhymes:

They hoped Apollo a new set would
send us; —

And then, invidiously enough,
Placed moodish verse, which they call'd
stuff,

Against the writings of the elder times.
To say the truth, a modern versifier
Clapp'd cheek by jowl

With Pope, with Dryden, and with
Prior,

Would look damn'd scurvily, upon my
soul!

For Novels, should their critic hints
succeed,

The Misses might fare better, when
they took 'em;

But it would fare extremely ill, indeed,
With gentle *Messieurs Lane*, and
Hookham.

«A Novel, now,» says *Will*, «is nothing
more

Than an old castle — and a creaking
door —

A distant hovel —
Clanking of chains — a gallery — a
light, —

Old armour — and a phantom all in
white —

And there's a Novel!
«Scourge me such catch-penny inditers
Out of the land,» quoth *Will* — rousing
in passion —

«And fie upon the readers of such
writers,

Who bring them into fashion!»
Will rose in declamation. «'Tis the
bane,»

Says he, «of youth; — 'tis the perdition:
It fills a giddy female brain

With vice, romance, lust, terror, pain, —
With superstition.

«Were I pastor in a boarding-school,
I'd quash such books *in toto*; — if I
couldn't,

Let me but catch one Miss that broke
my rule,

I'd flog her soundly; damme if I
wouldn't.»

William, 'tis plain, was getting in a
rage;

But, *Thomas* dryly said, — for he was
cool —

«I think no gentleman would mend the
age

By flogging ladies at a boarding-school.»
Dick knock'd the ashes from his pipe,

And said, «Friend *Will*,
You give the Novels a fair wipe;

But still,
While you, my friend, with passion run
'em down,

They're in the hands of all the town.
«The reason's plain,» proceeded *Dick*,

«And simply thus —
Taste, over-glutt'd, grows depraved, and
sick,

And needs a *stimulus*.

«Time was, — (when honest Fielding
writ,) —

Tales full of nature, character, and wit,
Were reckon'd most delicious boil'd

and roast:

But stomachs are so cloy'd with novel-
feeding,

Folks get a vitiated taste in reading,
And want that strong provocative, a
Ghost.

Or, to come nearer,
And put the case a little clearer: —

Minds, just like bodies, suffer enervation,
By too much use;

And sink into a state of relaxation,
 With long abuse.
 «Now, a Romance, with reading de-
 bauchees,
 Rouses their torpid powers, when Na-
 ture fails:
 And all their Legendary Tales
 Are, to a worn-out mind, cantharides.
 «But how to cure the evil? you will say:
 My *recipe* is, — laughing it away.
 «Lay bare the weak farrago of those men
 Who fabricate such visionary schemes,
 As if the night-mare rode upon their pen,

And troubled all their ink with hideous
 dreams.
 «For instance — when a solemn Ghost
 stalks in,
 And, thro' a mystic tale is busy,
 Strip me the gentleman into his skin —
 What is he?
 «Truly, ridiculous enough:
 Mere trash; and very childish stuff.
 «Draw but a Ghost, or Fiend, *of low*
degree,
 And all the bubble's broken: — Let us
 see.»

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A *man*, in many a country town, we
 know,
 Professes openly with Death to wrestle;
 Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
 Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.
 Yet, some affirm, no enemies they are;
 But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,
 Who first shake hands before they box,
 Then give each other plaguy knocks,
 With all the love and kindness of a
 brother:

So (many a suffering patient saith,) —
 Tho' the Apothecary fights with Death,
 Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
 Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne:
 No man could better gild a pill;
 Or make a bill;
 Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
 Or draw a tooth out of your head;
 Or chatter scandal by your bed;
 Or give a clyster.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff.*:
 Yet, still, he thought the list not long
 enough;
 And therefore midwifery he chose to
 pin to't.

This balanced things: — for if he hurl'd
 A few score mortals from the world,
 He made amends by bringing others
 into't.

His fame, full six miles round the
 country ran;

In short, in reputation he was *solus*:
 All the old women call'd him «a fine
 man!»

His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, tho' in *trade*,
 (Which oftentimes will Genius fether)
 Read works of fancy, it is said:
 And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd?
 Can't men have taste who cure a phthi-
 sick?

Of poetry tho' patron-God,
 Apollo patronizes physic.
 Bolus loved verse; — and took so much
 delight in't,
 That his prescriptions he resolved to
 write in't:
 No opportunity he e'er let pass
 Of writing the directions, on his labels,
 In dapper couplets, — like *Gay's Fables*;
 Or, rather, like the lines in *Hudibras*.
 Apothecary's verse! — and where's the
 treason?

'Tis simply honest dealing; — not [a
 crime: — [reason,
 When patients swallow physic without
 It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
 Some three miles from the town — it
 might be four:

To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an
 article,

In pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical;
 And, on the label of this stuff,

He wrote this verse;
 Which, one would think, was [clear
 And terse: —

When taken,
To be well shaken.»

Next morning, early, Bolus rose;
 And to the patient's house he goes:
 Upon his pad,

Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
 It was, indeed, a very sorry hack;
 But that's of course:

For what's expected from a horse,
 With an Apothecary on his back?
 Bolus arrived; — and gave a doubtful
 tap; —

Between a single and a double rap. —
 Knocks of this kind

Are given by gentlemen who teach to
 dance;

By fiddlers, and by opera-singers:
 One loud, and then a little one behind;

As if the knocker fell, by chance,
 Out of their fingers.
 The servant lets him in, with dismal
 face,
 Long as a courtier's out of place —
 Portending some disaster:
 John's countenance as rueful look'd, and
 grim,
 As if th' Apothecary had physick'd him,—
 And not his master.
 «Well, how's the patient?» Bolus said —
 John shook his head.
 «Indeed! — hum! — ha! — that's very
 odd!
 He took the draught?» — John gave
 a nod.
 «Well, how? — what then? — speak
 out, you dunce!»
 «Why then» — says John — » we *shook*
 him once.»
 «Shook him! — how?» — Bolus stam-
 mer'd out; —
 «We jolted him about.»
 «Zounds! shake a patient, man! — a shake
 won't do.»

«No, Sir — and so we gave him *two*.»
 «Two shakes! od's curse!
 'Twould make the patient worse.»
 «It did so, sir! — and so a third we
 tried.»
 «Well, and what then?» — «Then, sir,
 my master died.»

Ere *Will* had done 'twas waxing won-
 d'rous late:
 And reeling bucks the street began to
 scour; [tering gait,
 While guardian watchmen, with a tot-
 Cried every thing, quite clear, except
 the hour.
 «Another pot,» says *Tom*, and then
 A song; — and so good night, good
 gentlemen!
 «I've lyrics, such as *bon vivants* indite,
 In which your bibbers of Champagne
 delight. —
 The poetaster, bawling them in clubs,
 Obtains a miserably noted name;
 And every noisy bacchanalian dubs
 The singing-writer with a bastard fame.»

GEORGE CRABBE.

ADDRESS OF AN ILL-FATED LADY TO HER SISTER.

Let me not have this gloomy view
 About my room, around my bed;
 But morning roses, wet with dew,
 To cool my burning brows instead.
 As flowers that once on Eden grew,
 Let them their fragrant spirit shed,
 And every day the sweets renew,
 Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

O, let the herbs I loved to rear
 Give to my sense their perfumed breath;
 Let them be placed about my bier,
 And grace the gloomy hour of death.
 I'll have my grave beneath a hill,
 Where only Lucy's self shall know,
 — Where runs the pure pellucid rill
 Upon its gravelly bed below;
 — There violets on the borders blow,
 And insects their soft light display,
 Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
 Their cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shewn,
 The soil a pure and silver sand,
 The green cold moss above it grown,
 Unpluck'd of all but maiden hand;
 In virgin earth till then unturn'd,
 Then let my maiden form be laid;

Nor let my changed clay be spurn'd,
 Nor for new guests that bed be made.

There will the lark — the lamb in sport,
 In air — on earth — securely play,
 And Lucy to my grave resort,
 As innocent, but not so gay.
 I will not have the churchyard ground,
 With bones all black and ugly grown,
 To press my shiv'ring body round,
 Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,
 In darkening beds of cold blue clay,
 Through which the ringed earthworms
 creep,
 And on the shrouded bosom prey;
 I will not hear the bell proclaim
 When those sad marriage rites begin;
 And boys, without regard and shame
 Press the vile mouldering masses in.

Say not it is beneath my care,
 I cannot those cold truths allow:
 These thoughts may not afflict me there,
 But, oh, they vex and tease me now.
 Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,
 That man a maiden's grave may trace,

But let my Lucy come alone,
And let affection find the place.

Oh, take me from a world I hate!
Men, cruel, selfish, sensual, cold;
And in some pure and blessed state

Let me my sister-minds behold:
From gross and sordid views refined,
Our heaven of spotless love to share,
For only generous souls design'd,
And not a man to meet us there.

THE ALMS-HOUSE, from 'THE BOROUGH'.

*Thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp — if thou
wast any way given to virtue, I would swear by
thy face; my oath should be by this fire. Oh! thou
'rt a perpetual triumph, thou hast saved me a
thousand marks in links and torches, walking in
a night betwixt tavern and tavern.*

Shakspeare.

See! yonder Badgeman, with that glow-
ing face,
A meteor shining in this sober place;
Vast sums were paid, and many years
were past,
Ere gems so rich around their radiance
cast:
Such was the fiery front that Bardolph
wore,
Guiding his master to the tavern-door;
There first that meteor rose, and there
alone,
In its due place, the rich effulgence
shone:
But this strange fire the seat of peace
invades,
And shines portentous in these solemn
shades.

Benbow, a boon companion, long ap-
proved
By jovial sets, and (as he thought) be-
loved,
Was judged as one to joy and friend-
ship prone,
And deem'd injurious to himself alone;
Gen'rous and free, he paid but small
regard
To trade, and fail'd; and some declared
«'twas hard:»
These were his friends — his foes con-
ceived the case
Of common kind; — he sought and found
disgrace:
The reasoning few, who neither scorn'd
nor loved,
His feelings pitied and his faults re-
proved.

Benbow, the father, left possessions
fair,
A worthy name and business to his heir;
Benbow, the son, those fair possessions
sold,
And lost his credit, while he spent the
gold:
He was a jovial trader: men enjoy'd

The night with him; his day was un-
employ'd;
So when his credit and his cash were
spent,
Here, by mistaken pity, he was sent;
Of late he came, with passions unsub-
dued,
And shared and cursed the hated soli-
tude,
Where gloomy thoughts arise, where
grievous cares intrude.
Known but in drink, — he found an
easy friend,
Well pleased his worth and honour to
commend;
And thus informed, the guardian of the
trust
Heard the applause, and said the claim
was just;
A worthy soul! unfitted for the strife,
Care and contention of a busy life; —
Worthy, and why? — that o'er the mid-
night bowl
He made his friend the partner of his
soul,
And any man his friend; — then thus
in glee,
«I speak my mind, I love the truth,»
quoth he;
Till 'twas his fate that useful truth to
find,
'Tis sometimes prudent not to speak
the mind.

With wine inflated, man is all up-
blown,
And feels a power which he believes
his own;
With fancy soaring to the skies, he
thinks
His all the virtues all the while he drinks;
But when the *gas* from the *balloon* is
gone,
When sober thoughts and serious cares
come on,
Where then the worth that in himself
he found? —
Vanish'd — and he sank grov'ling on
the ground.

Still some conceit will Benbow's mind
inflate,
Poor as he is, — 'tis pleasant to relate

The joys he once possess'd — it soothes
his present state.

Seated with some grey beadsman, he
regrets
His former feasting, though it swell'd
his debts;
Toppers once famed, his friends in ear-
lier days,
Well he describes, and thinks descrip-
tion praise:
Each hero's worth with much delight
he paints,
Martyrs they were, and he would make
them saints.

«Alas, alas!» Old England now may
say,
«My glory withers; it has had its day:
We're fallen on evil times; men read
and think;
Our bold forefathers loved to fight and
drink.

«Then lived the good 'Squire Asgill
— what a change
Has death and fashion shown us at the
Grange?
He bravely thought it best became his
rank,
That all his tenants and his tradesmen
drank;
He was delighted from his favourite
room
To see them 'cross the park go daily
home,
Praising aloud the liquor and the host,
And striving who should venerate him
most.

«No pride had he, and there was dif-
ference small
Between the master's and the servants'
hall;
And here or there the guests were wel-
come all.
Of Heaven's free gifts he took no spe-
cial care,
He never quarrel'd for a simple hare;
But sought, by giving sport, a sports-
man's name,
Himself a poacher, though at other
game:
He never planted nor inclosed — his
trees
Grew like himself, untroubled and at
ease:
Bounds of all kinds he hated, and had
felt
Choked and imprison'd in a modern
belt,
Which some rare genius now has twined
about
The good old house, to keep old neigh-
bours out:
Alugo his valleys, in the evening-hours,

The borough-damsels stray'd to gather
flowers,
Or, by the brakes and brushwood of the
park,
To take their pleasant rambles in the
dark.

«Some prudes, of rigid kind, forbore
to call
On the kind females — favourites at
the hall;
But better natures saw, with much de-
light,
The different orders of mankind unite;
'Twas schooling pride to see the foot-
man wait,

Smile on his sister and receive her plate.
«His worship ever was a churchman
true,

He held in scorn the methodistic crew;
May God defend the church, and save
the king,

He'd pray devoutly and divinely sing.
Admit that he the holy day would spend
As priests approved not, still he was
a friend:

Much then I blame the preacher, as too
nice,

To call such trifles by the name of vice;
Hinting, though gently and with cau-
tious speech,

Of good example — 'tis their trade to
preach:

But still 'twas pity, when the worthy
'squire

Stuck to the church; what more could
they require?

'Twas almost joining that fanatic crew,
To throw such morals at his honour's
pew;

A weaker man, had he been so reviled,
Had left the place — he only swore
and smiled.

«But think, ye rectors and ye cu-
rates, think,
Who are your friends, and at their frail-
ties wink;

Conceive not — mounted on your Sun-
day-throne,
Your fire-brands fall upon your foes
alone;

They strike your patrons — and, should
all withdraw

In whom your wisdoms may discern a
flaw,

You would the flower of all your au-
dience lose,

And spend your crackers on their empty
pews.

«The father dead, the son has found
a wife,

And lives a formal, proud, unsocial
life; —

The lands are now inclosed; the tenants all,
Save at a rent-day, never see the Hall:
No lass is suffer'd o'er the walks to come,
And if there's love, they have it all at home.

«Oh! could the ghost of our good squire arise,
And see such change; 'twould not believe its eyes;
'Twould sadly glide about from place to place,
And mourn the manners of a feeblér race:

At that long table, where the servants found

Mirth and abundance while the year went round;

Where a huge pollard on the winter fire,

At a huge distance made them all retire;

Where not a measure in the room was kept,

And but one rule — they tippled till they slept, —

There would it see a pale old hag preside,

A thing made up of stinginess and pride;
Who carves the meat, as if the flesh

could feel,
Careless whose flesh must miss the plentiful meal:

Here would the ghost a small coal-fire behold,

Not fit to keep one body from the cold;
Then would it flit to higher rooms, and stay

To view a dull, drest company at play;
All the old comfort, all the genial fare

For ever gone! how sternly would it stare;

And though it might not to their view appear,

'Twould cause among them lassitude and fear;

Then wait to see — where he delight has seen —

The dire effect of fretfulness and spleen.

«Such were the worthies of these better days;

We had their blessings — they shall have our praise.

«Of Captain Dowling would you hear me speak?

I'd sit and sing his praises for a week:
He was a man, and man-like all his joy, —

I'm led to question was he ever boy?
Beef was his breakfast; — if from sea

and salt;

It relish'd better with his wine of malt;
Then, till he dined, if walking in or out,
Whether the gravel teased him or the gout,

Though short in wind and flannel'd every limb,

He drank with all who had concerns with him:

Whatever trader, agent, merchant, came,
They found him ready, every hour the same;

Whatever liquors might between them pass,

He took them all, and never balk'd his glass:

Nay, with the seamen working in the ship,

At their request, he'd share the grog and flip:

But in the club-room was his chief delight,

And punch the favourite liquor of the night;

Man after man they from the trial shrank,

And Dowling ever was the last who drank:

Arrived at home, he, ere he sought his bed,

With pipe and brandy would compose his head;

Then half an hour was o'er the news beguiled,

When he retired as harmless as a child.
Set but aside the gravel and the gout,

And breathing short — his sand ran fairly out.

«At fifty-five we lost him — after that Life grows insipid, and its pleasures flat;

He had indulged in all that man can have,

He did not drop a dotard to his grave;
Still to the last, his feet upon the chair,

With rattling lungs now gone beyond repair;

When on each feature Death had fix'd his stamp,

And not a doctor could the body vamp;
Still at the last, to his beloved bowl

He clung, and cheer'd the sadness of his soul;

For though a man may not have much to fear,

Yet death looks ugly, when the view is near:

— 'I go,' he said, 'but still my friends shall say,

'Twas as a man — I did not sneak away;
An honest life, with worthy souls I've spent, —

Come fill my glass;' — he took it and he went.

«Poor Dolly Murrey! — I might live
to see
My hundredth year, and not such lass
as she.
Easy by nature, in her humour gay,
She chose her comforts, ratafia and
play:
She loved the social game, the decent
glass;
And was a jovial, friendly, laughing lass;
We sat not then at *whist* demure and
still,
But pass'd the pleasant hours at gay
quadrille:
Lame in her side, we placed her in her
seat,
Her hands were free, she cared not for
her feet;
As the game ended, came the glass
around,
(So was the loser cheer'd, the winner
crown'd.)
Mistress of secrets, both the young and
old
In her confided — not a tale she told;
Love never made impression on her
mind,
She held him babish, and his captives
blind;
She suffer'd no man her free soul to vex,
Her sex's pattern, without thoughts of
sex;
Our timid girls and lovers half afraid,
All shunn'd the speeches of the frank
old maid.

«Once in her chair we'd placed the
good old lass,
Where first she took her preparation-
glass;
By lucky thought she'd been that day
at prayers,
And long before had fix'd her small
affairs;
So all was easy — on her cards she cast
A smiling look; I saw the thought that
pass'd:
'A king,' she call'd — though conscious
of her skill,
'Do more,' I answer'd — 'More,' she
said, I will;
And more she did — Cards answer'd
to her call,
She saw the mighty to her mightier fall:
'A vole! a vole!' she cried, 'tis fairly
won,
My game is ended and my work is
done;' —
This said, she gently, with a single sigh,
Died as one taught and practised how
to die.
«Such were the dead-departed; I sur-
vive,
To breathe in pain among the dead-
alive.»
The bell then call'd these ancient men
to pray,
«Again!» said Benbow, — «tolls it every
day?
Where is the life I led?» — He sigh'd
and walk'd his way.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

SEA-SONGS.

THE FLOWING CAN.

A sailor's life 's a life of woe,
He works now late, now early,
Now up and down, now to and fro —
What then? he takes it cheerly;
Bless'd with a smiling can of grog,
If duty call,
Stand, rise, or fall,
To fate's last verge he'll jog:
The cadge to weigh,
The sheets belay,
He does it with a wish!
To heave the lead,
Or to cat-head
The ponderous anchor fish:
For while the grog goes round,
All sense of danger drowned,

We despise it to a man:
We sing a little, we laugh a little,
And work a little, and swear a little,
And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
And swig the flowing can.
If howling winds and roaring seas
Give proof of coming danger,
We view the storm, our hearts at
ease,
For Jack's to fear a stranger.
Blest with the smiling grog we fly,
Where now below
We headlong go,
Now rise on mountains high:
Spite of the gale,
We hand the sail,
Or take the needful reef,

Or man the deck,
 To clear the wreck,
 To give the ship relief;
 Though peri's threat around,
 All sense of danger drown'd,
 We despise it to a man,
 We sing a little, etc.

But yet think not our fate is hard,
 Though storms at sea thus treat us,
 For coming home, a sweet reward,
 With smiles our sweethearts greet us!
 Now too the friendly grog we quaff,
 Our am'rous toast,
 Her we love most,
 And gaily sing and laugh:
 The sails we furl,
 Then for each girl
 The merry tunes we play,
 The deck we clear,
 Then three times cheer,
 As we their charms survey;
 And then the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger drowned,
 We despise it to a man:
 We sing a little, etc.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Avert yon omen, gracious Heaven! —
 The ugly scud,
 By rising winds resistless driven,
 Kisses the flood.
 How hard the lot for sailors cast,
 That they should roam
 For years, to perish thus at last
 In sight of home!
 For if the coming gale we mourn
 A tempest grows,
 Our vessel's shatter'd so and torn,
 That down she goes!

The tempest comes, whi'e meteors red
 Portentous fly;
 And now we touch old Ocean's bed,
 Now reach the sky!
 On sable wings, in gloomy flight,
 Fiends seem to wait,
 To snatch us in this dreadful night,
 Dark as our fate:
 Unless some kind, some pitying Power
 Should interpose,
 She labours so within this hour,
 Down she goes!

But see, on rosy pinions borne,
 O'er the mad deep,
 Reluctant beams the sorrowing morn,
 With us to weep.
 Deceitful sorrow, cheerless light —
 Dreadful to think —

The morn is risen, in endless night
 Our hopes to sink!
 She splits! she parts! — through sluices
 driven
 The water flows!
 Adieu, ye friends! have mercy, heaven!
 For down she goes!

JACK AT GREENWICH.

We tars are all for fun and glee, —
 A hornpipe was my notion;
 Time was I'd dance with any he
 That sails the salt sea ocean.
 I'd tip the roll, the slide, the reel,
 Back, forward, in the middle;
 And roast the pig, and toe the heel,
 All going with the fiddle;
 But one day told a shot to ram,
 To chase the foe advancing,
 A splinder queer'd my larboard gam,
 And, dam'me, spoilt my dancing.

Well I'm, says I, no churlish elf,
 We messmates be all brothers;
 Though I can't have no fun myself,
 I may make fun for others.
 A fiddle soon I made my own,
 That girls and tars might caper, —
 Learnt Rule Britannia, Bobbing Joan,
 And grow'd a decent scraper.
 But just as I'd the knack on't got,
 And did it pretty middling,
 I lost my elbow by a shot,
 And, dam'me, spoilt my fiddling.

So sometimes, as I turn'd my quid,
 I got a knack of thinking,
 As I should be an invalid,
 And then I took to drinking.
 One day call'd down my gun to man,
 To tip it with the gravy,
 I gave three cbeers, and took the can,
 To drink the British Navy:
 Before a single drop I'd sipp'd,
 Or got it to my muzzle,
 A langridge off my daddle whipp'd,
 And, dam'me, spilt the guzzle.

So then I took to taking snuff,
 'Cause how my sorrows doubled,
 And pretty pastime 't was enough,
 D'ye see, when I was troubled.
 But Fortune, that mischievous elf,
 Still at some fun or other, —
 Not that I minds it for myself,
 But just for Poll and mother:
 One day, while lying on a tack,
 To keep two spanking foes off,
 A broadside comes, capsizes Jack,
 And, dam'me, knocks my nose off.

So in misfortune's school grown tough,—
 In this same sort of knowledge,
 Thinking, mayhap, I 'd not enough,
 They sent me here to college.
 And here we tell old tales, and smoke,
 And laugh, while we are drinking;
 Sailors, you know, will have their joke,
 E'en though the ship were sinking.
 For I, while I get grog to drink,
 My wife, or friend, or king in,
 'T will be no easy thing, I think,
 Dam'me, to spoil my singing.

JERVIS FOR EVER.

I 've sailed the salt seas pretty much,
 And rough'd it in all weathers,
 The French, the Spanish, and the Dutch,
 To buckle to their tethers.
 And in each voyage I must need,
 You see, have known some service;
 But all I 've know'd and all I 've seed
 Is now outdone by Jervis!

You 've heard, I s'pose the people talk
 Of Benbow and Boscawen.
 Of Anson, Pocock, Vernon, Hawke,
 And many more then going;
 All pretty lads, and brave, and rum,
 That seed much noble service;
 But, Lord, their merit 's all a hum,
 Compared with Admiral Jervis!

Now there 's the famous ninety-two,
 That made so great a bustle,
 When the Rising Sun and her whole crew
 Were all sent down by Russel:
 A glorious sight, I 've heard them say,
 And pretty was the service,
 But not like that on Voluntun's-day,
 Led on by valiant Jervis.

Bold Rodney did the kingdom thank
 For that brush in the West Indies,
 And Parker, on the Dogger Bank,
 The Dutch beat off the hinges.
 Van Tromp said how he'd sweep the sea,

'Till Blake show'd him some service;
 Fine fellows all, but do n't tell me
 That they 're the likes of Jervis!

Howe made the Frenchman dance a tune,
 An admiral great and glorious —
 Witness for that the first of June,
 Lord, how he was victorious!
 A noble sight as e'er was seen,
 And did the country service;
 But twenty-seven beat with fifteen
 None ever did but Jervis!

As for that same equality,
 That this battle well was foughted,
 In England high and low degree
 Are equally delighted.
 'Tis in the mouth of all one meets,
 All praise this noble service;
 And ballad-singers in the streets
 Roars — Admirable Jervis!

They say that he 's become a lord,
 At his Majesty's desire;
 He always was a king aboard, —
 How can they lift him higher?
 'Tis noble, that must be confess'd,
 And suits such worthy service;
 But the title he 'll be known by best
 Will be — Gallant Admiral Jervis!

To Thompson let the bumbo pass,
 Grey, Parker, Walgrave, Caulder, —
 Nelson that took St. Nicholas, —
 My timbers, how he maul'd her!
 But we a freight of grog might start.
 To drink all on that service; —
 Here 's blessing on each noble heart
 That fought with valiant Jervis!

And bless the king, and bless the queen,
 And bless the family royal;
 Let Frenchmen come, 't will soon be
 seen

That British hearts are loyal.
 Let Dutch and Spaniards join their hosts,
 They 'll see some pretty service;
 Zounds! who 's afraid, while England
 Such Admirals as Jervis? [boasts

SAMUEL ROGERS.

JACQUELINE.

I.

'Twas Autumn; thro' Provence had
 ceased
 The vintage, and the vintage-feast.

The sun had set behind the hill,
 The moon was up, and all was still,
 And from the Convent's neighbouring
 tower

The clock had tolled the midnight-hour,
 When Jacqueline came forth alone,
 Her kerchief o'er her tresses thrown;
 A guilty thing and full of fears,
 Yet ah, how lovely in her tears!
 She starts, and what has caught her eye?
 What — but her shadow gliding by?
 She stops, she pants; with lips apart
 She listens — to her beating heart!
 Then, thro' the scanty orchard stealing,
 The clustering boughs her track concealing,

She flies, nor casts a thought behind,
 But gives her terrors to the wind;
 Flies from her home, the humble sphere
 Of all her joys and sorrows here,
 Her father's house of mountain-stone,
 And by a mountain-vine o'ergrown.
 At such an hour in such a night,
 So calm, so clear, so heavenly bright,
 Who would have seen, and not confessed

It looked as all within were blest?
 What will not woman, when she loves?
 Yet lost, alas! who can restore her? —
 She lifts the latch, the wicket moves;
 And now the world is all before her.

Up rose St. Pierre, when morning shone;
 — And Jacqueline, his child, was gone!
 Oh what the madd'ning thought that came?

Dishonour coupled with his name!
 By Condé at Rocroy he stood;
 By Turenne, when the Rhine ran blood.
 Two banners of Castile he gave
 Aloft in Notre Dame to wave;
 Nor did thy cross, St. Louis, rest
 Upon a purer, nobler breast.
 He slung his old sword by his side,
 And snatched his staff and rushed to save;

Then sunk — and on his threshold cried,
 «Oh lay me in my grave!
 — Constance! Claudine! where were ye then?

But stand not there. Away! away!
 Thou, Frederic, by thy father stay.
 Though old, and now forgot of men,
 Both must not leave him in a day.»
 Then, and he shook his hoary head,
 «Unhappy in thy youth!» he said.
 «Call as thou wilt, thou call'st in vain;
 No voice sends back thy name again.
 To mourn is all thou hast to do;
 Thy play-mate lost, and teacher too.»

And who but she could soothe the boy,
 Or turn his tears to tears of joy?
 Long had she kissed him as he slept,
 Long o'er his pillow hung and wept;
 And, as she passed her father's door,
 She stood as she would stir no more.

But she is gone, and gone for ever!
 No, never shall they clasp her — never!
 They sit and listen to their fears;
 And he, who thro' the breach had led
 Over the dying and the dead,
 Shakes if a cricket's cry he hears!

Oh! she was good as she was fair.
 None — none on earth above her!
 As pure in thought as angels are,
 To know her was to love her.
 When little, and her eyes, her voice,
 Her every gesture said «rejoice,»
 Her coming was a gladness;
 And, as she grew, her modest grace,
 Her downcast look 'twas heaven to trace,
 When, shading with her hand her face,
 She half inclined to sadness.
 Her voice, whate'er she said, enchanted;
 Like music to the heart it went.
 And her dark eyes — how eloquent!
 Ask what they would, 'twas granted.
 Her father loved her as his fame;
 — And Bayard's self had done the same!

Soon as the sun the glittering pane
 On the red floor in diamonds threw,
 His songs she sung and sung again,
 Till the last light withdrew.
 Every day, and all day long,
 He mused or slumbered to a song.
 But she is dead to him, to all!
 Her lute hangs silent on the wall;
 And on the stairs, and at the door
 Her fairy-step is heard no more!
 At every meal an empty chair
 Tells him that she is not there;
 She, who would lead him where he went,
 Charm with her converse while he leant;
 Or, hovering, every wish prevent;
 At eve light up the chimney-nook,
 Lay there his glass within his book;
 And that small chest of curious mould,
 (Queen Mab's, perchance, in days of old,)
 Tusk of elephant and gold;
 Which, when a tale is long, dispenses
 Its fragrant dust to drowsy senses.
 In her who mourned not, when they missed her,

The old a child, the young a sister?
 No more the orphan runs to take
 From her loved hand the barley-cake.
 No more the matron in the school
 Expects her in the hour of rule,
 To sit amid the elfin brood,
 Praising the busy and the good.
 The widow trims her hearth in vain.
 She comes not — nor will come again.
 Not now, his little lesson done,
 With Frederic blowing bubbles in the sun;

Nor spinning by the fountain-side,
 (Some story of the days of old,

Barbe Bleue or Chaperon Rouge half-told

To him who would not be denied;
Not now, to while an hour away,
Gone to the falls in Valombrè,
Where 'tis night at noon of day;
Nor wandering up and down the wood,
To all but her a solitude,
Where once a wild deer, wild no more,
Her chaplet on his antlers wore,
And at her bidding stood.

II.

The day was in the golden west;
And, courtained close by leaf and flower,
The doves had cooed themselves to rest
In Jacqueline's deserted bower;
The doves — that still would at her
casement peck,
And in her walks had ever fluttered
round

With purple feet and shining neck,
True as the echo to the sound.
That casement, underneath the trees,
Half open to the western breeze,
Looked down, enchanting Garonnelle,
Thy wild and mulberry-shaded dell,
Round which the Alps of Piedmont rose,
The blush of sunset on their snows:
While, blithe as lark on summer-morn,
When green and yellow waves the corn,
When harebells blow in every grove,
And thrushes sing «I love! I love!»
Within (so soon the early rain
Scatters, and 'tis fair again;
Though many a drop may yet be seen
To tell us where a cloud has been)
Within lay Frederic, o'er and o'er
Building castles on the floor,
And feigning, as they grew in size,
New troubles and new dangers;
With dimpled cheeks and laughing eyes,
As he and Fear were strangers.

St. Pierre sat by, nor saw nor smiled.
His eyes were on his loved Montaigne;
But every leaf was turned in vain.
Then in that hour remorse he felt,
And his heart told him he had dealt
Unkindly with his child.

A father may awhile refuse;
But who can for another chuse?
When her young blushes had revealed
The secret from herself concealed,
Why promise what her tears denied,
That she should be De Courcy's bride?
— Wouldst thou, presumptuous as thou
art,

O'er Nature play the tyrant's part,
And with the hand compel the heart?
Oh rather, rather hope to bind
The ocean-wave, the mountain-wind

Or fix thy foot upon the ground
To stop the planet rolling round.

The light was on his face; and there
You might have seen the passions
driven —

Resentment, Pity, Hope, Despair —
Like clouds across the face of Heaven.
Now he sighed heavily; and now,
His hand withdrawing from his brow,
He shut the volume with a frown,
To walk his troubled spirit down:

— When (faithful as that dog of yore
Who wagged his tail and could no more)
Manchon, who long had snuffed the
ground,

And sought and sought but never found,
Leapt up and to the casement flew,
And looked and barked, and vanished
thro'.

«'Tis Jacqueline! 'Tis Jacqueline!»

Her little brother laughing cried.

«I know her by her kirtle green,
She comes along the mountain-side;
Now turning by the traveller's seat, —
Now resting in the hermit's cave, —
Now kneeling, where the pathways meet,
To the cross on the stranger's grave.
And, by the soldier's cloak, I know
(There, there along the ridge they go)
D'Arcy so gentle and so brave!

Look up — why will you not?» he cries,
His rosy hands before his eyes;
For on that incense-breathing eve
The sun shone out, as loth to leave.

«See — to the rugged rock she clings!
She calls, she faints, and D'Arcy springs;
D'Arcy so dear to us, to all;
Who, for you told me on your knee,
When in the fight he saw you fall,
Saved you for Jacqueline and me!»

And true it was! And true the tale!
When did she sue, and not prevail?
Five years before — it was the night
That on the village-green they parted,
The lilies streaming bright
O'er maids and mothers broken-hearted;
The drum — it drowned the last adieu,
When D'Arcy from the crowd she drew.

«One charge I have and one alone,
Nor that refuse to take,
My father — if not for his own,
Oh for his daughter's sake!»
Inly he vowed — 'twas all he could;
And went and sealed it with his blood.

Nor can ye wonder. When a child,
And in her playfulness she smiled,
Up many a ladder-path he guided
Where meteor-like the chamois glided,
Thro' many a misty grove.

They loved — but under Friendship's
name;

And Reason, Virtue fanned the flame,
Till in their houses Discord came,
And 'twas a crime to love.
Then what was Jacqueline to do?
Her father's angry hours she knew,
And when to soothe, and when persuade;
But now her path De Courcy crossed,
Led by his falcon through the glade —
He turned, beheld, admired the maid;
And all her little arts were lost!
De Courcy, Lord of Argentiére!
Thy poverty, thy pride, St. Pierre,
Thy thirst for vengeance sought the
snare.

The day was named, the guests invited;
The bride-groom, at the gate, alighted;
When up the windings of the dell,
A pastoral pipe was heard to swell,
And lo, an humble Piedmontese,
Whose music might a lady please,
This message thro' the lattice bore,
(She listened, and her trembling frame
Told her [at once from whom it came])
«Oh let us fly — to part no more!»

III.

That morn ('twas in Ste. Julienne's cell,
As at Ste. Julienne's sacred well
Their dream of love began)
That morn, ere many a star was set,
Their hands had on the altar met
Before the holy man.

— And now, her strength, her courage
spent,

And more than half a penitent,
She comes along the path she went.
And now the village gleams at last;
The woods, the golden meadows passed,
Where, when Toulouse, thy splendour
shone,

The Troubadour would journey on
Transported — or, from grove to grove,
Framing some roundelay of love,
Wander till the day was gone.

«All will be well, my Jacqueline!
Oh tremble not — but trust in me.
The Good are better made by Ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still;
And gloomy as thy past has been,
Bright shall thy future be!»

So saying, thro' the fragrant shade
Gently along he led the maid,
While Manchon round and round her
played:

And, as that silent glen they leave,
Where by the spring the pitchers stand,
Where glow-worms light their little
lamps at eve,

And fairies revel as in fairy-land,
(When Lubin calls, and Blanche steals
round,

Her finger on her lip, to see;
And many an acorn-cup is found
Under the greenwood tree)
From every cot above, below,
They gather as they go —
Sabot, and coif, and collerette,
The housewife's prayer, the grandam's
blessing!

Girls that adjust their locks of jet,
And look and look and linger yet,
The lovely bride caressing;
Babes that had learnt to lisp her name,
And heroes he had led to fame.

But what felt D'Arcy, when at length
Her father's gate was open flung?
Ah, then he found a giant's strength;
For round him, as for life, she clung!
And when, her fit of weeping o'er,
Onward they moved a little space,
And saw an old man sitting at the door,
Saw his wan cheek, and sunken eye
That seemed to gaze on vacancy,
Then, at the sight of that beloved face,
At once to fall upon his neck she flew;
But — not encouraged — back she drew,
And trembling stood in dread suspense,
Her tears her only eloquence!
All, all — the while — an awful dis-
tance keeping;

Save D'Arcy, who nor speaks nor stirs;
And one, his little hand in hers,
Who weeps to see his sister weeping.

Then Jacqueline the silence broke.
She clasped her father's knees and spoke,
Her brother kneeling too;
While D'Arcy as before looked on,
Tho' from his manly cheek was gone
Its natural hue.

«His praises from your lips I heard,
Till my fond heart was won;
And, if in aught his Sire has erred,
Oh turn not from the Son! —
She, whom in joy, in grief you nursed;
Who climbed and called you father first,
By that dear name conjures —
On her you thought — but to be kind!
When looked she up, but you inclined?
These things, for ever in her mind,
Oh are they gone from yours?
Two kneeling at your feet behold;
One — one how young; — nor yet the
other old.

Oh spurn them not — nor look so cold —
If Jacqueline be cast away,
Her bridal be her dying day.
— Well, well might she believe in you!
She listened, and she found it true.»

He shook his aged locks of snow;
And twice he turned, and rose to go.
She hung; and was St. Pierre to blame
If tears and smiles together came?

«Oh no — begone! I'll hear no more.»
 But, as he spoke, his voice relented.
 «That very look thy mother wore
 When she implored, and old Le Roc
 consented.
 True, I have done as well as suffered
 wrong.
 Yet still I love him as my own;
 — Nor canst thou, D'Arcy, feel resent-
 ment long;
 For she herself shall plead, and I atone.
 Henceforth,» he paused awhile, unman-
 ned,
 For D'Arcy's tears bedewed his hand;
 «Let each meet each as friend to friend,
 All things by all forgot, forgiven.
 And that dear Saint — may she once
 more descend
 To make our home a heaven! —
 But now, in my hands, your's with her's
 unite.

A father's blessing on your heads alight!
 . . . Nor let the least be sent away.
 All hearts shall sing 'Adieu to sorrow!'
 St. Pierre has found his child to-day;
 And old and young shall dance to-
 morrow.»

Had Louis then before the gate dis-
 mounted,
 Lost in the chase at set of sun;
 Like Henry when he heard recounted
 The generous deeds himself had done,
 (What time the millers's maid Colette
 Sung, while he supped, her chansonnette)
 Then — when St. Pierre addressed his
 village-train,
 Then had the monarch with a sigh con-
 fessed
 A joy by him unsought and unpossessed,
 — Without it what are all the rest? —
 To love, and to be loved again.

AN ITALIAN SONG.

Dear is my little native vale,
 The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
 Close by my cot she tells her tale
 To every passing villager.
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
 I charm the fairy-footed hours

With my loved lute's romantic sound;
 Or crowns of living laurel weave,
 For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
 The ballet danced in twilight glade,
 The canzonet and roundelay
 Sung in the silent green-wood shade;
 These simple joys, that never fail,
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

REFLECTIONS.

Man to the last is but a froward child;
 So eager for the future, come what may,
 And to the present so insensible!
 Oh, if he could in all things as he
 would,
 Years would as days and hours as mo-
 ments be;
 He would, so restless is his spirit here,
 Give wings to Time, and wish his life
 away!

The heart, they say, is wiser than the
 schools;
 And well they may. All that is great
 in thought,
 That strikes at once as with electric
 fire,
 And lifts us, as it were, from earth to
 heaven,
 Comes from the heart; and who con-
 fesses not

Its voice as sacred, nay almost divine,
 When inly it declares on what we do,
 Blaming, approving? Let an erring
 world
 Judge as it will, we care not while we
 stand
 Acquitted there; and oft, when clouds
 on clouds
 Compass us round and not a track ap-
 pears,
 Oft is an upright heart the surest guide,
 Surer and better than the subtlest head;
 Still with its silent counsels thro' the
 dark
 Onward and onward leading.

This Child, so lovely and so cherub-like,
 (No fairer spirit in the heaven of hea-
 vens)
 Say, must he know remorse? must Pas-
 sion come,

Passion in all or any of its shapes,
 To cloud and sully what is now so pure?
 Yes, come it must. For who, alas! has
 lived,
 Nor in the watches of the night recalled
 Words he has wished unsaid and deeds
 undone?
 Yes, come it must. But if, as we may
 hope,
 He learns ere long to discipline his
 mind,
 And onward goes, humbly and cheer-
 fully,
 Assisting them that faint, weak though
 he be,

And in his trying hours trusting in
 God —
 Fair as he is, he shall be fairer still;
 For what was Innocence will then be
 Virtue.

Oh, if the selfish knew how much they
 lost,
 What would they not endeavour, not
 endure,
 To imitate, as far as in them lay,
 Him who his wisdom and his power
 employs
 In making others happy!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

LOVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
 Live o'er again that happy hour,
 When midway on the mount I lay,
 Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene
 Had blended with the lights of eve;
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,
 My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the armed man,
 The statue of the armed knight;
 She stood and listened to my lay,
 Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
 My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
 She loves me best, whene'er I sing
 The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
 I sang an old and moving story —
 An old rude song, that suited well
 That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
 With downcast eyes and modest grace;
 For well she knew, I could not choose
 But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
 Upon his shield a burning brand;
 And that for ten long years he wooed
 The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
 The deep, the low, the pleading tone
 With which I sang another's love,
 Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
 With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
 And she forgave me, that I gazed
 Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
 That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
 And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
 Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
 And sometimes from the darksome shade,
 And sometimes starting up at once
 In green and sunny glade, —

There came and looked him in the face
 An angel beautiful and bright;
 And that he knew it was a Fiend,
 This miserable Knight!

And that unknowing what he did,
 He leaped amid a murderous band,
 And saved from outrage worse than
 The Lady of the Land; — [death

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
 And how she tended him in vain —
 And ever strove to expiate
 The scorn that crazed his brain; —

And that she nursed him in a cave;
 And how his madness went away,
 When on the yellow forest-leaves
 A dying man he lay; —

His dying words — but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved — she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stept —
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

HYMN BEFORE SUN-RISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

Besides the Rivers, Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides; and within a few paces of the Glaciers, the Gentiana Major grows in immense numbers with its „flowers of loveliest blue.“

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-
star

In his steep course? So long he seems
to pause

On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful
Form!

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial,
black,

An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look
again,

It is thine own calm home, thy crystal
shrine,

Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon
thee,

Till thou, still present to the bodily
sense,

Didst vanish from my thought: entranced
in prayer

I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening
to it,

Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending
with my thought,

Yea, with my life and life's own secret
joy:

Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, trans-
fused,
Into the mighty vision passing — there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to
Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive
praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling
tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart,
awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my
Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of
the Vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the
night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when
they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the
dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter
praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in
Earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy
light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual
streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fier-
cely glad!
Who called you forth from night and
utter death,

From dark and icy caverns called you
 forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged
 Rocks, [ever?
 For ever shattered and the same for
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury,
 and your joy,
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
 And who commanded (and the silence
 came,) [rest?
 Here let the billows stiffen, and have

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the moun-
 tain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty
 voice,
 And stopped at once amid their mad-
 dest plunge!
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the gates
 of Heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade
 the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with
 living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at
 your feet? —
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of
 nations, [God!
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo,
 God! sing ye meadow-streams with glad-
 some voice!
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-
 like sounds!
 And they too have a voice, yon piles
 of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder,
 God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eter-
 nal frost!
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's
 nest!
 Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-
 storm!
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the
 clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the element!
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with
 praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-
 pointing peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, un-
 heard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through
 the pure serene
 Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy
 breast —
 Thou too again, stupendous Mountain!
 thou
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed
 low
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused
 with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
 To rise before me — Rise, O ever rise,
 Rise like a cloud of incense, from the
 Earth!
 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the
 hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from Earth to
 Heaven,
 Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising
 sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises
 God.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
 Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee —
 Both were mine! Life went a maying
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
 When I was young!
 When I was young? — Ah, woful when!
 Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and
 Then!
 This breathing house not built with
 hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
 How lightly then it flashed along: —
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,
 That fear no spite of wind or tide!

Nought cared this body for wind or
 weather
 When Youth and I liv'd in't together.
 Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
 Friendship is a sheltering tree;
 O! the joys, that came down shower-
 like,
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
 Ere I was old!
 Ere I was old? Ah woful Ere,
 Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
 O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
 'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,
 I'll think it but a fond conceit —
 It cannot be, that Thou art gone!
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd: —

And thou wert aye a masker bold!
 What strange disguise hast now put on,
 To make believe, that Thou art gone?
 I see these locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping gait, this altered size:
 But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
 Life is but thought: so think I will
 That Youth and I are house-mates still.
 Dew-drops are the gems of morning,

But the tears of mournful eve!
 Where no hope is, life's a warning
 That only serves to make us grieve,
 When we are old:
 That only serves to make us grieve
 With oft and tedious taking-leave,
 Like some poor nigh-related guest,
 That may not rudely be dismiss.
 Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
 And tells the jest without the smile.

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

I.

From his brimstone bed at break of day
 A walking the Devil is gone,
 To visit his snug little farm the Earth,
 And see how his stock goes on.

II.

Over the hill and over the dale,
 And he went over the plain,
 And backward and forward he switched
 his long tail
 As a gentleman switches his cane.

III.

And how then was the Devil drest?
 Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:
 His jacket was red and his breeches
 were blue,
 And there was a hole where the tail
 came through.

IV.

He saw a Lawyer killing a viper
 On a dung hill hard by his own stable;
 And the Devil smiled, for it put him
 in mind
 Of Cain and his brother Abel.

V.

He saw an Apothecary on a white horse
 Ride by on his vocations;
 And the Devil thought of his old friend
 Death in the Revelations.

VI.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-
 A cottage of gentility; [house,
 And the Devil did grin, for his darling
 Is pride that apes humility. [sin

VII.

He peep'd into a rich bookseller's shop,
 Quoth he! «We are both of one college!
 For I sate myself, like a cormorant, once
 Hard by the tree of knowledge.»

VIII.

Down the river did glide, with wind
 and with tide,
 A pig with vast celerity;
 And the Devil look'd wise as he saw
 how the while,
 It cut its own throat. «There!» quoth
 he with a smile,
 «Goes England's commercial prosperity.»

IX.

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields
 A solitary cell; [he saw,
 And the Devil was pleased, for it gave
 him a hint
 For improving his prisons in Hell.

X.

He saw a Turnkey in a trice
 Unfetter a troublesome blade;
 «Nimbly» quoth he, «do the fingers move
 If a man be but used to his trade.»

XI.

He saw the same Turnkey unfetter a
 With but little expedition, [man
 Which put him in mind of the long
 debate
 On the Slave-trade abolition.

XII.

He saw an old acquaintance
 As he pass'd by a Methodist meeting; —
 She holds a consecrated key,
 And the Devil nods her a greeting.

XIII.

She turned up her nose, and said,
 «Avaunt! my name's Religion,»
 And she looked to Mr. ———
 And leered like a love-sick pigeon.

XIV.

He saw a certain minister
 (A minister to his mind)

Go up into a certain House,
With a majority behind.

XV.

The Devil quoted Genesis,
Like a very learned clerk,
How «Noah and his creeping things
Went up into the Ark.»

XVI.

And he had some morning calls to make
Before he went back to Hell;

So thought he I'll step into a gaming
And that will do as well; [house,
But just before he could get to the door
A wonderful chance befell.

For all on a sudden, in a dark place,
He came upon General —'s burning face;
And it struck him with such consternation,

That back to hell his way did he take,
For the Devil thought by a slight mis-
It was general conflagration. [take

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

CHILDHOOD.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS.

'Retine vim istam, falsa enim dicam, si coges.'
Eusebius.

I have a boy of five years old;
His face is fair and fresh to see;
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,
And dearly he loves me.

One morn we strolled on our dry walk,
Our quiet home all full in view,
And held such intermitted talk
As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran;
I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,
Our pleasant home when spring began,
A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear
Some fond regrets to entertain;
With so much happiness to spare,
I could not feel a pain.

The green earth echoed to the feet
Of lambs that bounded through the glade,
From shade to sunshine, and as fleet
From sunshine back to shade.

Birds warbled round me — and each trace
Of inward sadness had its charm;
Kilve, thought I, was a favoured place,
And so is Liswyn farm.

My boy beside me tripped, so slim
And graceful in his rustic dress!
And, as we talked, I questioned him,
In very idleness.

«Now tell me, had you rather be,»
I said, and took him by the arm,
«On Kilve's smooth shore, by the green
sea,
Or here at Liswyn farm?»

In careless mood he looked at me,
While still I held him by the arm,
And said, «At Kilve I'd rather be
Than here at Liswyn farm.»

«Now, little Edward, say why so:
My little Edward, tell me why.» —
«I cannot tell, I do not know.»
«Why, this is strange,» said I;

«For, here are woods, hills smooth and
warm:

There surely must some reason be
Why you would change sweet Liswyn
farm
For Kilve by the green sea.»

At this, my boy hung down his head,
He blushed with shame, nor made reply;
And three times to the child I said,
«Why, Edward, tell me why?»

His head he raised — there was in sight,
It caught his eye, he saw it plain —
Upon the house-top, glittering bright,
A broad and gilded vane.

Then did the boy his tongue unlock,
And eased his mind with this reply:

«At Kilve there was no weather-cock;
And that 's the reason why.»

O dearest, dearest boy! my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn.

LUCY.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!

— Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

HOME!

I travelled among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights con-
The bowers where Lucy played; [ceased
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

HER EYES ARE WILD.

I.

Her eyes are wild, her head is bare;
The sun has burnt her coal-black hair;
Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,
And she came far from over the main.
She has a baby on her arm,
Or else she were alone:
And underneath the hay-stack warm,
And on the greenwood stone,
She talked and sung the woods among,
And it was in the English tongue.

II.

«Sweet babe! they say that I am mad,
But nay, my heart is far too glad;
And I am happy when I sing
Full many a sad and doleful thing:
Then, lovely baby, do not fear!
I pray thee have no fear of me;
But safe as in a cradle, here
My lovely baby! thou shalt be:
To thee I know too much I owe;
I cannot work thee any woe.

III.

A fire was once within my brain;
And in my head a dull, dull pain;

And fiendish faces, one, two, three,
Hung at my breast, and pulled at me;
But then there came a sight of joy;
It came at once to do me good;
I waked, and saw my little boy,
My little boy of flesh and blood;
Oh joy for me that sight to see!
For he was here, and only he.

IV.

Suck, little babe, oh suck again!
It cools my blood; it cools my brain;
Thy lips I feel them, baby! they
Draw from my heart the pain away.
Oh! press me with thy little hand;
It loosens something at my chest;
About that tight and deadly band
I feel thy little fingers prest.
The breeze I see is in the tree:
It comes to cool my babe and me.

V.

Oh! love me, love me, little boy!
Thou art thy mother's only joy;
And do not dread the waves below,
When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go;
The high crag cannot work me harm,

Nor leaping torrents when they howl;
The babe I carry on my arm,
He saves for me my precious soul;
Then happy lie; for blest am I;
Without me my sweet babe would die.

VI.

Then do not fear, my boy! for thee
Bold as a lion will I be;
And I will always be thy guide,
Through hollow snows and rivers wide.
I 'll build an Indian bower; I know
The leaves that make the softest bed:
And, if from me thou wilt not go,
But still be true till I am dead,
My pretty thing! then thou shalt sing
As merry as the birds in spring.

VII.

Thy father cares not for my breast,
'Tis thine, sweet baby, there to rest;
'Tis all thine own! — and, if its hue
Be changed, that was so fair to view,
'Tis fair enough for thee, my dove!
My beauty, little child, is flown,
But thou wilt live with me in love;
And what if my poor cheek be brown?
'Tis well for me, thou canst not see
How pale and wan it else would be.

VIII.

Dread not their taunts, my little Life;
I am thy father's wedded wife;

And underneath the spreading tree
We two will live in honesty.
If his sweet boy he could forsake,
With me he never would have stayed:
From him no harm my babe can take;
But he, poor man! is wretched made;
And every day we two will pray
For him that 's gone and far away.

IX.

I 'll teach my boy the sweetest things:
I 'll teach him how the owlet sings.
My little babe! thy lips are still,
And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.
— Where art thou gone, my own dear
child?

What wicked looks are those I see?
Alas! alas! that look so wild,
It never, never came from me:
If thou art mad, my pretty lad,
Then I must be for ever sad.

X.

Oh! smile on me, my little lamb!
For I thy own dear mother am:
My love for thee has well been tried:
I 've sought thy father far and wide.
I know the poisons of the shade;
I know the earth-nuts fit for food:
Then, pretty dear, be not afraid:
We 'll find thy father in the wood.
Now laugh and be gay, to the woods
away!
And there, my babe, we 'll live for aye.

LINES.

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;

A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and
skill;

A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(AT INVERSNEYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND.)

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
 Twice seven consenting years have shed
 Their utmost bounty on thy head:
 And these grey rocks; that household
 lawn;
 Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
 This fall of water that doth make
 A murmur near the silent lake;
 This little bay; a quiet road
 That holds in shelter thy Abode —
 In truth together do ye seem
 Like something fashioned in a dream;
 Such Forms as from their covert peep
 When earthly cares are laid asleep!
 But, O fair Creature! in the light
 Of common day, so heavenly bright,
 I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
 I bless thee with a human heart;
 God shield thee to thy latest years!
 Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers;
 And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
 For thee when I am far away:
 For never saw I mien, or face,
 In which more plainly I could trace
 Benignity and home-bred sense
 Ripening in perfect innocence.
 Here scattered, like a random seed,
 Remote from men, Thou dost not need
 The embarrassed look of shy distress,
 And maidenly shamefacedness:
 Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
 The freedom of a Mountaineer:
 A face with gladness overspread!
 Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
 And seemliness complete, that sways
 Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
 With no restraint, but such as springs
 From quick and eager visitings

Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
 Of thy few words of English speech:
 A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
 That gives thy gestures grace and life!
 So have I, not unmoved in mind,
 Seen birds of tempest-loving kind —
 Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
 For thee who art so beautiful?
 O happy pleasure! here to dwell
 Beside thee in some heathy dell;
 Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
 A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!
 But I could frame a wish for thee
 More like a grave reality:
 Thou art to me but as a wave
 Of the wild sea; and I would have
 Some claim upon thee, if I could,
 Though but of common neighbourhood
 What joy to hear thee, and to see!
 Thy elder Brother I would be,
 Thy Father — anything to thee!

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
 Hath led me to this lonely place.
 Joy have I had; and going hence
 I bear away my recompence.
 In spots like these it is we prize
 Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes:
 Then, why should I be loth to stir?
 I feel this place was made for her;
 To give new pleasure like the past,
 Continued long as life shall last.
 Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
 Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part;
 For I, methinks, till I grow old,
 As fair before me shall behold,
 As I do now, the cabin small,
 The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
 And Thee, the Spirit of them all!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

DESCRIBED IN RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.

«How does the Water
 Come down at Lodore?»
 My little boy ask'd me
 Thus, once on a time;
 And moreover he task'd me
 To tell him in rhyme.
 Anon at the word,

There first came one daughter
 And then came another,
 To second and third
 The request of their brother,
 And to hear how the water
 Comes down at Lodore,
 With its rush and its roar.

As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store:
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the Tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For awhile, till it sleeps
In its own little Lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoaking and frothing
It's tumult and wrath in,
Till in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The Cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among:
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound!
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its
sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,

And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrink-
ling, [ing,
And sounding and bounding and round-
And bubbling and troubling and doub-
ling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumb-
ling,
And clattering and battering and shat-
tering;

Retreating and beating and meeting
and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and
spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing
and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and
boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steam-
ing and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing
and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping
and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling
and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bump-
ing and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing
and clashing;

And so never ending, but always descending,
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever
 are blending,

All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
 And this way the Water comes down
 at Lodore.

BALLADS.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
 The ship was still as she could be,
 Her sails from heaven received no motion,
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
 The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
 So little they rose, so little they fell,
 They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
 Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
 On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
 And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
 The mariners heard the warning bell;
 And then they knew the perilous Rock,
 And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The Sun in heaven was shining gay,
 All things were joyful on that day;
 The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
 And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
 A darker speck on the ocean green;
 Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
 And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
 It made him whistle, it made him sing;
 His heart was mirthful to excess,
 But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
 Quoth he, «My men, put out the boat,
 And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
 And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok.»

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
 And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
 Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
 And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound,
 The bubbles rose and burst around;
 Quoth Sir Ralph, «The next who comes
 to the Rock
 Wo'n't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok.»

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
 He scour'd the seas for many a day;
 And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
 He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
 They cannot see the Sun on high;
 The wind hath blown a gale all day,
 At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
 So dark it is they see no land.
 Quoth Sir Ralph, «It will be lighter soon,
 For there is the dawn of the rising Moon.»

«Canst hear,» said one, «the breakers
 roar? [shore.»
 For methinks we should be near the
 «Now where we are I cannot tell,
 But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell.»

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
 Though the wind hath fallen they drift
 along, [shock, —
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering
 «Oh Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!»

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
 He curst himself in his despair;
 The waves rush in on every side,
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
 One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
 A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,
 The Devil below was ringing his knell.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

A well there is in the west country,
 And a clearer one never was seen;

There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St.
Joyfully he drew nigh, [Keyne;
For from cock-crow he had been tra-
velling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard
At the Well to fill his pail; [by
On the Well-side he rested it,
And he bade the Stranger hail.

«Now art thou a bachelor, Stranger?»
quothe he,
«For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank
this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

«Or has thy good woman, if one thou
Ever here in Cornwall been? [hast,
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.»

«I have left a good woman who never
was here,»
The Stranger he made reply,
«But that my draught should be the
better for that,
I pray you answer me why?»

«St. Keyne,» quoth the Cornish-man,
«many a time
Drank of this crystal Well,
And before the Angel summon'd her,
She laid on the water a spell.

«If the Husband of this gifted Well
Shall drink before his Wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be Master for life.

«But if the Wife should drink of it first,..
God help the Husband then!»
The Stranger stoopt to the Well of
St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

«You drank of the Well I warrant be-
He to the Cornish-man said: [times?»

But the Cornish-man smiled as the
Stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

«I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was
done,
And left my Wife in the porch:
But i' faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to Church.»

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

1.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

2.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and
round.

3.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
«'Tis some poor fellow's skull,» said he,
«Who fell in the great victory.

4.

«I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men,» said he,
«Were slain in that great victory.»

5.

«Now tell us what 'twas all about,»
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
«Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.»

6.

«It was the English,» Kaspar cried,
«Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But every body said,» quoth he,
«That 'twas a famous victory.

7.

«My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

8.

«With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

10.

«Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.»
«Why 'twas a very wicked thing!»
Said little Wilhelmine.
«Nay . . nay . . my little girl,» quoth he,
«It was a famous victory.

11.

«And every body praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.»
«But what good came of it at last?»
Quoth little Peterkin.
«Why that I cannot tell,» said he,
«But 'twas a famous victory.»

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, «Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry.» —

«Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?»
«O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter. —

And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?» —

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
«I'll go, my chief — I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry.» —

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer. —

«O haste thee, haste!» the lady cries,
«Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.» —

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, oh! too strong for human hand
The tempest gather'd o'er her. —

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing. —

For sore dismay'd, through storm and
His child he did discover: — [shade,
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

«Come back! come back!» he cried in
«Across this stormy water: [grief,
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — oh my daughter!» —

'Twas vain: — the loud waves lash'd the
Return or aid preventing: — [shore,
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

Soul of the Poet! wheresoe'er
Reclaim'd! from earth, thy genius plume
Her wings of immortality:
Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
And with thine influence illumine
The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly like fiends from secret spell,
Discord and Strife, at *Burns's* name,
Exorcised by his memory;
For he was chief of bards that swell
The heart with songs of social flame,
And high delicious revelry.

And Love's own strain to him was given,
To warble all its ecstasies
With Pythian words unsought, un-
will'd, —
Love, the surviving gift of Heaven,
The choicest sweet of Paradise,
In life's else bitter cup distill'd.

Who that has melted o'er his lay
To Mary's soul, in Heaven above,
But pictured sees, in fancy strong,
The landscape and the livelong day
That smiled upon their mutual love?
Who that has felt forgets the song?

Nor skill'd one flame alone to fan:
His country's high-soul'd peasantry
What patriot-pride he taught! — how
much
To weigh the inborn worth of man!
And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him, in his clay-built cot, the Muse
Entranced, and show'd him all the forms,
Of fairy-light and wizard gloom,
(That only gifted Poet views,)
The Genii of the floods and storms,
And martial shades from Glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse
The swain whom *Burns's* song inspires!
Beat not his Caledonian veins,
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,
With all the spirit of his sires,
And all their scorn of death and chains?

And see the Scottish exile, tann'd
By many a far and foreign clime,
Bend o'er his home-born verse, and weep

In memory of his native land,
With love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamp'd by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier resting on his arms,
In *Burns's* carol sweet recalls
The scenes that bless'd him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O deem not, 'midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings:
Let high Philosophy control,
And sages calm, the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the muse that consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling at the trumpet's breath,
Rose, thistle, harp; 'tis she elates
To sweep the field or ride the wave,
A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou, young hero, when thy pall
Is cross'd with mournful sword and
plume,
When public grief begins to fade,
And only tears of kindred fall,
Who but the Bard shall dress thy tomb,
And greet with fame thy gallant shade!

Such was the soldier, — *Burns*, forgive
That sorrows of mine own intrude
In strains to thy great memory due.
In verse like thine, o! could he live,
The friend I mourn'd — the brave — the
good —
Edward that died at Waterloo!

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song!
That couldst alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong,
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.

Farewell! and ne'er may Envy dare
To wring one baleful poison drop
From the crush'd laurels of thy bust:
But while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop,
To bless the spot that holds thy dust.

TO THE RAINBOW.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art —

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,

Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the prophet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle, cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam:

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

THE LAST MAN.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight, — the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood
With dauntless words and high,

That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by, [Sun!
Saying, We are twins in death, proud
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood and earth,
The vassals of his will! —
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recal
Life's tragedy again:

Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;

Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory,—
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BALLADS.

LOCHINOAR.

O! Young Lochinoar is come out of the
west,
Through all the wide Border his steed
was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons
had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all
alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in
war,
There never was knight like the young
Lochinoar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd
not for stone,
He swam the Eske river, where ford
there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant
came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard
in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave
Lochinoar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride'smen, and kinsmen, and
brothers, and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand
on his sword,
For the poor craven bridegroom said
never a word,

«O come ye in peace here, or come ye
in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord
Lochinoar!»

«I long woo'd your daughter, my suit
you denied—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs
like its tide;—
And now I am come, with this lost
love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one
cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more
lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young
Lochinoar.

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight
took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw
down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd
up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear
in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother
could bar,—
«Now tread we a measure!» said young
Lochinoar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her
face, [grace;
That never a hall such a galliard did

While her mother did fret, and her
father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling
his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd «Twere
better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with
young Lochinoar.»

One touch to her hand, and one word
to her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and
the charger stood near,
So light to the croupe the fair lady he
swung,
So light to the saddle before her he
sprung!
«She is won! we are gone, over bank,
bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,»
quoth young Lochinoar.

There was mounting' mong Graemes of
the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they
rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cano-
bie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er
did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in
war,
Have you e'er heard of gallant like young
Lochinoar.

JOCK O' HASSELDEAN.

«Why weep ye by the tide, ladye?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride;
And ye shall be his bride, ladye,
Sae comely to be seen.»
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

«Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen:»
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

«A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;

And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen:»
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the
bride,
And dame and knight are there:
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladye was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

Allen-a-Dale has no faggot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinn-
ing,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the
winning.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hear-
ken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-
Dale.

The baron of Ravensworth prances in
pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkin-
dale side,
The mere for his net, and the land for
his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park
for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer
of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-
a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be a sharp, and his
blade be as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at
his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet
will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets
Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she ask'd of his household
and home:
«Though the castle of Richmond stands
fair on the hill,
My hall,» quoth bold Allen, «shows
gallanter still;

'Tis the blue vault of heav'n with its
crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles!» said
Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother
was stone;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him
be gone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail
and their cry:
He had laugh'd on the lass with his
bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a
love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-
a-Dale!

SERENADE.

Farewell! farewell! the voice you hear
Has left its last soft tone with you;
It's next must join the seaward cheer,
And shout among the shouting crew.

The accents which I scarce could form,
Beneath your frown's controlling check,
Must give the word above the storm:
To cut the mast and clear the wreck.

The timid eye I dared not raise,
The hand that shook when pressed to
thine,
Must point the guns upon the chase,
Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love or hope or fear,
Honour or own, a long adieu!
To all that life hast soft and dear,
Farewell! save memory of you!

COUNTY GUY.

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea;
The orange flower perfumes the bower
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark his lay who trilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner nigh;
Bee, Bird, and bower confess the hour:—
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy by lattice high,
Sings high-born cavalier.
The star of love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know:—
But where is County Guy?

THOMAS MOORE.

IRISH MELODIES.

1.

Go where glory waits thee;
But, while Fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be!
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

When, at eve, thou rovest,
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning —
Oh! then remember me.

Oft, as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes,
On its ling'ring roses,
Once so loved by thee:
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them;
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee, dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me:
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let mem'ry bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee;
Oh! then remember me.

2.

The harp that once through Tara's halls,
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled: —
So sleep the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts, that once beat high for
praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells: —
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives!

3.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand
she bore;
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and snow-white
wand.

«Lady! dost thou not fear to stay,
«So lone and lovely, through this bleak
way?
«Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
«As not to be tempted by woman or
gold?»

«Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
«No son of Erin will offer me harm:
«For though they love woman and golden
store,
«Sir Knight! they love honour and vir-
tue more.»

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green
Isle;
And bless'd for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour, and Erin's pride!

4.

Silent, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy
water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of
repose;
While murmuring mournfully Lir's lo-
nely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.

When shall the swan, her death-note
singing,
Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, oh Moyle! to thy winter-wave
weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still, in her darkness, doth Erin lie
sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning
delay!

When will that day-star, mildly spring-
ing,
Warm our isle with peace and love!
When will Heaven, its sweet-bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

5.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I 'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them:
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

6.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
I 'll weep with thee tear for tear.

Has Love to that soul so tender
 Been like our Lagenian mine,
 Where sparkles of golden splendour
 All over the surface shine?
 But if in pursuit we go deeper,
 Allured by the gleam that shone,
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
 Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
 That flitted from tree to tree
 With the talisman's glittering glory —
 Has Hope been that bird to thee?

On branch after branch alighting,
 The gem did she still display,
 And, when nearest and most inviting,
 Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the sweet hours have fled,
 When sorrow herself look'd bright;
 If thus the fond hope has cheated,
 That led thee along so light;
 If thus the unkind world wither
 Each feeling that once was dear: —
 Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
 I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

SACRED SONGS.

1.

The bird, let loose in eastern skies,
 When hastening fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam.
 But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
 And stain of passion free,
 Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
 To hold my course to Thee!
 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My Soul, as home she springs; —
 Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy Freedom in her wings!

2.

This world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given;
 The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow —
 There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
 As fading hues of Even;
 And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb —
 There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driven,
 And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
 Serve but to light the troubled way —
 There's nothing calm but Heaven!

3.

Oh Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,

If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to Thee.
 The friends who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes, are flown;
 And he who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.
 But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And even the hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
 Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,
 Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy Wing of Love
 Come, brightly wafting through the
 gloom

Our Peace-branch from above?
 Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows
 bright

With more than rapture's ray;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day!

4.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
 My temple, Lord! that Arch of thine;
 My censer's breath the mountain airs,
 And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
 When murmuring homeward to their
 caves,

Or when the stillness of the sea,
 Even more than music, breathes of Thee!

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
 All light and silence, like thy Throne;
 And the pale stars shall be, at night,
 The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy Heaven, on which 't is bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I 'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

There 's nothing bright, above, be'ow,
From flowers that bloom to stars that
glow,

But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity:

There 's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy Love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

5.

As down in the sunless retreats of the
Ocean,

Sweet flowers are springing no mortal
can see,

So, deep in my soul the still prayer of
devotion,

Unheard by the world, rises silent to
Thee,

My God! silent, to Thee —

Pure, warm, silent, to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though
clouded, [sea,

The needle points faithfully o'er the dim

So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world
shrouded,

The hope of my spirit turns trembling
to Thee —

My God! trembling, to Thee —

True, fond, trembling, to Thee.

6.

How lightly mounts the Muse's wing,
Whose theme is in the skies —
Like morning larks, that sweeter sing
The nearer Heav'n they rise.

Though Love his magic lyre may tune,
Yet ah, the flow'rs he round it wreathes
Were pluck'd beneath pale Passion's
moon,

Whose madness in their odour breathes.

How purer far the sacred lute,
Round which Devotion ties
Sweet flow'rs that turn to heav'nly fruit,
And palm that never dies.

Though War's high-sounding harp may
Most welcome to the hero's ears, [be
Alas, his chords of victory
Are wet, all o'er, with human tears.

How far more sweet their numbers run,
Who hymn, like Saints above,
No victor, but th' Eternal One,
No trophies but of Love!

LORD BYRON.

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

'Tis done — but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive —
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject — yet alive!

Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile
bones,

And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bow'd so low the knee?

By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.

With might unquestion'd, — power to
save, —

Thine only gift hath been the grave,
To those that worshipp'd thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

Thanks for that lesson — it will teach
To after-warriors more,
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preach'd before.

That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife —

The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife —
All quell'd! — Dark Spirit! what must
The madness of thy memory! [be

The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope,
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince — or live a slave —
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dream'd not of the rebound;
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke! —
Alone — how look'd he round?
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

The Roman, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger — dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home —
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou — from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung —
Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
And thank'd him for a throne!

Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain —
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again —
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

Weight in the balance, hero-dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make
mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem;
'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile —
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand,
In loitering mood upon the sand,
That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prison'd rage?
But one — «The world *was* mine!»
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit pour'd so widely forth —
So long obey'd — so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock!
Foredoom'd by God — by man accurst,

And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very Fiend's arch mock;
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

There was a day — there was an hour,
While earth was Gaul's — Gaul thine —
When that immeasurable power
Unsated to resign
Had been an act of purer fame,
Than gathers round Marengo's name,
And gilded thy decline,
Through the long twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou forsooth must be a king,
And don the purple vest, —

As if that foolish robe could wring
Remembrance from thy breast.
Where is that faded garment? where
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
The star — the string — the crest?
Vain froward child of empire! say,
Are all thy playthings snatch'd away?

Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes — one — the first — the last — the
The Cincinnatus of the West, [best—
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but One!

ELEGY ON THYRZA.

And thou art dead, as young and fair,
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to Earth!
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not:
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the
And canst not alter now. [past,
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou canst not
see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine:
The sun that cheers, the storm that
lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have pass'd away;
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
The leaves must drop away:
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade;
The night that follow'd such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade:
Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguish'd, not decay'd;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed;
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

February, 1812.

DARKNESS.

I had a dream, which was not all a
 dream.
 The bright sun was extinguish'd, and
 the stars
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
 Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
 Swung blind and blackening in the
 moonless air;
 Morn came and went — and came, and
 brought no day,
 And men forgot their passions in the
 dread
 Of this their desolation; and all hearts
 Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for
 light:
 And they did live by watchfires — and
 the thrones,
 The palaces of crowned kings — the huts,
 The habitations of all things which dwell,
 Were burnt for beacons; cities were
 consumed,
 And men were gather'd round their
 blazing homes
 To look once more into each other's
 face;
 Happy were those who dwelt within
 the eye
 Of the volcanos, and their mountain-
 torch:
 A fearful hope was all the world con-
 tain'd;
 Forests were set on fire — but hour
 by hour
 They fell and faded — and the crack-
 ling trunks
 Extinguish'd with a crash — and all
 was black.
 The brows of men by the despairing
 light
 Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
 The flashes fell upon them; some lay
 down
 And hid their eyes and wept; and some
 did rest
 Their chins upon their clenched hands,
 and smiled;
 And others hurried to and fro, and fed
 Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd
 up
 With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
 The pall of a past world; and then
 again
 With curses cast them down upon the
 dust,
 And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd:
 the wild birds shriek'd.
 And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
 And flap their useless wings; the wildest
 brutes

Came tame and tremulous; and vipers
 crawl'd
 And twined themselves among the mul-
 titude,
 Hissing, but stingless — they were slain
 for food:
 And War, which for a moment was no
 more,
 Did glut himself again; — a meal was
 bought
 With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
 Gorging himself in gloom: no love was
 left;
 All earth was but one thought — and
 that was death,
 Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
 Of famine fed upon all entrails — men
 Died, and their bones were tombless as
 their flesh;
 The meagre by the meagre were de-
 vour'd,
 Even dogs assail'd their masters, all
 save one,
 And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
 The birds and beasts and famish'd men
 at bay,
 Till hunger clung them, or the dropp-
 ing dead
 Lured their lank jaws; himself sought
 out no food.
 But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
 And a quick desolate cry, licking the
 hand
 Which answer'd not with a caress —
 he died.
 The crowd was famish'd by degrees;
 but two
 Of an enormous city did survive,
 And they were enemies: they met beside
 The dying embers of an altar-place
 Where had been heap'd a mass of holy
 things
 For an unholy usage; they raked up,
 And shivering scraped with their cold
 skeleton hands
 The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
 Blew for a little life, and made a flame
 Which was a mockery; then they lifted
 up [held
 Their eyes as it grew lighter, and be-
 Each other's aspects — saw, and shriek'd,
 and died —
 Even of their mutual hideousness they
 died,
 Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
 Famine had written Fiend. The world
 was void,
 The populous and the powerful was a
 lump,

Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless,
 lifeless —
 A lump of death — a chaos of hard clay.
 The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood
 still,
 And nothing stirr'd within their silent
 depths;
 Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
 And their masts fell down piecemeal;
 as they dropp'd
 They slept on the abyss without a
 surge —

The waves were dead; the tides were
 in their grave,
 The Moon, their mistress, had expired
 before;
 The winds were wither'd in the stagnant
 air,
 And the clouds perish'd! Darkness had
 no need
 Of aid from them — She was the Uni-
 verse.

Diodati, Juli, 1816.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY SIXTH YEAR.

Missolonghi, Jan. 22. 1824.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it hath ceased to move:
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
 The worm, the canker, and the grief
 Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
 Is lone as some volcanic isle;
 No torch is kindled at its blaze —
 A funeral pile

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
 The exalted portion of the pain
 And power of love, I cannot share,
 But wear the chain.

But 't is not *thus* — and 't is not *here* —
 Such thoughts should shake my soul,
 nor *now*,
 Where glory decks the hero's bier,
 Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
 Glory and Greece, around me see!
 The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
 Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece — she *is* awake!)
 Awake, my spirit! Think through
whom
 Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
 And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
 Unworthy manhood! — unto thee
 Indifferent should the smile or frown
 Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
 The land of honourable death
 Is here: — up to the field, and give
 Away thy breath!

Seek out — less often sought than found —
 A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,
 And take thy rest.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

PART I.

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
 And the young winds fed it with silver
 dew,
 And it opened its fan-like leaves to the
 light,
 And closed them beneath the kisses of
 night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
 And the Spirit of Love felt every where;

And each flower and herb on Earth's
 dark breast
 Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted
 with bliss
 In the garden, the field, or the wilder-
 ness,
 Like a doe in the noon-tide with love's
 sweet want,
 As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain
wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh
odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the
instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the
tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's
recess, [liness;
Till they die of their own dear love-

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion
so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is
seen

Through their pavilions of tender green;
And the hyacinth purple, and white,
and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal
anew

Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the
sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath
addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing
breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay
bare:

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender
sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet
tuberoze,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant
bosom
Was pranked under boughs of embower-
ing blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting
through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did
glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and ra-
diance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of
moss,
Which led through the garden along
and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the
breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming
trees,

Were all paved with daisies and deli-
cate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowrets which drooping as day
drooped too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and
blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the even-
ing dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening
eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken
it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had un-
folded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle
sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odour its neigh-
bour shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love
make dear,
Wrapped and filled by their mutual at-
mosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant which could
give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf
to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more
than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could be-
long to the giver —

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright
flower;
Radiance and odour are not its dower;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart
is full,
It desires what it has not, the beauti-
ful!

The light winds which from unsustain-
ing wings
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear
afar;

The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odour, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides
high,
Then wander like spirits among the
spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it
bears;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide,
Which, like a sea o'er the warm earth
glide, [beam,
In which every sound, and odour, and
Move, as reeds in a single stream;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to
bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day
went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from hea-
ven above,
And the Earth was all rest, and the
air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was
far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world
of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the
insects were drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound;
Whose waves never mark, though they
ever impress
The light sand which paves it, consci-
ousness;

(Only over head the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might
fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the
Sensitive Plant.)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favourite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

PART II.

There was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden; a ruling grace!
Which to the flowers, did they waken
or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely
mind
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien
and motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the
ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even:
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when night
walks forth,
Laughed round her footsteps up from
the Earth!

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flush-
ing face
Told, whilst the morn kissed the sleep
from her eyes,
That her dreams were less slumber than
Paradise:

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet
sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars
were awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Though the veil of daylight concealed
him from her.

Her step seemed to pity the grass it
prest;
You might hear, by the heaving of her
breast,
That the coming and the going of the
wind
Brought pleasure there and left passion
behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy
sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green
deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden
sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that
came
From her glowing fingers through all
their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the
stream
On those that were faint with the sunny
beam;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder
showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender
hands,
And sustained them with rods and osier
bands;
If the flowers had been her own infants,
she
Could never have nursed them more
tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing
worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely
forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian woof,
Into the rough woods far aloof,

In a basket, of grasses and wild flowers
full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banished insects, whose
intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beam-like ephemeris,
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft
moths that kiss
The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm
not, did she
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb,
Where butterflies dream of the life to
come,
She left clinging round the smooth and
dark
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved through the garden minis-
tering
All the sweet season of summer tide,
And ere the first leaf looked brown —
she died!

PART III.

Three days the flowers of the garden
fair,
Like stars when the moon is awakened,
were,
Or the waves of Baiæ, ere luminous
She floats up through the smoke of
Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant
Felt the sound of the funeral chaunt,
And the steps of the bearers, heavy
and slow, [low;
And the sobs of the mourners deep and
The weary sound and the heavy breath,
And the silent motions of passing death,

And the smell, co'd, oppressive, and
dank,
Sent through the pores of the coffin
plank;

The dark grass, and the flowers among
the grass,
Were bright with tears as the crowd
did pass;
From their sighs the wind caught a
mournful tone,
And sate in the pines and gave groan
for groan.

The garden, once fair, became co'd and
foul,
Like the corpse of her who had been
its soul;
Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a
heap
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of the morning
rode,
Though the noon-day sun looked clear
and bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose leaves, like flakes of crimson
snow,
Paved the turf and the moss below.
The lilies were drooping, and white,
and wan, [man.
Like the head and the skin of a dying

And Indian plants, of scent and hue
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf after leaf, day by day,
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and grey,
and red,
And white with the whiteness of what
is dead;
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind
past;
Their whistling noise made the birds
aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the winged
seeds
Out of their birth-place of ugly weeds,
Till they clung round many a sweet
flower's stem,
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were
set;
And the eddies drove them here and
there, [air.
As the winds did those of the upper

Then the rain came down, and the
broken stalks
Were bent and tangled across the walks;
And the leafless net-work of parasite
bowers
Massed into ruin, and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the
snow,
All loathliest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with
many a speck,
Like the water-snake's belly and the
toad's back.

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels
rank,
And the dock, and henbane, and hem-
lock dank,
Stretch'd out its long and hollow shank,
And stifled the air till the dead wind
stank.

And plants, at whose names the verse
feels loath,
Filled the place with a monstrous under-
growth,
Prickly, and pulpous, and blistering,
and blue,
Livid, and starred with a lurid dew.

And agarics and fungi, with mildew
and mould,
Started like mist from the wet ground
cold;
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been ani-
mated!

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,
Made the running rivulet thick and
dumb,
And at its outlet, flags huge as stakes
Dammed it up with roots knotted like
water-snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was
still, [to kill:
The vapours arose which have strength
At morn they were seen, at noon they
were felt,
At night they were darkness no star
could melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to
spray
Crept and flitted in broad noon-day
Unseen; every branch on which they alit
By a venomous blight was burned and bit.

The Sensitive Plant, like one forbid,
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves, which together grew,
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches
soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were
hewn;
The sap shrank to the root through
every pore,
As blood to a heart that will beat no
more.

For Winter came: the wind was his
whip:
One choppy finger was on his lip:
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clanked at his girdle like
manacles;

His breath was a chain which without
a sound
The earth, and the water bound;
He came, fiercely driven in his chariot-
throne
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of
living death
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath.
Their decay and sudden flight from frost
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost!

And under the roots of the Sensitive
Plant
The moles and the dormice died for
want:
The birds dropped stiff from the frozen
air,
And were caught in the branches naked
und bare.

First there came down a thawing rain,
And its dull drops froze on the boughs
again,
Then there steamed up a freezing dew
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain
grew;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering
about
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child
out,
Shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy
and stiff,
And snapped them off with his rigid
griff.

When winter had gone and spring came
back,
The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck;
But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and
docks, and darnels,
Rose like the dead from their ruined
charnels.

LINES.

When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead —

When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed.

When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;

When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute: —

No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;

The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possest.

O, Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why chuse you the frailest [bier?
For your cradle, your home, and your

Its passions will rock thee,
As the storms rock the ravens on high:

Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.

From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave the naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

JOHN KEATS.

FANCY.

Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond
her:

Open wide the mind's cage door,
She 'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming:
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloy with tasting: What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commission'd: — send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;

All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth:
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it: — thou shalt
hear

Distant harvest-carols clear;
Rustle of the reaped corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And, in the same moment — hark!
'T is the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearl'd with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;

Acorns ripe down-pattering
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Every thing is spoilt by use:
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at? Where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? Where's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft?
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let, then, winged Fancy find

Thee a mistress to thy mind:
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
Ere the God of Torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide;
With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's, when her zone
Slipt its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet,
And Jove grew languid. — Break the
mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash;
Quickly break her prison-string,
And such joys as these she'll bring. —
Let the winged Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

ODE ON THE POETS.

Bards of Passion aud of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?
Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wondrous,
And the parle of voices thund'rous;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth;
Philosophic numbers smooth;

Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.
Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what maim.
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.
Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double lived in regions new!

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tipp'd drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,

Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story, —
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new old-sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

STANZAS.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;

But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 't were so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme.

LEIGH HUNT.

ODE TO THE GOLDEN AGE.

O lovely age of gold!
Not that the rivers rolled
With milk, or that the woods wept
honey-dew;
Not that the reedy ground
Produced without a wound,
Or the mild serpent had no tooth that
Not that a cloudless blue [slew;

For ever was in sight;
Or that the heaven which burns,
And now is cold by turns,
Looked out in glad and everlasting light;
No, nor that even the insolent ships
from far
Brought war to no new lands, nor riches
worse than war.

THE DEFORMED CHILD.

An angel prisoned in an infant frame
Of mortal sickness and deformity,
Looks patiently from out that languid
eye,
Matured, and seeming large with pain.
The name [ments tame.
Of «happy childhood» mocks his move-
So propped with piteous crutch; or
forced to lie [try
Rather than sit, in its frail chair, and
To taste the pleasure of the unshared
game.

He does, and faintly claps his withered
hand
To see how brother Willie caught the
ball;
Kind brother Willie, strong yet gentle
all:
'Twas he that placed him, where his
chair now stands,
In that warm corner 'gainst the sunny
wall. —
God, in that brother, gave him more
than lands.

EXTRACT FROM 'FRANCISCA DA RIMINI'.

'Tis morn, and never did a lovelier day
Salute Ravenna from its leafy bay;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at
night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the
light;
And April, with his white hands wet
with flowers,

Dazzles the bridesmaids looking from
the towers:
Green vineyards and fair orchards, far
and near,
Glitter with drops; and heaven is sap-
phire clear,
And the lark rings it, and the pine-
trees glow;

For in this manner is the square set
 out: —
 The sides half-deep are crowded round
 about
 And faced with guards who keep the
 horseway clear;
 And round a fountain in the midst ap-
 pear —
 Seated with knights and ladies in dis-
 course —
 Rare Tuscan wits and warbling trou-
 badours,
 Whom Guido, for he loved the Muse's
 race,
 Has set there to adorn his public place.
 The seats with boughs are shaded from
 above
 Of bays and roses — trees of wit and
 love.
 And in the midst fresh whistling through
 the scene
 The lightsome fountain starts from out
 the green
 Clear and compact, till at its height
 o'errun
 It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.

* * * *

Another start of trumpets with reply;
 And o'er the gate a crimson canopy
 Opens to right and left its flowing shade,
 And Guido issues with the princely maid
 And sits. The courtiers fall on either
 side;
 But every look is fixed upon the bride,
 Who seems all thought at first, and
 hardly hears
 The enormous shout that springs as she
 appears;
 Till, as she views the countless gaze
 below,
 And faces that with grateful homage
 glow,
 A home to leave and husband yet to see
 Are mixed with thoughts of lofty charity:
 And hard it is, she thinks, to have no
 will;
 But not to bless these thousands harder
 still.

With that a keen and quivering sense
 of tears
 Scarces moves her sweet proud lip and
 disappears;
 A smile is underneath and breaks away
 And round she looks and breathes as
 best befits the day.

What need I tell of cheeks and lips and
 eyes
 The looks that fall, and bosom's balmy
 rise?
 Beauty's whole soul is here, though
 shadowed still
 With anxious thought and doubtful
 maiden will;
 A lip for endless love should all prove
 just;
 An eye that can withdraw into as deep
 distrust.

While thus with earnest looks the people
 gaze,
 Another shout the neighbouring quar-
 ters raise;
 The train are in the town, and gather-
 ing near
 With noise of cavalry and trumpets clear,
 A princely music, unbedimmed with
 drums,
 The mighty brass seems opening as it
 comes.
 And now it fills and now it shakes the
 air,
 And now it bursts into the sounding
 square,
 At which the crowd with such a shout
 rejoice,
 Each think he's deafened with his neigh-
 bour's voice,
 Then with a long-drawn breath the
 clangours die,
 The palace trumpets give a last reply;
 And clustering hoofs succeed with sta-
 tely stir
 Of snortings proud and clinking furni-
 ture; —
 The most majestic sound of human will:
 Nought else is heard some time, the
 people are so still.

JOHN WILSON.

THE PAST.

How wild and dim this life appears!
 One long, deep, heavy sigh,
 When o'er our eyes, half closed in tears,
 The images of former years
 Are faintly glittering by!

And still forgotten while they go!
 As, on the sea-beach, wave on wave,
 Dissolves at once in snow.
 The amber clouds one moment lie,
 Then, like a dream, are gone!

Though beautiful the moon-beams play
 On the lake's bosom, bright as they,
 And the soul intensely loves their stay,
 Soon as the radiance melts away,
 We scarce believe it shone!
 Heaven-airs amid the harp-strings dwell;
 And we wish they ne'er may fade;—
 They cease; and the soul is a silent cell,
 Where music never play'd!
 Dreams follow dreams, through the
 long night hours,

Each lovelier than the last;
 But, ere the breath of morning-flowers,
 That gorgeous world flies past;
 And many a sweet angelic cheek,
 Whose smiles of love and fondness
 speak,
 Glides by us on this earth;
 While in a day we cannot tell
 Where shone the face we loved so well,
 In sadness, or in mirth.

THE VOICE OF DEPARTED FRIENDSHIP.

I had a friend who died in early youth!
 And often in those melancholy dreams,
 When my soul travels through the um-
 brage deep
 That shades the silent world of me-
 mory,
 Methinks I hear his voice! sweet as the
 breath
 Of balmy ground-flowers, stealing from
 some spot
 Of sunshine sacred, in a gloomy wood,
 To everlasting spring.
 In the church-yard
 Where now he sleeps — the day before
 he died,
 Silent we sat together on a grave;
 Till gently laying his pale hand on mine,
 Pale in the moonlight that was coldly
 sleeping
 On heaving sod and marble monument—
 This was the music of his last fare-
 well —
 «Weep not, my brother! though thou
 seest me led
 By short and easy stages, day by day,
 With motion almost imperceptible
 Into the quiet grave. God's will be
 done!
 Even when a boy, in doleful solitude
 My soul oft sate within the shadow of
 death!
 And when I looked along the laughing
 earth,
 Up the blue heavens, and through the
 middle air
 Joyfully ringing with the sky-lark's song,
 I wept! and thought how sad for one
 so young
 To bid farewell to so much happiness.
 But Christ hath called me from this
 lower world,
 Delightful though it be — and when I
 gaze

On the green earth and all its happy
 hills,
 'Tis with such feelings as a man be-
 holds
 A little farm which he is doomed to
 leave
 On an appointed day. Still more and
 more
 He loves it as that mournful day draws
 near,
 But has prepared his heart — and is
 resigned.»
 — Then lifting up his radiant eyes to
 heaven,
 He said, with fervent voice — «O, what
 were life,
 Even in the warm and summer-light of
 joy,
 Without those hopes, that, like refresh-
 ing gales
 At evening from the sea, come o'er the
 soul
 Breathed from the ocean of eternity.
 — And oh! without them who could
 bear the storms
 That fall in roaring blackness o'er the
 waters
 Of agitated life! Then hopes arise
 All round our sinking souls, like those
 fair birds
 O'er whose soft plumes the tempest
 hath no power,
 Waving their snow-white wings amid
 the darkness,
 And wiling us with gentle motion, on
 To some calm island! on whose silvery
 strand
 Drooping at once, they fold their silent
 pinions —
 And, as we touch the shores of para-
 dise
 In love and beauty walk around our
 feet.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

What is a mother's love?
— A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould:
The warmest love that can grow cold —
This is a mother's love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then, while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born,
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone,
This is a mother's love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear,
To cherish on her breast,
Feel it from Love's own fountain there,
And lull it there to rest;
Then while it slumbers, watch its breath,
As if to guard from instant death;
This is a mother's love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
Of intellectual fire:
To smile, and listen while it talks,
And lend a finger when it walks;
This is a mother's love.

And can a mother's love grow cold?
Can she forget her boy?
His pleading innocence behold,
Nor weep for grief — for joy?
A mother may forget her child,
While wolves devour it on the wild;
— Is this a mother's love?

Ten thousand voices answer «No!»
Ye clasp your babes and kiss,
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow;
Yet ah! remember this:
The infant, reared alone for earth,
May live, may die — to curse his birth;
— Is this a mother's love?

A parent's heart may prove a snare;
The child she loves so well,
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care
Down the smooth road to hell;
Nourish its frame — destroy its mind:
Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
E'en with a mother's love.

Blest infant! whom his mother taught
Early to seek the Lord,
And poured upon his dawning thought
The day-spring of the Word:
This was the lesson to her son,
— Time is Eternity begun:
Behold that mother's love.

Blest mother! who in Wisdom's path,
By her own parent trod,
Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
And know the fear of God:
Ah! youth, like him enjoy your prime,
Begin Eternity in time,
Taught by that mother's love.

That mother's love? — how sweet the
What was that mother's love? [name!
— The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
That kindles from above,
Within a heart of earthly mould,
As much of heaven as heart can hold,
Nor through Eternity grows cold;
This was that mother's love.

THE DAISY.

ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM AT CHRISTMAS.

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page: — in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and p'ain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer-reign,
The Daisy never dies.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THRASYMEDES AND EUNOE.

Who will away to Athens with me? Who
Loves choral songs and maidens crowned
with flowers
Unenvious? Mount the pinnace; hoist
the sail!

I promise ye, as many as are here,
Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me,
taste

From unrinsed barrel the diluted wine
Of a lone vineyard, or a plant ill-pruned.
But such as anciently the Aegean isles
Poured in libation at their solemn feasts;
And the same goblets shall ye grasp,
embost [boors,
With no vile figures of loose languid
But such as gods have lived with and
have led.

The sea smiles bright before us. What
white sail
Plays yonder? What pursues it? Like
two hawks

Away they fly. Let us away in time
To overtake them. Are they menaces
We hear? And shall the strong repulse
the weak,

Enraged at her defender? Hippias!
Art thou the man? 'Twas Hippias. He
had found

His sisters borne from the Cecropion port
By Thrasymedes. And reluctantly?
Ask, ask the maiden; I have no reply.

«Brother! o brother Hippias! Oh, if love,
If pity ever touched thy breast, forbear!
Strike not the brave, the gentle, the
beloved,

My Thrasymedes, with his cloak alone
Protecting his own head and mine from
harm.»

«Didst thou not once before», cried Hip-
pias
Regardless of his sister, hoarse with
wrath

As Thrasymedes, «didst thou not, dog-
eyed,

Dare, as she walked up to the Parthenon
On the most holy of all holy days,
In sight of all the city, dare to kiss
Her maiden cheek?»

«Ay, before all the gods,
Ay, before Pallas, before Artemis,
Ay, before Aphrodite, before Herè,
I dared; and dare again. Arise, my
spouse!

Arise! and let my lips quaff purity
From thy fair open brow.»

The sword was up,
And yet he kissed her twice. Some god
withheld

The arm of Hippias; his proud blood
seethed slower

And smote his breast less angrily; he
laid

His hand on the white shoulder and
spoke thus:

«Ye must return with me. A second
time

Offended, will our sire Peisistratos
Pardon the affront? Thou shouldst have
asked thyself

That question ere the sail first flapt the
mast.»

«Already thou hast taken life from me;
Put up thy sword,» said the sad youth,
his eyes

Sparkling; but whether love or rage or
grief

They sparkled with, the gods alone
 could see.
 Peiraeus they re-entered, and their
 ship [quay,
 Drove up the little waves against the
 Whence was thrown out a rope from
 one above,
 And Hippias caught it. From the vir-
 gin's waist
 Her lover dropped his arm, and blushed
 to think
 He had retained it there, in sight of
 rude
 Irreverent men; he led her forth nor
 spake.
 Hippias walked silent too, until they
 reached
 The mansion of Peisistratos, her sire.
 Serenely in his sternness did the prince
 Look on them both awhile: they saw
 not him,
 For both had cast their eyes upon the
 ground.
 «Are these the pirates thou hast taken,
 son?»
 Said he. «Worse, father! worse than
 pirates they
 Who thus abuse thy patience, thus
 abuse
 Thy pardon, thus abuse the holy rites
 Twice over.»

«Well hast thou performed thy duty,»
 Firmly and gravely said Peisistratos.
 «Nothing, then, rash young man! could
 turn thy heart
 From Eunoë my daughter?»
 «Nothing, Sir,
 Shall ever turn it. I can die but once

And love but once. O Eunoë, farewell;»
 «Nay, she shall see, what thou canst
 bear for her.»
 «O father! Shut me in my chamber,
 shut me
 In my poor mother's tomb, dead or
 alive,
 But never let me see what he can bear,
 I know how much that is when borne
 for me.»
 «Not yet: come on. And lag not thou
 behind,
 Pirate of virgin and of princely hearts!
 Before the people, and before the god-
 dess
 Thou hadst evinced the madness of the
 passion,
 And now wouldst bear from home and
 plenteousness
 To poverty and exile, this my child.»
 Then shuddered Thrasymedes and ex-
 claimed,
 «I see my crime; I saw it not before.
 The daughter of Peisistratos was born
 Neither for exile nor for poverty,
 Ah! nor for me!» He would have wept,
 but one
 Might see him, and weep worse. The
 prince unmoved
 Strode on, and said, «To-morrow shall
 the people
 All who beheld thy trespasses, behold
 The justice of Peisistratos, the love
 He bears his daughter and the rever-
 ence
 In which he holds the highest law of
 God.»
 He spake; and on the morrow they were
 one.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

Who sleeps below? who sleeps below?
 It is a question idle all!
 Ask of the breezes as they blow,
 Say, do they heed, or hear thy call?
 They murmur in the trees around,
 And mock thy voice, an empty sound.

A hundred summer-suns have showered
 Their fostering warmth, and radiance
 bright;
 A hundred winterstorms have lower'd
 With piercing floods, and hues of night,
 Since first this remnant of his race
 Did tenant his lone dwelling-place.

Say did he come from east, from west?
 From southern climes, or where the
 With frosty sceptre, doth arrest [pole,
 The howling billows, as they roll?
 Within what realm of peace or strife,
 Did he first draw the breath of life?

Was he of high or low degree?
 Did grandeur smile upon his lot?
 Or, born to dark obscurity,
 Dwelt he within some lonely cot,
 And from his youth to labour wed,
 From toil-strung limbs wrung daily
 bread?

Say, died he ripe, and full of years,
Bowed down and bent by hoary eld,
When sound was silence to his ears
And the dim eye-ball sight withheld;
Like a ripe apple falling down,
Unshaken; mid the orchard brown;

When all the friends that bless'd his
prime,
Were vanish'd like a morning dream;
Pluck'd one by one by spareless time,
And scatter'd in oblivion's stream;
Passing away all silently,
Like snow flakes melting in the sea:

Or, mid the summer of his years,
When round him throng'd his children
young,
When bright eyes gush'd with burning
tears,
And anguish dwelt on every tongue,
Was he cut off, and left behind
A widowed wife, scarce half resign'd?

Or, mid the sunshine of his spring
Came the swift bolt that dash'd him
down,
When she, his chosen, blossoming
In beauty, deem'd him all her own,
And forward look'd to happier years
Than ever blessed their vale of tears?

Perhaps he perished for the faith, —
One of that persecuted band,
Who suffer'd tortures, bonds, and death,
To free from mental thrall the land,
And, toiling for the martyr's fame,
Espous'd his fate, nor found a name!

Say, was he one to science blind,
A groper in earth's dungeon dark?
Or one, whose bold aspiring mind

Did in the fair creation mark
The Maker's hand, and kept his soul
Free from this grovelling world's con-
troul?

Hush, wild surmise! — 'tis vain — 'tis
vain —

The summer-flowers in beauty blow,
And sighs the wind, and floods the rain,
O'er some old bones that rot below;
No other record can we trace
Of fame, or fortune, rank, or race!

Then what is life, when thus we see
No trace remains of life's career? —
Mortal! whoe'er thou art, for thee
A moral lesson gloweth here;
Put'st thou in aught of earth thy trust?
'Tis doom'd that dust shall mix with
dust.

What doth it matter then, if thus,
Without a stone, without a name,
To impotently herald us,
We float not on the breath of fame;
But, like the dew-drop from the flower,
Pass, after glittering for an hour?

Since soul decays not; freed from earth
And earthly coils it bursts away;
Receiving a celestial birth,
And spurning off its bonds of clay,
It soars, and seeks another sphere,
And blooms through heaven's eternal
year!

Do good; shun evil; live not thou,
As if at death thy being died;
Nor error's syren voice allow
To draw thy steps from truth aside;
Look to thy journey's end — the grave!
And trust in him whose arm can save.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

«Drown'd! drown'd!» — *Hamlet.*

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing. —

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,

All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family —
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd —
Any where, any where
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran, —
Over the brink of it,
Picture it — think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, — kindly, —
Smoothe, and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest. —
Cross her hands humbly
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the «Song of the Shirt!»

«Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work — work — work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work;

«Work — work — work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work — work — work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

«O! Men, with Sisters dear!
O! Men! with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you 're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stich,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

«But why do I talk of Death?
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own —
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh! God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

«Work — work — work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of
 straw,
A crust of bread — and rags.
That shatter'd roof — and this naked
 floor —
A table — a broken chair —
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

«Work — work — work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work — work — work —
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,

Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain
 benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

«Work — work — work,
In the dull December light,
And work — work — work,
When the weather is warm and bright —
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

«Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

«Oh but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!»

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sate in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the
 Rich!
She sang this «Song of the Shirt!»

THE LADY'S DREAM.

The lady lay in her bed,
Her couch so warm and soft,
But her sleep was restless and broken
 still;
For turning often and oft
From side to side, she mutter'd and
 moan'd,
And toss'd her arms aloft.

At last she startled up,
And gaz'd on the vacant air,
With a look of awe, as if she saw
Some dreadful phantom there —
And then in the pillow she buried her
 face
From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,
Her terror was so extreme;
And the light that fell on the broider'd
 quilt
Kept a tremulous gleam;
And her voice was hallow, and shook
 as she cried:—
«Oh me! that awful dream!

«That weary, weary walk,
In the churchyard's dismal ground!
And those horrible things, with shady
 wings,
That came and flitted round, —
Death, death, and nothing but death,
In every sight and sound!

«And oh! those maidens young,
Who wrought in that dreary room.
With figures drooping and spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom; —
And the Voice that cried, 'For the pomp
of pride,
We haste to an early tomb!

«For the pomp and pleasure of Pride,
We toil like Afric slaves,
And only to earn a home at last,
Where yonder cypress waves; —
And then they pointed — I never saw
A ground so full of graves!

«And still the coffins came,
With their sorrowful trains and slow;
Coffin after coffin still,
A sad and sickening show;
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt
Of such a World of Woe!

«Of the hearts that daily break,
Of the tears that hourly fall,
Of the many, many troubles of life,
That grieve this earthly ball —
Disease and Hunger, and Pain, and Want,
But now I dreamt of them all!

«For the blind and the cripple were
there,
And the babe that pined for bread,
And the houseless man, and the widow
poor
Who begged — to bury the dead;
The naked, alas, that I might have clad,
The famish'd I might have fed!

«The sorrow I might have soothed,
And the unregarded tears;
For many a thronging shape was there,
From long forgotten years,
Ay, even the poor rejected Moor,
Who rais'd my childish fears!

«Each pleading look, that long ago
I scann'd with a heedless eye,

Each face was gazing as plainly there,
As when I pass'd it by:
Woe, woe for me if the past should be
Thus present when I die!

«No need of sulphureous lake,
No need of fiery coal,
But only that crowd of human kind
Who wanted pity and dole —
In ever'lasting retrospect —
Will wring my sinful soul!

«Alas! I have walk'd through life
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow worm,
And fill the burial sod —
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmark'd of God!

«I drank the richest draughts;
And ate whatever is good —
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,
Supplied my hungry mood;
But I never remember'd the wretched
ones
That starve for want of food!

«I dress'd as the noble dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remember'd the naked limbs
That froze with winter's cold.

«The wounds I might have heal'd!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part:
But evil is wrought by want of Thought,
As well as want of Heart!»
She clasp'd her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream;
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme;
And yet, oh yet, that many a Dame
Would dream the Lady's Dream!

THE LAY OF THE LABOURER.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will —
And here's a ready hand
To ply the needful tool,
And skill'd enough, by lessons rough,
In Labour's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch,
To lop or fell the tree,

To lay the swarth on the sultry field,
Or plough the stubborn lea;
The harvest stack to bind,
The wheaten rick to thatch,
And never fear in my pouch to find
The tinder or the match.

To a flaming barn or farm
My fancies never roam;
The fire I yearn to kindle and burn
Is on the heart of Home;

Where children huddle and crouch
Through dark long winter days,
Where starving children huddle and
crouch,
To see the cheerful rays,
A-glowing on the haggard cheek,
And not in the haggard's blaze!

To Him who sends a drought
To parch the fields forlorn,
The rain to flood the meadows with mud,
The blight to blast the corn,
To Him I leave to guide
The bolt in its crooked path,
To strike the miser's rick, and show
The skies blood-red with wrath.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will —
The corn to thrash, or the hedge to
plash,
The market-team to drive,
Or mend the fence by the cover side,
And leave the game alive.

Ay, only give me work,
And then you need not fear
That I shall snare his worship's hare,
Or kill his grace's deer;
Break into his lordship's house,
To steal the plate so rich;
Or leave the yeoman that had a purse
To welter in a ditch.

Wherever Nature needs,
Wherever Labour calls,
No job I'll shirk of the hardest work,
To shun the workhouse walls;
Where savage laws begrudge
The pauper babe its breath,
And doom a wife to a widow's life,
Before her partner's death.

My on'y c'aim is this,
With labour stiff and stark,
By lawful turn, my living to earn,
Between the light and dark;
My daily bread, and nightly bed,
My bacon, and drop of beer —
But all from the hand that holds the
land,
And none from the overseer!

No parish money, or loaf,
No pauper badges for me,
A son of the soil, by right of toil
Entitled to my fee.
No alms I ask, give me my task:
Here are the arm, the leg,
The strength, the sinews of a Man,
To work, and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs,
Though doom'd by chance of birth
To dress so mean, and to eat the lean,
Instead of the fat of the earth;
To make such humble meals
As honest labour can,
A bone and a crust, with a grace to
And little thanks to man! [God,

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will —
Whatever the tool to ply,
Here is a willing drudge,
With muscle and limb, and woe to him
Who does their pay begrudge!

Who every weekly score
Docks labour's little mite,
Bestows on the poor at the temple door,
But robb'd them over night.
The very shilling he hoped to save,
As health and morals fail,
Shall visit me in the New Bastile,
The Spital, or the Gaol!

THE DEATH-BED.

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly mov'd about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied —
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids clos'd — she had
Another morn than ours.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The vi'lets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day, —
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I 'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

ROBERT BROWNING.**I. MADHOUSE CELL.**

JOHANNES AGRICOLA IN MEDITATION.

There's Heaven above, and night by
night,
I look right through its gorgeous roof;
No suns and moons though e'er so bright
Avail to stop me; splendor-proof
I keep the broods of stars aloof:
For I intend to get to God,
For 'tis to God I speed so fast,
For in God's breast, my own abode,
Those shoals of dazzling glory past,
I lay my spirit down at last.
I lie where I have always lain,
God smiles as he has always smiled;
Ere suns and moons could wax and wane,
Ere stars were thundergirt, or piled
The Heavens, God thought on me his
child;
Ordained a life for me, arrayed
Its circumstances, every one
To the minutest; ay, God said
This head this hand should rest upon
Thus, ere he fashioned star or sun.
And having thus created me,
Thus rooted me, he bade me grow,
Guiltless for ever, like a tree
That buds and blooms, nor seeks to know
The law by which it prospers so:
But sure that thought and word and
deed
All go to swell his love for me,
Me, made because that love had need

Of something irrevocably
Pledged solely its content to be.
Yes, yes, a tree which must ascend, —
No poison-gourd foredoomed to stoop
I have God's warrant, could I blend
All hideous sins, as in a cup,
To drink the mingled venoms up,
Secure my nature will convert
The draught to blossoming gladness
fast,
While sweet dew turns to the gourd's
hurt,
And bloat, and while they bloat it, blast,
As from the first its lot was cast.
For as I lie, smiled on, full fed
By unexhausted power to bless,
I gaze below on Hell's fierce bed,
And those its waves of flame oppress,
Swarming in ghastly wretchedness;
Whose life on earth aspired to be
One altar-smoke, so pure! — to win
If not love like God's love to me,
At least to keep his anger in,
And all their striving turned to sin!
Priest, doctor, hermit, monk grown
white
With prayer, the broken-hearted nun,
The martyr, the wan acolyte,
The incense-swinging child, — undone
Before God fashioned star or sun!
God, whom I praise; how could I praise,

If such as I might understand,
Make out, and reckon on, his ways,

And bargain for his love, and stand,
Paying a price, at his right hand?

II. MADHOUSE CELL.

PORPHYRIA'S LOVER.

The rain set early in to-night,
The sullen wind was soon awake,
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,
And did its worst to vex the lake,
I listened with heart fit to break;
When glided in Porphyria: straight
She shut the cold out and the storm,
And kneeled and made the cheerless
grate
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm;
Which done, she rose, and from her
form
Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,
And laid her soiled gloves by, untied
Her hat and let the damp hair fall,
And, last, she sate down by my side
And called me. When no voice replied,
She put my arm about her waist,
And made her smooth white shoulder
bare,
And all her yellow hair displaced,
And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,
And spread o'er all her yellow hair,
Murmuring how she loved me; she
Too weak, for all her heart's endeavour,
To set its struggling passion free
From pride, and vainer ties dissever,
And give herself to me for ever:
But passion sometimes would prevail,
Nor could to-night's gay feast restrain
A sudden thought of one so pale
For love of her, and all in vain;

So, she was come through wind and
rain.
Be sure I looked up at her eyes
Proud, very proud; at last I knew
Porphyria worshipped me; surprise
Made my heart swell, and still it grew
While I debated what to do.
That moment she was mine, mine, fair,
Perfectly pure and good: I found
A thing to do, and all her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around,
And strangled her. No pain felt she;
I am quite sure she felt no pain.
As a shut bud that holds a bee
I warily oped her lids; again
Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.
And I untightened next the tress
About her neck; her cheek once more
Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss:
I propped her head up as before,
Only, this time *my* shoulder bore
Her head, which droops upon it still:
The smiling rosy little head,
So glad it has its utmost will,
That all it scorned at once is fled,
And I, its love, am gained instead!
Porphyria's love: she guessed not how
Her darling one wish would be heard.
And thus we sit together now,
And all night long we have not stirred,
And yet God has not said a word!

Mrs. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE DEAD PAN.

I.

Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,
Can ye listen in your silence?
Can your mystic voices tell us
Where ye hide? In floating islands,
With a wind that evermore
Keeps you out of sight of shore?
Pan, Pan is dead.

II.

In what revels are ye sunken,
In old Æthiopia?

Have the Pygmies made you drunken,
Bathing in mandragora
Your divine pale lips, that shiver
Like the lotus in the river?
Pan, Pan is dead.

III.

Do ye sit there still in slumber,
In gigantic Alpine rows?
The black poppies out of number
Nodding, dripping from your brows

To the red lees of your wine,
And so kept alive and fine?
Pan, Pan is dead.

IV.

Or lie crushed your stagnant corsers
Where the silver spheres roll on,
Stung to life by centric forces
Thrown like rays out from the sun?—
While the smoke of your old altars
Is the shroud that round you welters?
Great Pan is dead.

V.

'Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,'
Said the old Hellenic tongue!
Said the hero-oaths, as well as
Poets' songs the sweetest sung!
Have ye grown deaf in a day?
Can ye speak not yea or nay—
Since Pan is dead?

VI.

Do ye leave your rivers flowing
All alone, O Naiades,
While your drenchèd locks dry slow in
This cold feeble sun and breeze?—
Not a word the Naiads say,
Though the rivers run for aye.
For Pan is dead.

VII.

From the gloaming of the oak-wood,
O ye Dryads, could ye flee?
At the rushing thunderstroke, would
No sob tremble through the tree?—
Not a word the Dryads say,
Though the forests wave for aye.
For Pan is dead.

VIII.

Have ye left the mountain places,
Oreads wild, for other tryst?
Shall we see no sudden faces
Strike a glory through the mist?
Not a sound the silence thrills
Of the everlasting hills.
Pan, Pan is dead.

IX.

O twelve gods of Plato's vision,
Crowned to starry wanderings,—
With your chariots in procession,
And your silver clash of wings!
Very pale ye seem to rise,
Ghosts of Grecian deities,—
Now Pan is dead!

X.

Jove, that right hand is unloaded,
Whence the thunder did prevail,
While in idiocy of godhead

Thou art staring the stars pale!
And thine eagle, blind and old,
Roughs his feathers in the cold.
Pan, Pan is dead.

XI.

Where, O Juno, is the glory
Of thy regal look and tread?
Will they lay, for evermore, thee,
On thy dim, straight, golden bed?
Will thy queendom all lie hid
Meekly under either lid?
Pan, Pan is dead.

XII.

Ha, Apollo! floats his golden
Hair all mist-like where he stands,
While the Muses hang enfolding
Knee and foot with faint wild hands?
'Neath the clanging of thy bow,
Niobe looked lost as thou!
Pan, Pan is dead.

XIII.

Shall the casque with its brown iron,
Pallas' broad blue eyes, eclipse,
And no hero take inspiring
From the god-Greek of her lips?
'Neath her olive dost thou sit,
Mars the mighty, cursing it?
Pan, Pan is dead.

XIV.

Bacchus, Bacchus! on the panther
He swoons,—bound with his own vines.
And his Mænads slowly saunter,
Head aside, among the pines,
While they murmur dreamingly,
'Evohe — ah — evohe — !'
Ah, Pan is dead!

XV.

Neptune lies beside the trident,
Dull and senseless as a stone;
And old Pluto deaf and silent
Is cast out into the sun.
Ceres smileth stern thereat,
'We *all* now are desolate —'
Now Pan is dead.

XVI.

Aphrodite! dead and driven
As thy native foam, thou art;
With the cestus long done heaving
On the white calm of thine heart!
Ai Adonis! at that shriek,
Not a tear runs down her cheek —
Pan, Pan is dead.

XVII.

And the Loves, we used to know from
One another, huddled lie,

Frore as taken in a snow-storm,
Close beside her tenderly, —
As if each had weakly tried
Once to kiss her as he died.
Pan, Pan is dead.

XVIII.

What, and Hermes? Time enthralleth
All thy cunning, Hermes, thus, —
And the ivy blindly crawleth
Round thy brave caduceus?
Hast thou no new message for us,
Full of thunder and Jove-glories?
Nay, Pan is dead.

XIX.

Crownèd Cybele's great turret
Rocks and crumbles on her head.
Roar the lions of her chariot
Toward the wilderness, unfed.
Scornful children are not mute, —
'Mother, mother, walk a-foot —
Since Pan is dead.'

XX.

In the fiery-hearted centre
Of the solemn universe,
Ancient Vesta, — who could enter
To consume thee with this curse?
Drop thy grey chin on thy knee,
O thou palsied Mystery!
For Pan is dead.

XXI.

Gods, we vainly do adjure you, —
Ye return nor voice nor sign!
Not a votary could secure you
Even a grave for your Divine!
Not a grave, to show thereby,
Here these grey old gods do lie.
Pan, Pan is dead.

XXII.

Even that Greece who took your wages,
Calls the obolus outworn.
And the hoarse deep-throated ages
Laugh your godships unto scorn.
And the poets do disclaim you,
Or grow colder if they name you —
And Pan is dead.

XXIII.

Gods bereavèd, gods belated,
With your purples rent asunder!
Gods discrowned and desecrated,
Disinherited of thunder!
Now, the goats may climb and crop
The soft grass on Ida's top —
Now, Pan is dead.

XXIV.

Calm, of old, the bark went onward,
When a cry more loud than wind,
Rose up, deepened, and swept sunward,
From the piled Dark behind;
And the sun shrank and grew pale,
Breathed against by the great wail —
'Pan, Pan is dead.'

XXV.

And the rowers from the benches
Fell, — each shuddering on his face —
While departing Influences
Struck a cold back through the place;
And the shadow of the ship
Reeled along the passive deep —
Pan, Pan is dead.'

XXVI.

And that dismal cry rose slowly
And sank slowly through the air,
Full of spirit's melancholy
And eternity's despair!
And they heard the words it said —
Pan is dead — Great Pan is dead —
Pan, Pan is dead.

XXVII.

'Twas the hour when One in Sion
Hung for love's sake on a cross;
When His brow was chill with dying,
And His soul was faint with loss;
When his priestly blood dropped down-
ward,
And His kingly eyes looked throne-
ward —
Then, Pan was dead.

XXVIII.

By the love He stood alone in,
His sole Godhead rose complete,
And the false gods fell down moaning,
Each from off his golden seat;
All the false gods with a cry
Rendered up their deity —
Pan, Pan was dead.

XXIX.

Wailing wide across the islands,
They rent, vest-like, their Divine!
And a darkness and a silence
Quenched the light of every shrine;
And Dodona's oak swang lonely
Henceforth, to the tempest only,
Pan, Pan was dead.

XXX.

Pythia staggered, — feeling o'er her,
Her lost god's forsaking look.
Straight her eyeballs filmed with horror,
And her crispy fillets shook,

And her lips gasped through their foam,
For a word that did not come.

Pan, Pan was dead.

XXXI.

O ye vain false gods of Hellas,
Ye are silent evermore!
And I dash down this old chalice,
Whence libations ran of yore.
See, the wine crawls in the dust
Wormlike — as your glories must,
Since Pan is dead.

XXXII.

Get to dust, as common mortals,
By a common doom and track!
Let no Schiller from the portals
Of that Hades, call you back,
Or instruct us to weep all
At your antique funeral.
Pan, Pan is dead.

XXXIII.

By your beauty, which confesses
Some chief Beauty conquering you, —
By our grand heroic guesses,
Through your falsehood, at the True, —
We will weep *not* . . . ! earth shall roll
Heir to each god's aureole —
And Pan is dead.

XXXIV.

Earth outgrows the mythic fancies
Sung beside her in her youth;
And those debonaire romances
Sound but dull beside the truth.
Phœbus' chariot-course is run.
Look up, poets, to the sun!
Pan, Pan is dead.

XXXV.

Christ hath sent us down the angels;
And the whole earth and the skies

Are illumed by altar-candles
Lit for blessèd mysteries;
And a Priest's hand, through creation,
Waveth calm and consecration —
And Pan is dead.

XXXVI.

Truth is fair: should we forego it?
Can we sigh right for a wrong?
God himself is the best Poet,
And the Real is his song.
Sing his truth out fair and full,
And secure his beautiful.
Let Pan be dead.

XXXVII.

Truth is large. Our aspiration
Scarce embraces half we be.
Shame, to stand in His creation,
And doubt truth's sufficiency! —
To think God's song unexcelling
The poor tales of our own telling —
When Pan is dead.

XXXVIII.

What is true and just and honest,
What is lovely, what is pure —
All of praise that hath admonisht,
All of virtue, shall endure, —
These are themes for poets' uses,
Stirring nobler than the Muses,
Ere Pan was dead.

XXXIX.

O brave poets, keep back nothing,
Nor mix falsehood with the whole.
Look up Godward; speak the truth in
Worthy song from earnest soul!
Hold, in high poetic duty,
Truest Truth the fairest Beauty.
Pan, Pan is dead.

THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.

I.

'There is no God,' the foolish saith,
But none, 'There is no sorrow.'
And nature oft, the cry of faith,
In bitter need will borrow:
Eyes, which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raisèd,
And lips say, 'God be pitiful,'
Who ne'er said, 'God be praised.'
Be pitiful, O God!

II.

The tempest stretches from the steep
The shadow of its coming,

The beasts grow tame, and near us creep,
As help were in the human;
Yet, while the cloud-wheels roll and grind,
We spirits tremble under! —
The hills have echoes, but we find
No answer for the thunder.
Be pitiful, O God!

III.

The battle hurtles on the plains,
Earth feels new scythes upon her.
We reap our brothers for the wains,
And call the harvest . . . honour;
Draw face to face, front line to line,

One image all inherit, —
Then kill, curse on, by that same sign,
Clay, clay, — and spirit, spirit.

Be pitiful, O God!

IV.

The plague runs festering through the
town,
And never a bell is tolling,
And corpses, jostled 'neath the moon,
Nod to the dead-cart's rolling.
The young child calleth for the cup,
The strong man brings it weeping;
The mother from her babe looks up,
And shrieks away its sleeping.

Be pitiful, O God!

V.

The plague of gold strikes far and near,
And deep and strong it enters.
This purple chimar which we wear,
Makes madder than the centaurs:
Our thoughts grow blank, our words
grow strange,
We cheer the pale gold-diggers —
Each soul is worth so much on 'Change,
And marked, like sheep, with figures.

Be pitiful, O God!

VI.

The curse of gold upon the land
The lack of bread enforces.
The rail-cars snort from strand to strand,
Like more of Death's White horses!
The rich preach 'rights' and future days,
And hear no angel scoffing,
The poor die mute — with starving gaze
On corn-ships in the offing.

Be pitiful, O God!

VII.

We meet together at the feast,
To private mirth betake us;
We stare down in the winecup, lest
Some vacant chair should shake us.
We name delight, and pledge it round —
'It shall be ours to-morrow!
God's seraphs, do your voices sound
As sad in naming sorrow?

Be pitiful, O God!

VIII.

We sit together, with the skies,
The steadfast skies, above us,
We look into each other's eyes,
'And how long will you love us?' —
The eyes grow dim with prophecy,
The voices, low and breathless, —
'Till death us part!' — O words, to be
Our *best*, for love the deathless!

Be pitiful, O God!

IX.

We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed.
Our tears drop on the lips that said
Last night, 'Be stronger-hearted!
O God, — to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely! —
To see a light upon such brows,
Which is the daylight only!

Be pitiful, O God!

X.

The happy children come to us,
And look up in our faces.
They ask us — Was it thus, and thus,
When we were in their places? —
We cannot speak; we see anew
The hills we used to live in,
And feel our mother's smile press through
The kisses she is giving.

Be pitiful, O God!

XI.

We pray together at the kirk,
For mercy, mercy, solely.
Hands weary with the evil work,
We lift them to the Holy.
The corpse is calm below our knee,
Its spirit, bright before Thee —
Between them, worse than either, we —
Without the rest of glory!

Be pitiful, O God!

XII.

We leave the communing of men,
The murmur of the passions,
And live alone, to live again
With endless generations.
Are we so brave? — The sea and sky
In silence lift their mirrors,
And, glassed therein, our spirits high
Recoil from their own terrors.

Be pitiful, O God!

XIII.

We sit on hills our childhood wist,
Woods, hamlets, streams, beholding:
The sun strikes through the farthest
mist,
The city's spire to golden.
The city's golden spire it was,
When hope and health were strongest,
But now it is the churchyard grass
We look upon the longest.

Be pitiful, O God!

XIV.

And soon all vision waxeth dull —
Men whisper, 'He is dying:'
We cry no more 'Be pitiful!'
We have no strength for crying.

No strength, no need. Then, soul of
mine,
Look up and triumph rather —

Lo, in the depth of God's Divine,
The Son adjures the Father,
Be pitiful, O God!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE MAY QUEEN.

I.

You must wake and call me early, call
me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of
all the glad New year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the
maddest merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

II.

There's many a black black eye, they
say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate
and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice in all
the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

III.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that
I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the
day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and
buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

IV.

As I came up the valley whom think
ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge be-
neath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother,
I gave him yesterday, —
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

V.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for
I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking,
like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care
not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

VI.

They say he's dying all for love, but
that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother
— what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me
any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

VII.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow
to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to
see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side
'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

VIII.

The honeysuckle round the porch has
wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the
faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like
fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

IX.

The night-winds come and go, mother,
upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem
to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the
whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

X.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and
green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are
over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill
merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

XI.

So you must wake and call me early,
 call me early, mother dear,
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of
 all the glad New-year:

To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the
 maddest merriest day,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

I.

If you're waking call me early, call me
 early, mother dear,
 For I would see the sun rise upon the
 glad New-year.
 It is the last New-year that I shall ever
 see,
 Then you may lay me low i' the mould
 and think no more of me.

II.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and
 left behind
 The good old year, the dear old time,
 and all my peace of mind;
 And the New-year's coming up, mother,
 but I shall never see
 The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf
 upon the tree.

III.

Last May we made a crown of flowers:
 we had a merry day;
 Beneath the hawthorn on the green they
 made me Queen of May;
 And we danced about the may-pole and
 in the hazel copse,
 Till Charles's Wain came out above the
 tall white chimney-tops.

IV.

There's not a flower on all the hills:
 the frost is on the pane:
 I only wish to live till the snowdrops
 come again:
 I wish the snow would melt and the
 sun come out on high:
 I long to see a flower so before the day
 I die.

V.

The building rook 'ill caw from the
 windy tall elm-tree,
 And the tufted plover pipe along the
 fallow lea,
 And the swallow 'ill come back again
 with summer o'er the wave,
 But I shall lie alone, mother, within
 the mouldering grave.

VI.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon
 that grave of mine,
 In the early early morning the summer
 sun 'ill shine,
 Before the red cock crows from the
 farm upon the hill,
 When you are warm-asleep, mother, and
 all the world is still.

VII.

When the flowers come again, mother,
 beneath the waning light
 You'll never see me more in the long
 gray fields at night;
 When from the dry dark world [the
 summer airs blow cool
 On the oat-grass and the sword-grass,
 and the bulrush in the pool.

VIII.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath
 the hawthorn shade,
 And you'll come sometimes and see me
 where I am lowly laid.
 I shall not forget you, mother, I shall
 hear you when you pass,
 With your feet above my head in the
 long and pleasant grass.

IX.

I have been wild and wayward, but
 you'll forgive me now;
 You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon
 my cheek and brow;
 Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let
 your grief be wild,
 You should not fret for me, mother,
 you have another child.

X.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from
 out my resting-place;
 Though you'll not see me, mother, I
 shall look upon your face;
 Though I cannot speak a word, I shall
 harken what you say,
 And be often, often with you when you
 think I'm far away.

XI.

Goodnight, goodnight, when I have said
 goodnight for evermore,
 And you see me carried out from the
 threshold of the door;
 Don't let Effie come to see me till my
 grave be growing green:
 She'll be a better child to you than ever
 I have been.

XII.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the
 granary floor:
 Let her take 'em: they are hers: I shall
 never garden more:

But tell her, when I'm gone, to train
 the rose-bush that I set
 About the parlour-window and the box
 of mignonette.

XIII.

Good-night, sweet mother: call me be-
 fore the day is born.
 All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep
 at morn;
 But I would see the sun rise upon the
 glad New-year,
 So, if you're waking, call me, call me
 early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I.

I thought to pass away before, and yet
 alive I am;
 And in the fields all round I hear the
 bleating of the lamb.
 How sadly, I remember, rose the morn-
 ing of the year!
 To die before the snowdrop came, and
 now the violet 's here.

II.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes
 beneath the skies,
 And sweeter is the young lamb's voice
 to me that cannot rise,
 And sweet is all the land about, and
 all the flowers that blow,
 And sweeter far is death than life to
 me that long to go.

III.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to
 leave the blessed sun,
 And now it seems as hard to stay, and
 yet His will be done!
 But still I think it can't be long be-
 fore I find release;
 And that good man, the clergyman,
 has told me words of peace.

IV.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on
 his silver hair!
 And blessings on his whole life long,
 until he meet me there!
 O blessings on his kindly heart and on
 his silver head!
 A thousand times I blest him, as he
 knelt beside my bed.

V.

He show'd me all the mercy, for he
 taught me all the sin.
 Now, though my lamp was lighted late,
 there's One will let me in:
 Nor would I now be well, mother, again,
 if that could be,
 For my desire is but to pass to Him
 that died for me.

VI.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother,
 or the death-watch beat,
 There came a sweeter token when the
 night and morning meet:
 But sit beside my bed, mother, and
 put your hand in mine,
 And Effie on the other side, and I will
 tell the sign.

VII.

All in the wild March-morning I heard
 the angels call;
 It was when the moon was setting, and
 the dark was over all;
 The trees began to whisper, and the
 wind began to roll,
 And in the wild March-morning I heard
 them call my soul.

VIII.

For lying broad awake I thought of
 you and Effie dear;
 I saw you sitting in the house, and I
 no longer here;
 With all my strength I pray'd for both,
 and so I felt resign'd,
 And up the valley came a swell of music
 on the wind.

IX.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd
 in my bed,
 And then did something speak to me
 — I know not what was said;
 For great delight and shuddering took
 hold of all my mind,
 And up the valley came again the music
 on the wind.

X.

But you were sleeping; and I said, «It's
 not for them: its mine.»
 And if it comes three times, I thought,
 I take it for a sign.
 And once again it came, and close be-
 side the windowbars,
 Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven
 and die among the stars.

XI.

So now I think my time is near. I trust
 it is. I know
 The blessed music went that way my
 soul will have to go.
 And for myself, indeed, I care not if I
 go to-day.
 But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when
 I am past away.

XII.

And say to Robin a kind word, and
 tell him not to fret;
 There's many worthier than I, would
 make him happy yet.

If I had lived — I cannot tell — I might
 have been his wife;
 But all these things have ceased to be,
 with my desire of life.

XIII.

O look! the sun begins to rise, the
 heavens are in a glow;
 He shines upon a hundred fields, and
 all of them I know.
 And there I move no longer now, and
 there his light may shine —
 Wild flowers in the valley for other
 hands than mine.

XIV.

O sweet and strange it seems to me,
 that ere this day is done
 The voice, that now is speaking, may
 be beyond the sun —
 For ever and for ever with those just
 souls and true —
 And what is life, that we should moan?
 why make we such ado?

XV.

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed
 home —
 And there to wait a little while till you
 and Effie come —
 To lie within the light of God, as I
 lie upon your breast —
 And the wicked cease from troubling,
 and the weary are at rest.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

BABY MAY.

Cheeks as soft as July peaches,
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness — round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise,
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness,
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
Lights and shadows swifter born
Than on wind-swept Autumn corn,
Ever some new tiny notion
Making every limb all motion —
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers — straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings,
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under,
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness, that we prize such sinning,
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Graspings small at all that passes,
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences — small meditations,
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations,
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches,
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing;
Slumbers — such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings,
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure,
Pleasure high above all pleasure,
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care — delight in sadness,
Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty may be,
That's May Bennett — that's my baby.

TO A LADY I KNOW, AGED ONE.

O sunny curls! O eyes of blue!
The hardest natures known,
Baby, would softly speak to you,
With strangely tender tone;
What marvel, Mary, if from such
Your sweetness, love would call,
We love you, baby, O how much,
Most dear of all things small!

Unborn, how, more than all on earth,
Your mother yearn'd to meet
Your dream'd-of face; you, from your birth,
Most sweet of all things sweet!
Even now for your small hands' first press
Of her full happy breast,
How oft does she God's goodness bless,
And feel her heart too blest!

You came, a wonder to her eyes,
That doated on each grace,
Each charm that still with new surprise
She show'd us in your face:
Small beauties? ah, to her not small,
How plain to her blest mind!
Though, baby dear, I doubt if all,
All that she found, could find.

A year has gone, and, mother, say,
Through all that year's blest round,
In her, has one sweet week or day
Not some new beauty found?
What moment has not fancied one,
Since first your eyes she met?
And, wife, I know you have not done
With finding fresh ones yet.

Nor I; for, baby, some new charm
Each coming hour supplies,
So sweet, we think change can but harm
Your sweetness in our eyes,
Till comes a newer, and we know
As that fresh charm we see,
In you, sweet Nature wills to show
How fair a babe can be.

Kind God, that gave this precious gift,
More clung-to every day,
To Thee our eyes we trembling lift —
Take not Thy gift away!
Looking on her, we start in dread,
We stay our shuddering breath,
And shrink to feel the terror said
In that one dark word — death.

O tender eyes! O beauty strange!
When childhood shall depart,
O that thou, babe, through every change,
May'st keep that infant heart!
O gracious God! O this make sure,
That, of no grace beguiled,
The woman be in soul as pure
As now she is, a child!

TO A LOCKET.

O casket of dear fancies,
O little case of gold,
What rarest wealth of memories
Thy tiny round will hold!
With this first curl of baby's
In thy small charge will live
All thoughts that all her little life
To memory can give.

O prize its silken softness,
 Within its amber round
 What worlds of sweet rememberings
 Will still by us be found;
 The weak, shrill cry so blessing
 The curtained room of pain,
 With every since-felt feeling
 To us 'twill bring again.

'Twill mind us of her lying
 In rest soft-pillowed deep,
 While, hands the candle shading,
 We stole upon her sleep,
 Of many a blessed moment
 Her little rest above
 We hung in marvelling stillness,
 In ecstasy of love.

'Twill mind us, radiant sunshine
 For all our shadowed days,
 Of all her baby wonderings,
 Of all her little ways.
 Of all her tiny shoutings,
 Of all her starts and fears,
 And sudden mirths out-gleaming
 Through eyes yet hung with tears.

There's not a care — a watching —
 A hope — a laugh — a fear,
 Of all her little bringing,
 But we shall find it here;
 Then, tiny golden warder,
 Oh safely ever hold
 This glossy silken memory,
 This little curl of gold.

ON A DEAD INFANT.

Dead! dead!—what peace abides within the word —
 For thee, O little one, what bliss of rest!
 By her who bore thee, with what anguish heard,
 God knows! — God knoweth best;
 God willeth best; yet while the words we say,
 We know thy grief, wild mother, must have way.

Oh, never shall those tiny fingers press
 Her cheek! — oh, never to the full breasts steal,
 That yearn their tender touch, that so would bless,
 Their blessed touch to feel!
 Oh, never shall those closed lids opening rise
 To look delight into her hungering eyes!

Yearned for — how yearned for wast thou, little
 one! [near,
 Each month more dear that seemed to bring thee
 Alas! that seemed, but seemed; God's will be done!
 We may not know thee here;
 We may not know thee, but as, babe, thou art,
 Cold even to thy mother's quivering heart.

Not know thee! Mother, with thy sorrow wild,
 How is that still face stamped within thy heart!
 That face so looked on, when, «Give me my child!»
 Thou criedst, nor dared we part
 In that first moment from thy arms' embrace
 The cold white stillness of that blind, fixed face.

God comfort her! all human words are vain
 To bid her shun to die or care to live.
 Who shall bid peace to be for her again?
 Who, save God, comfort give?
 Who fill the empty heart that finds a void
 In all it feared or hoped for or enjoyed?

God comfort her! — who else? — not even he
 Who for thee, sweet one, bore a father's love,
 Who, with what pride and joy! she looked to see
 Bend this new life above,
 And show in his eyes the unshadowed bliss
 That looked from hers — alas! now changed to this!

Leave her to God and to the tender years
 That soften misery into gentle grief,
 Grief that may almost find at last from tears,
 Sad tears, may find relief,
 Grief that from time may gather perfect trust
 In all Heaven wills, and own even this is just.

For thee, dead snowdrop, all our tears are dried;
 We know thee evermore as to us given
 Within our hearts for ever to abide,
 Type of all meet for heaven;
 Type of all purity of which we guess, [less.
 That heaven shall make more pure and earth not

Wake not! the cruel tender hand of death,
 Death, with a tenderness for earth too deep.
 Ere thou hadst drawn one mortal troubled breath.
 Hushed thee to quiet sleep,
 Stilled, ere it woke, the anguish of thy cries,
 Nor gave the tears of earth to dim thine eyes.

Why would we wake thee? — joy and grief, we
 know,
 Walk hand in hand along earth's crowded ways;
 Who 'scape the thorns that in our paths below
 For all life thickly lays?
 Why should we wish thee on a weary way
 Where thou might'st long for night while yet
 'twas day?

For we, most blest, even when to heaven we turn
 Eyes bright with thanks for all that makes life
 dear,
 Even then our trembling hearts have not to learn
 Of sorrows that are here —
 Of griefs that dimmed our dearest hours with
 tears —
 Of bitter memories that seem shadowing fears.

Hope has no part in thee, in surety lost,
 Sweet bud of being, but to bloom above;
 Nor may our thoughts of thee with fear be crossed,
 Thou, homed in God's dear love,
 Borne by thy heavenly Father's hand from all
 That makes the purest stoop, the strongest fall.

Lily, thou shalt not know the soiling gust
 Of earthly passion bow thee to its will;
 Temptation and all ill are from thee thrust,
 Nor tears thine eyes shall fill;
 Remorse and penitence thou shalt not need,
 From sin's pollution and earth's errors freed.

Oh, blessed, to 'scape the mystery of life,
 Its wavering walk 'twixt holiness and sin!
 Allowed, without earth's struggles — our weak
 Heaven's palms to win, [strife,
 Through the bright portals thou at once hast
 pressed,
 To endless blessedness and lasting rest.

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah,
 summers not a few,
 Since I put it on your finger first, have passed
 o'er me and you;
 And, love, what changes we have seen — what
 cares and pleasures too —
 Since you became my own dear wife, when this
 old ring was new.

O blessings on that happy day, the happiest of
 my life,
 When thanks to God, your low sweet «Yes» made
 you my loving wife;
 Your heart will say the same, I know; that day's
 as dear to you,
 That day that made me yours, dear wife, when
 this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now, your young sweet
face that day:
How fair you were — how dear you were — my
tongue could hardly say;
Nor how I doated on you; ah, how proud I was
of you;
But did I love you more than now, when this old
ring was new!

No — no; no fairer were you then than at this
hour to me,
And dear as life to me this day, how could you
dearer be?
As sweet your face might be that day as now it
is, 'tis true,
But did I know your heart as well when this old
ring was new!

O partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what
grief is there,
For me you would not bravely face, — with me
you would not share?
O what a weary want had every day, if want-
ing you,
Wanting the love that God made mine when this
old ring was new.

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife — young
voices that are here,
Young faces round our fire that make their mo-
ther's yet more dear,
Young, loving hearts, your care each day makes
yet more like to you,
More like the loving heart made mine when this
old ring was new.

And bless'd be God all He has given are with us
yet; around
Our table, every little life lent to us, still is
found;
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts
the worst we've struggled through;
Bless'd be His name for all His love since this
old ring was new.

The past is dear; its sweetness still our memories
treasure yet;
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would
not now forget;
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart
still true,
We'll share as we have shared all else since this
old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daugh-
ters to grow old,
We know His goodness will not let your heart or
mine grow cold;
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still
shown to you,
And mine in yours all they have seen since this
old ring was new.

And O, when death shall come at last to bid me
to my rest,
May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on
that breast;
O may my parting gaze be blessed with the dear
sight of you,
Of those fond eyes — fond as they were when this
old ring was new.

BERNARD BARTON.

THE GRAVE.

I love to muse when none are nigh,
Where yew-tree branches wave,
And heave the winds, with softest sigh,
Sweep o'er the grassy grave.

It seems a mournful music, meet
To soothe a lonely hour;
Sad though it be, it is more sweet
Than that from Pleasure's bower.

I know not why I should be sad,
Or seem a mournful tone,
Unless by man the spot be clad
With terrors not its own.

To nature it seems just as dear
As earth's most cheerful site;
The dew-drops glitter there as clear,
The sunbeams shine as bright.

The showers descend as softly there
As on the loveliest flowers;
Nor does the moonlight seem more fair
On beauty's sweetest bowers.

«Ay! but within — within there sleeps
One, o'er whose mouldering clay
The loathsome earth-worm winds and creeps,
And wastes that form away.»

And what of that? The frame that feeds
The reptile tribe below,
As little of their banquet heeds,
As of the winds that blow.

P. H. BAYLEY.

THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

I never was a favourite —
My mother never smiled
On me, with half the tenderness
That bless'd her fairer child;
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,
While fondled on her knee;
I've turn'd away to hide my tears —
There was no kiss for me!

And yet I strove to please, with all
My little store of muse;
I strove to please, and infancy
Can rarely give offence;
But when my artless efforts met
A cold, ungentle check,
I did not dare to throw myself
In tears upon her neck.

How blessed are the beautiful!
Love watches o'er their birth;
Oh! Beauty, in my nursery
I learned to know thy worth;
For even there, I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn;
And wish'd — for others wish'd it too —
I never had been born!

I'm sure I was affectionate, —
But in my sister's face
There was a look of love that claim'd
A smile or an embrace.
But when I raised my lips, to meet
The pressure children prize,
None knew the feelings of my heart —
They spoke not in my eyes.

But oh! that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect;
I saw my sister's lovely form
With gems and roses deck'd;
I did not covet them; but oft,
When wantonly reprov'd,
I envied her the privilege
Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came —
A time of sorrow too,
For sickness o'er my sister's form
Her venom'd mantle threw;
The features, once so beautiful,
Now wore the hue of death,
And former friends shrank fearfully
From her infectious breath.

'T was then, unwearied, day and night,
I watch'd beside her bed,
And fearlessly upon my breast
I pillow'd her poor head.
She lived! and loved me for my care!
My grief was at an end;
I was a lonely being once,
But now I have a friend.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

1. SONG.

My silks and fine array,
My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away,
And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave:
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold;
Oh, why to *him* was 't given,
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is Love's all-worshipped tomb
Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and a spade,
Bring me a winding sheet;
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat:
Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay
True love doth pass away.

2. SONG.

Memory, hither come,
And tune your merry notes;
And, while upon the wind
Your music floats,
I'll pore upon the stream
Where sighing lovers dream,
And fish for fancies as they pass
Within the watery glass.

I'll drink of the clear stream,
And hear the linnet's song:
And there I'll lie and dream
The day along:
And, when night comes, I'll go
To places fit for woe;
Walking along the darkened valley
With silent Melancholy.

JOHN CLARE.

FIRST LOVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

First love will with the heart remain
When its hopes are all gone by,
As frail rose-blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die.
And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind
With the shades from which they sprung;
As summer leaves the stems behind
On which spring's blossoms hung.

Mary! I dare not call thee dear,
I've lost that right so long;
Yet once again I vex thine ear
With memory's idle song:
Had time and change not blotted out
The love of former days,
Thou wert the last that I should doubt
Of pleasing with my praise.

When honied tokens from each tongue
Told with what truth we loved,
How rapturous to thy lips I clung,
Whilst nought but smiles reproved!
But now, methinks, if one kind word
Were whispered in thine ear,
Thou 'dst startle like an untamed bird,
And blush with wilder fear!

How loth to part, how fond to meet,
Had we two used to be!
At sunset with what eager feet
I hastened on to thee!
Scarce nine days passed us ere we met
In spring, nay wintry weather;
Now nine years suns have risen and set,
Nor found us once together!

Thy face was so familiar grown,
Thyself so often nigh,
A moment's memory when alone
Would bring thee to mine eye:
But now, my very dreams forget
That 'witching look to trace;
Though there thy beauty lingers yet,
It wears a stranger's face.

I felt a pride to name thy name,
But now that pride hath flown;
And burning blushes speak my shame
That thus I love thee on!
I felt I then thy heart did share,
Nor urged a binding vow;
But much I doubt if thou couldst spare
Me word of kindness now.

Oh! what is now my name to thee,
Though once nought seemed so dear?
Perhaps a jest in hours of glee,
To please some idle ear.
And yet, like counterfeits, with me
Impressions linger on,
Though all the gilded finery
That passed for truth is gone.

Ere the world smiled upon my lays,
A sweeter meed was mine;
Thy blushing look of ready praise
Was raised at every line.
But now methinks thy fervent love
Is changed to scorn severe;
And songs that other hearts approve
Seem discord to thine ear.

When last thy gentle cheek I prest,
And heard thee feign adieu,
I little thought that seeming jest
Would prove a word so true!
A fate like this hath oft befell
Even loftier hopes than ours;
Spring bids full many buds to swell,
That ne'er can grow to flowers.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE LOVELY LASS OF IN- VERNESS.

There lived a lass in Inverness,
She was the pride of a' the town,
Blythe as the lark on gowan-tap,
When frae the nest but newly flown.

At kirk she wan the auld folks 'luve,
At dance she wan the young men's een;
She was the blythest ay o' the blythe,
At wooster-trystes or Halloween.

As I came in by Inverness,
The simmer sun was sinking down,
O there I saw the weel-faur 'd lass,
And she was greeting through the town.
The grey-hair'd men were a' i' the streets,
And auld dames crying (sad to see!)
'The flower o' the lads of Inverness
Lie dead upon Culloden-lee!'

She tore her haffet-links of gowel,
And dighted ay her comely ee;
'My father's head's on Carlisle wall,
At Preston sleep my brethren three!
I thought my heart could haud nae mair,
Mae tears could ever blin 'my ee;
But the fa' o' ane has burst my heart —
A dearer ane there couldna be!

'He trysted me o' love yestreen,
Of love-tokens he gave me three;
But he's faulded i' the arms o' weir,
O ne'er again to think o' me'.
The forest flowers shall be my bed,
My food shall be the wild berrie;
The fa' o' the leaf shall co'er me cauld,
And wauken'd again I winna be!

O weep, O weep, ye Scottish dames,
Weep till ye blin'a mither's ee;
Nae reeking ha' in fifty miles,
But naked corses sad to see!
O spring is blythesome to the year,
Trees sprout, flowers spring, and birds sing hie;
But oh! what spring can raise them up,
That lie on dread Culloden-lee?

The hand o' God hung heavy here,
And lightly touch'd foul tyrannie;
It struck the righteous to the ground,
And lifted the destroyer hie.
'But there's a day,' quo'my God in prayer,
'When righteousness shall bear the gree;
I'll rake the wicked low i' the dust,
And wauken, in bliss, the gude man's ee!'

MISS DAY.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Stately and beautiful and chaste,
Forth went the dauntless maid,
Her blood to yield, her youth to waste,
That carnage might be stayed.
This solemn purpose filled her soul,
There was no room for fear;
She heard the cry of vengeance roll
Prophetic on her ear.

She thought to stem the course of crime
By one appalling deed;
She knew to perish in her prime
Alone would be her meed.
No tremor shook her woman's breast,
No terror blanched her brow;
She spoke, she smiled, she took her rest,
And hidden held her vow.

She mused upon her country's wrong,
Upon the tyrant's guilt;
Her settled purpose grew more strong
As blood was freshly spilt.
What though the fair, smooth hand were slight!
It grasped the sharpened steel;
A triumph flashed before her sight —
The death that it should deal.

She sought her victim in his den —
The tiger in his lair;
And though she found him feeble then
There was no thought to spare.
Fast through his dying, guilty heart,
That pity yet withstood,
She made her gleaming weapon dart,
And stained her soul with blood.

She bore the buffets and the jeers
Of an infuriate crowd;
She asked no grace, she showed no fear,
She owned her act aloud.
She only quailed when woman's cries
Bewailed the monster's fate,
Her lips betrayed her soul's surprise
That fiends gained aught but hate.

She justified her deed of blood
In stern, exalted phrase,
As in the judgment-hall she stood
With calm, intrepid gaze.
And when she heard her awful doom,
Before the morn to die,
Her cheek assumed a brighter bloom,
And triumph lit her eye.

She marked a painter's earnest gaze,
She raised to him her face,
That he for men in other days
Her raptured mien might trace.
Some bold heroic words she penned
To him her life who gave.
And as approached her fearful end,
Her soul grew yet more brave.

She wore the bonds, the robe of red,
As martyrs wear their crown;
She begged no mercy on her head,
She called no curses down;
It was enough that she fulfilled
The work that was decreed;
It was enough a voice was stilled
That doomed the just to bleed.

So beautiful, so filled with life,
So doomed, she passed along;
Above the sense, the sound of strife,
Alone in the vast throng.
Some with mute reverence lowly bowed,
As thus the victim went;
And some outpouring hatred loud,
The air with curses rent.

Without one tint of fresh youth paled,
Without one quivering breath,
Without one step that weakly failed,
That maiden sped to death;
And with her lips yet glowing red,
And bright her beaming eyes,
To the sharp axe she bowed her head,
And closed her sacrifice.

THE TWO MAUDES.

Broidered robe, bespangled vest,
Raiment for a palace guest,
Wears proud Maude to-night;
And her haughty smile is gay,
As shines forth that rich array
In the mirror bright.

Now, with triumph on her cheek,
And with looks that conquest speak,
See her pass along;
Listen to the murmured praise,
Mark the fixed admiring gaze
Of the courtly throng!

Now she joins the stately dance,
And her tutored grace enchants,
Faultless is her mien;
And of all the lovely crowd
She can hear it whispered loud
She to-night is queen.

And of all the vestments there
Hers is richest and most rare,
Wondrous is its cost;
With apparel of less pride,
Where so many shone beside
She had triumph lost.

Therefore 'twas she gave command,
When the courtly ball was planned,
That her robe should be,
Though the time for toil was brief,
With the choicest flower and leaf
Rich in broidery.

If for this be weary sighs,
If for this be sleepless eyes,
She no less will shine;
Unimpaired her bloom shall be
And from care her bosom free,
In her vesture fine.

Broidered robe, bespangled vest,
Raiment for a palace guest,
Maude the poor had wrought;
She who as a May-day queen
Danced upon the village-green,
Of gay Nature taught.

Then the sunshine, breeze and shower
Played with her as with a flower;
Ruddy bloom had she:
As a balmy blushing morn,
When the rose blows, and the thorn,
She was sweet to see.

Now with pallor on her cheek,
And with looks that sadness speak,
See her languid rise;
Listen to the harsh command,
See her faint and trembling stand,
Whilst her task she plies.

Thronging to her spirit come
Memories of village home
Bee and flower and bird,
Ruddy beam of early day,
White-fleeced lambs, in sportive play,
Low of dappled herd;

Breezy breath of heath-crossed hill,
Silvery sound of trickling rill,
Bank where violets grow;
And her heart is throbbing fast,
With these pictures of the past,
But no tears may flow.

Fevered is her low-bent brow,
Wasted are her young limbs now,
Joy hath lost its home;
Short the respite for relief,
Stolen slumbers far too brief
For soft dreams to come.

Tainted is the air she breathes,
Perfumeless the gaud she wreathes,
Garland false and cold.
And the hearts around her seem
As its flowers of mimic beam,
They no balm unfold.

Now before her dazzled eyes
Lurid phantasms arise,
Light is wasting fleet,
And the labourer more intent,
Lest the fitful ray be spent
Ere her task's complete.

But the darkness gathers fast,
And she scarcely knows at last
How her fingers ply;
And she thinks it wondrous soon,
Since the hour of glaring noon
That the night is nigh.

Now her work is done. — Behold,
Ye who shine in silk and gold,
What is its high cost!
She who strove at your behest,
She, whose eyes are robbed of rest,
Sight through toil hath lost-

Woe to you vain child of clay!
Woe to you in robes so gay,
Queens might envy them!
You with jewels overdone,
Her have robbed who had but one
Of a priceless gem!

MISS ANNIE DUNBAR MASSON.

THE LAST HOMAGE.

The poet whose voice hath been heard so long,
Hath returned to dust again;
And slowly and sadly they bear him on
To his tomb by the northern main —
Oh! meet is that resting-place for him,
The gifted and the free;
And calmly he 'll sleep on that desert rock
In the midst of the stormy sea.

A wail is heard in the busy street,
A wail on the lonely hill,
And with tearful eyes, and solemn pace,
The train advanceth still.
Well may they weep! the hand of Death
Hath bowed a noble head,
And France may not boast of a poet now
That can vie with the noble dead!

His pen could paint the glorious world
Where his spirit is soaring now;
He could mourn o'er the wreck of blighted hopes
In this dreary world below.
He was a king in the matchless realms
Where the fancy roameth free, —
His was the proud and generous heart
Of the Breton chivalry!

The train had reached a narrow street,
Where men, with deep-drawn breath,
Had come to gaze in silent awe
On the pageantry of death;
But hark! a sudden murmur ran
Through the crowds assembled round,
And an aged woman at length stepped forth
Upon that hallowed ground.

Beneath a peasant's snowy cap
Was braided her silver hair,
And a glance of pride lit up her eye,
As she stood beside the bier;
And gently she laid on the slumbering corse
The gift of that solemn hour —
It was not the laurel wreath of fame,
'Twas a simple, snowy flower!

She spoke no word, but her tears burst forth
As she turned from the holy spot,
And passed away through the wondering crowd,
Away to her humble cot.
Oh! many a homage was paid to him
Who sleeps 'neath that sable pall,
But the peasant's branch of the lily flowers
Was fittest of them all!

It told of the truth that scorned to bow
 Before each rising power,
 And proudly claimed a right to share
 His sovereign's adverse hour.
 It told of the tried and trusted heart —
 Of the high and mournful brow —
 Of the voice that had told, with prophetic skill,
 Of scenes that are passing now!

Of the restless spirit that loved to roam
 By the lonely rock and fell, —
 The courage that braved a soldier's death —
 The pride that nought could quell —
 The faith that had been his guide through life,
 When grief and storms were nigh,
 And had borne him at last from a scene of strife
 To the better world on high!

THE POET'S HEART.

The Poet's Heart! — 'Tis a noble tree,
 Whose quivering leaves are stirred
 By the lightest breath of the summer air,
 By the sound of an idle word.
 On it the wild birds love to rest,
 And pour their cheerful song; —
 But the storm-wind bows its stately crest,
 And the rain-drops linger long!

The Poet's Heart! 'Tis a boundless sea,
 With an ever-restless wave —
 What stores of hidden treasure lie
 Shrined in each secret cave!
 At times we hear impassioned strains
 To which the storms give birth,
 But many a glorious dream remains
 And can never be told on earth!

The Poet's Heart! 'Tis a changeful breeze,
 And varied tones it brings,
 The murmuring voice of the distant seas, —
 The song that the robin sings, —
 The merry laugh of the child at play
 In some quiet woodland dell, —
 The clash of spears on a battle-day, —
 The toll of a funeral bell!

The Poet's Heart! 'Tis a lute whose strings
 Are swept by an angel's hand, —
 'Tis a prisoned bird who spreads his wings,
 And pines for the forest land, —
 'Tis a burning star, whose meteor track
 Dazzle's the gazer's eye!
 Now wrapped in the folds of a thunder-cloud,
 Now flashing athwart the sky!

The Poet's Heart! 'Tis a crystal stream
 Whose rapid waters glide
 Through classic plains and flowery groves,
 In beauty and in pride —
 Proud, when it rears its crested waves,
 By the tempest lashed and driven —
 But lovelier far, when its calm, pure depth
 Gives back the smile of Heaven!

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

If thou wert by my side, my love!
 How fast would evening fail
 In green Bengalia's palmy grove
 List'ning the nightingale.

If thou, my love! wert by my side,
 My babies at my knee,
 How gaily would our pinnace glide
 O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning grey,
 When, on our deck reclined,
 In careless ease my limbs I lay,
 And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when, by Gunga's stream,
 My twilight steps I guide,
 But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,
 I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
 The lingering noon to cheer,
 But miss thy kind approving eye,
 Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
 Beholds me on my knee,
 I feel, though thou art distant far,
 Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! Then on! where duty leads,
 My course be onward still,
 O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
 Or bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
 Nor wild Malwah detain,
 For sweet the bliss us both awaits,
 By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
 Across the dark blue sea,
 But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
 As then shall meet in thee.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

God, that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light!
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night!

May thine angel-guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us.
 This livelong night!

FAREWELL.

When eyes are beaming
 What never tongue might tell,
 When tears are streaming
 From their crystal cell:
 When hands are link'd that dread to part,
 And heart is met by throbbing heart,
 Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart
 Of them that bid Farewell!

When hope is chidden
 That fain of bliss would tell,
 And love forbidden
 In the breast to dwell;
 When fettered by a viewless chain
 We turn and gaze, and turn again,
 Oh! death were mercy to the pain
 Of them that bid Farewell! —

EBENEEZER ELLIOT.

BULLY IDLE'S PRAYER.

Lord, send us weeks of Sundays,
 A Saint's-day every day,
 Shirts gratis, ditto breeches,
 No work and double pay!

Tell Short and Long, they're both short now,
 To Low and Fast, one meed allow;
 Let Louis Blanc take Ashley's cow,
 And Richmond give him hay!

THE POACHER.

Jem, the rogue avowed
 Whose trade is Poaching! honest Jem works not,
 Beggars not, but thrives by plundering beggars here.
 Wise as a lord, and quite as good a shot,
 He, like his betters, lives in hate and fear,
 And feeds on partridge because bread is dear.
 Sire of six sons apprenticed to the jail,
 He prowls in arms, the Tory of the night;
 With them he shares his battles and his ale,
 With him they feel the majesty of might,
 No Despot better knows that Power is Right.
 Mark his unpaidish sneer, his lordly frown;
 Hark how he calls the beadle and flunky liars;
 See how magnificently he breaks down
 His neighbour's fence, if so his will requires,
 And how his strutt emulates the squire's!

Jem rises with the Moon; but when she sinks,
 Homeward with sack-like pockets, and quick heels,
 Hungry as boroughmongering gowl, he slinks.
He reads not, writes not, thinks not; scarcely feels;
 Steals all he gets; serves Hell with all he steals!

MISS LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH.

It is a lovely lake, with waves as blue
 As e'er were lighted by the morning ray
 To topaz — crowned with an hundred itsles,
 Each named from some peculiar flower it bears;
 There is the Isle of Violets, whose leaves,
 Thick in their azure beauty, fill the air
 With most voluptuous breathings; the Primrose
 Gives name to one; the Lilies of the Valley,
 Like wreath'd pearls, to another; Cowslips glow,
 Ringing with golden bells the fragrant peal
 Which the bees love so, in a fourth. How sweet
 Upon a summer evening, when the lake
 Lies half in shadow, half in crimson light,
 Like hope and fear holding within the heart
 Divided empire, with a light slack sail
 To steer your little boat amid the isles,
 Now gazing in the clouds like fiery halls,
 Till head and eye are filled with gorgeous thoughts
 Of golden palaces in fairy land;
 Or, looking thro' the clear, yet purple wave,
 See the white pebbles, shining like the hearts
 Pure and bright even in this darksome world!
 There is one gloomy isle, quite overgrown
 With weeping willows; green, yet pensively
 Sweep the long branches down to the tall grass;
 And in the very middle of the place
 There stands a large old yew — beneath its shade
 I would my grave might be: the tremulous light,
 Breaking at intervals thro' the sad boughs,
 Yet without power to warm the ground below,
 Would be so like the mockery of hope.
 No flowers grow there — they would not suit
 my tomb:
 It should be only strewn with withered leaves;
 And on a willow, near, my harp might hang,
 Forgotten and forsaken, yet at times
 Sending sweet music o'er the lake.

THE FAREWELL.

Yes, I am changed; yes, much much changed,
 Since first I sang to thee;
 I marvel, knowing what I am,
 At what I once could be.

The trace of pleasure on my heart
 Was like that of the wind,
 And sorrow's self had not then left
 A deeper trace behind.

My song was like the bursting forth
 Of the first birds in spring;
 I had some thought of future flowers,
 But none of withering.

I thought of love, but of love as
 Love never yet was known;
 Of truth, of hope, of happiness —
 But all these dreams are flown.

As sometimes on Italian shores
 At dawn of day is seen
 A fleeting show of fairy land,
 Just such my life has been.

How I now loathe my dreams of song!
 They have been so untrue;
 But more I loathe the dearer dream,
 The one that dwelt with you!

Farewell to one, farewell to all,
 Both song and love are o'er;
 The essence of their life is past,
 For they deceive no more!

STANZAS.

Is this the harp you used to wake,
 The harp of other days?
 Or is it that another hand
 Amid its music strays?

No! the same harp to the same hand
 Yields up its melody —
 The song, too, is the very same,
 Yet they are changed for me.

They are the same — but oh! how changed,
 Since last I heard their tone;
 The change I vainly seek in them
 Is in my heart alone.

Nay, fling not back thy cloud of hair,
 Its roses are unbound;
 See Leila, see thy carelessness,
 They're scattered o'er the ground.

Yet, but an hour, when first the dew
 Fell from the twilight star,
 How tenderly these flowers were culled,
 And now how crushed they are!

And must I in those roses read
 What my heart's fate will be?
 That when the prize is once possess'd,
 How slight its worth to thee.

Oh, all in vain thy small snow hand
 Awakes its wildering strain;
 Thy dark eyes breathe the soul of song,
 To me they turn in vain.

I heard thee wake the deep harp chords
 For other ears than mine —
 I saw the light of thy soft eyes
 Upon another shine.

The heart must speak, or ever words
My depth of love can tell;
But eyes, hand, heart, must all be mine,
Or else, farewell, farewell!

CHARLES LAMB.

THE GRANDAME.

On the green hill top,
Hard by the house of prayer, a modest roof,
And not distinguish'd from its neighbour barn,
Save by a slender tapering length of spire,
The grandame sleeps. A plain stone barely tells
The name and date to the chance passenger.
For lowly born was she, and long had eat,
Well earn'd, the bread of service; hers was else
A mounting spirit, one that entertain'd
Scorn of base action, deed dishonourable,
Or ought unseemly. I remember well
Her reverend image: I remember, too,
With what a zeal she served her master's house;
And how the prattling tongue of garrulous age
Delighted to recount the oft-told tale
Or anecdote domestic. Wise she was,
And wondrous skill'd in genealogies,
And could in apt and voluble terms discourse
Of births, of titles, and alliances;
Of marriages, and intermarriages;
Relationship remote, or near of kin;
Of friends offended, family disgraced—
Maiden high-born, but wayward, disobeying
Parental strict injunction, and regardless
Of unmix'd blood, and ancestry remote,
Stooping to wed with one of low degree.
But these are not thy praises, and I wrong
Thy honour'd memory, recording chiefly
Things light or trivial. Better 'twere to tell
How, with a nobler zeal, and warmer love,
She served her heavenly master. I have seen
That reverend form bent down with age and pain,
And ranking malady. Yet not for this
Ceased she to praise her Maker, or withdrew
Her trust in Him, her faith and humble hope—
So meekly had she learn'd to bear her cross—
For she had studied patience in the school
Of Christ, much comfort she had thence derived,
And was a follower of the Nazarene.

MARY HOWITT.

SUMMER WOODS.

Come ye into the summer woods,
There entereth no annoy;
All greenly wave the chestnut leaves,
And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights
Of beauty you may see—
The bursts of golden sunshine,
And many a shady tree.

There lightly swung, in bowery glades,
The honeysuckles twine;
There blooms the rose-red campion,
And the dark-blue columbine.

There grows the four-leaved plant, <true love,>
In some dusk woodland spot;
There grows the enchanter's night-shade,
And the wood forget-me not.

And many a merry bird is there,
Unscared by lawless men,—
The blue-wing'd jay, the woodpecker,
And the golden-crested wren.

Come down, and ye shall see them all,
The timid and the bold;
For their sweet life of pleasantness,
It is not to be told.

And far within that summer wood,
Among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling brook,
The brightest e'er was seen.

There come the little gentle birds,
Without a fear of ill;
Down to the murmuring water's edge,
And freely drink their fill.

And dash about and splash about—
The merry little things!
And look askance with bright black eyes,
And flirt their dripping wings.

I've seen the freakish squirrels drop
Down from their leafy tree,
The little squirrels with the old,—
Great joy it was to me!

And down unto the running brook
I've seen them nimbly go;
And the bright water seem'd to speak
A welcome kind and low.

The nodding plants they bow'd their heads,
As if, in heartsome cheer,
They spake unto these little things,
<'Tis merry living here!>

Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy!
I saw that all was good,
And how we might glean up delight
All round us, if we would!

And many a wood-mouse dwelleth there,
Beneath the old wood-shade,
And all day long has work to do,
Nor is of aught afraid.

The green shoots grow above their heads,
And roots so fresh and fine
Beneath their feet; nor is there strife
'Mong them for mine and thine.

There is enough for every one,
And they lovingly agree:
We might learn a lesson, all of us,
Beneath the green-wood tree.

THE MILL-STREAM.

Long trails of cistus flowers
Creep on the rocky hill;
And beds of strong spear-mint
Grow round about the mill:
And from a mountain tarn above,
As peaceful as a dream,
Like to child unruly,
Though school'd and counsell'd truly,
Foams down the wild mill-stream!
The wild mill-stream it dasheth,
In merriment away,
And keeps the miller and his son
So busy all the day!

Into the mad mill-stream
The mountain roses fall;
And fern and adders tongue
Grow on the old mill-wall;

The tarn is on the upland moor,
Where not a leaf doth grow;
And through the mountain gashes
The merry mill-stream dashes,
Down to the sea below;
But in the quiet hollows
The red trout groweth prime,
For the miller and the miller's son
To angle when they've time.

Then fair befall the stream
That turns the mountain mill,
And fair befall the narrow road
That windeth up the hill!
And good luck to the countryman
And to his old grey mare,
That upward toileth steadily,
With meal-sacks laden heavily,
In storms as well as fair!
And good luck to the miller
And to the miller's son;
And ever may the wind-wheel turn,
While mountain waters run!

Mrs. CAROLINE SOUTHWOOD HILL.

THE GOOD MAN'S GRAVE.

The brave may fall in the hour of fight,
And their name be blazoned in Fame's false light,
But honour not thou the soldiers tomb,
It is bathed in blood, and tears, and gloom.

The kings of the earth put off their crown,
And they pass with pomp to the dark grave down:
But with torches gleam and jewels' blaze
There mingles not one of glory's rays.

The good man dies, and the widow's tear
And the grateful orphan's, fall on his bier,
They'll make his grave 'neath the old yew-tree
And Oh! his rest shall glorious be!

Mrs. FELICIA HEMANS.

THE FIRST OF MARCH.

The bud is in the bough
And the leaf is in the bud,
And Earth's beginning now
In her veins to feel the blood,
Which, warm'd by summer's sun
In th'alembic of the vine,
From her founts will overrun
In a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom
That shall decorate the flower,
Are quickening in the gloom
Of their subterranean bower;
And the juices meant to feed
Trees, vegetables, fruits,
Unerringly proceed
To their pre-appointed roots.

How awful the thought
Of the wonders underground,
Of the mystic changes wrought
In the silent, dark profound;
How each thing upwards tends
By necessity decreed,
And a world's support depends
On the shooting of a seed.

The Summer's in her ark,
And this sunny-pinion'd day
Is commission'd to remark
Whether winter holds her sway;
Go back, thou dove of peace,
With the myrtle on the wing,
Say that floods and tempests cease,
And the world is ripe for Spring.

Thou hast fann'd the sleeping Earth
Till her dreams are all of flowers,
And the waters look in mirth
For their overhanging bowers;
The forest seems to listen
For the rustle of its leaves,
And the very skies to glisten
In the hope of summer eves.

Thy vivifying spell
Has been felt beneath the wave,
By the dormouse in its cell,
And the mole within its cave;
And the summer tribes that creep,
Or in air expand their wing,
Have started from their sleep,
At the summons of the Spring.

The cattle lift their voices
From the valleys and the hills,
And the feather'd race rejoices
With a gush of tuneful bills;
And if this cloudless arch
Fills the poet's song with glee,
O thou sunny first of March,
Be it dedicate to thee.

THE BETTER LAND.

«I hear thee speak of the better land;
Thou callest its children a happy band.
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore;
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?»
— «Not there, not there, my child!»

«Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or amidst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?»
— «Not there, not there, my child.»

«Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold;
Where the burning rays of the rubin shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?»
— «Not there, not there, my child.

«Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep sound of joy:
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom:
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
— It is there, it is there, my child!»

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

«Why wouldst thou leave me, oh, gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
A straw-roof'd cabin with lowly wall —
Mine is a fair and a pillar'd hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture for ever streams.»

»Oh, green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer-day;
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms
they know —
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go.»

«Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell,
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well;
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune!
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard.»

«Oh, my mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
She sings it under our own green tree
To the babe half slumbering on her knee;
I dreamt last night of that music low —
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go!»

«Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest,
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye.

«Is my mother gone from her home away?
But I know that my brothers are there at play.
I know they are gathering the foxglove's bell,
Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well;
Or they launch their boats where the bright
streams flow —
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go!»

«Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow,
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tried.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin-home is a lonely spot.»

«Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?
But the bird and the blue fly rove o'er it still;
And the red-deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap and the fresh winds blow—
Lady, kind lady, oh, let me go.»

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup or bell,
In whose colour'd vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flow'd,
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of song and dreams—
When shepherds gather'd their flocks of old,
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark, with a weary quest,
Hath sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Mark'd thus—even thus—on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

THE DYING IMPROVISATORE.

Never, oh! never more,
On thy Rome's purple heaven my eye shall dwell
Or watch the bright waves melt along thy shore—
My Italy, farewell!

Alas! thy hills among,
Had I but left a memory of my name,
Of love and grief one deep, true, fervent song,
Unto immortal fame!

But like a lute's brief tone,
Like a rose-odour on the breezes cast,
Like a swift flush of day-spring, seen and gone,
So hath my spirit passed.

Yet, yet remember me,
Friends, that upon its murmurs oft have hung,
When from my bosom, joyously and free,
The fiery mountain sprung.

Under the dark rich blue,
Of midnight heavens, and on the star-lit sea,
And when woods kindle into spring's first hue,
Sweet friends, remember me!

And in the marble halls,
Where life's full glow the dreams of beauty wear,
And poet-thoughts embodied light the walls,
Let me be with you there.

Fain would I bind with you
My memory with all glorious things to dwell,
Fain bid all lovely sounds my name renew—
Sweet friends, bright land, farewell!

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

THE OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER.

A BALLAD.

I.

Come listen to another song
Should make your heart beat high,
Bring crimson to your forehead,
And the lustre to your eye.
It is a song of olden time
Of days long since gone by
And of a Baron stout and bold
As e'er wore sword on high!
Like a brave old Scottish Cavalier
All of the olden time!

II.

He kept his castle in the north
Hard by the thundering Spey.
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,
All of his kindred they.
And not a man of all that clan
Had ever ceased to pray
For the Royal race they loved so well,
Though exiled far away
From the steadfast Scottish cavaliers
All of the olden time!

III.

His father drew the righteous sword
For Scotland and her claims,
Among the loyal gentlemen
And chiefs of ancient names,
Who swore to fight or fall beneath
The standard of King James,
And died at Killiecrankie-pass
With the glory of the Grames;
Like a true old Scottish cavalier
All of the olden time!

IV.

He never owned the foreign rule,
No master he obeyed,
But kept his clan in peace at home,
From foray and from raid;
And when they asked him for his oath,
He touched his glittering blade,
And pointed to his bonnet blue
That wore the white cockade,
Like a real old Scottish cavalier
All of the olden time!

V.

At length the news ran through the land
The Prince had come again,
That night the fiery cross was sped
O'er mountain and through glen.
And our old Baron rose in might,
Like a lion from his den
And rode away across the hills
To Charlie and his men,
With the valiant Scottish cavaliers
All of the olden time!

VI.

He was the first that bent the knee
When the standard waved abroad;
He was the first that charged the foe
On Preston's bloody sod;
And ever, in the van of fight,
The foremost still he trod,
Until upon Culloden's heath
He gave his soul to God,
Like a good old Scottish cavalier
All of the olden time!

VII.

Oh! never shall we know again
A heart so stout and true;
The olden times have passed away
And weary are the new;
The fair White Rose has faded
From the garden where it grew,
And no fond tears save those of heaven
The glorious bed bedew,
Of the last Scottish cavalier
All of the olden time!

J. G. LOCKHART.

SPANISH BALLADS.

FAREWELL TO THE YEAR.

Hark, friends, it strikes: the year's last hour:
A solemn sound to hear:
Come, fill the cup, and let us pour
Our blessing on the parting year.
The years that were, the dim, the gray,
Receive this night, with choral hymn,
A sister shade as lost as they,
And soon to be as gray and dim.
Fill high: she brought us both of weal and woe,
And nearer lies the land to which we go.

On, on, in one unwearied round
Old Time pursues his way:
Groves, bud and blossom, and the ground
Expects in peace her yellow prey:
The oak's broad leaf, the rose's bloom
Together fall, together lie;
And undistinguished in the tomb.
Howe'er they lived, are all that die.
Gold, beauty, knightly sword, and royal crown
To the same sleep go shorn and withered down.

How short the rapid months appear
Since round this board we met
To welcome in the infant year,
Whose star hath now for ever set!
Alas, as round this board I look,
I think on more than I behold,
For glossy curls in gladness shook
That night, that now are damp and cold.
For us no more those lovely eyes shall shine,
Peace to her slumbers! drown your tears in wine!

Thank heaven, no seer unblest am I,
Before the time to tell,
When moons as brief once more go by,
For whom this cup again shall swell.
The hoary mower strides apace,
Nor crops alone the ripened ear;
And we may miss the merriest face
Among us, 'gainst another year.
Whoe'er survive, be kind as we have been,
And think of friends that sleep beneath the green.

Nay, droop not, being is not breath;
'Tis fate that friends must part,
But God will bless in life, in death,
The noble soul, the gentle heart.
So deeds be just and words be true,
We need not shrink from Nature's rule;
The tomb so dark to mortal view,
Is heaven's own blessed vestibule;
And solemn, but not sad, this cup should flow,
Thou'g nearer lies the land to which we go.

TO THE VIRGIN.

Of all my ways
Be thy sweet grace the goal;
Of all my days
Thine, Lady, the control:
I fain would raise
Life, prayer, and praise
To Thee. Oh! cleanse my soul.

Great faith is mine
In Thee, Lady, in Thee;
For love benign,
Still fills these eyes for me:
While thus they shine,
I'll ne'er repine
Whate'er my woes may be.

Star of the sea,
Fountain and spring of light,
That set'st us free
From all the fears of night:
In misery,
I call on Thee,
Look down from heaven's height.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

SONGS.

I

The cough and crow to roost are gone,
The owl sits on the tree,
The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,
Like infant charity,

The wild-fire dances on the fen,
The red star sheds its ray,
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men!
It is our opening day.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
And clos'd is every flower,
And winking tapers faintly peep
High from my Lady's bower;
Bewilder'd hinds with shorten'd ken
Shrink on their murky way,
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men!
It is our opening day.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
Nor roof nor latched door,
Nor kind mate bound by holy vow
To bless a good man's store;
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day,
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men!
And use it as ye may.

II.

Wish'd-for gales the light vane veering,
Better dreams the dull night cheering;
Lighter heart the morning greeting,
Things of better omen meeting;
Eyes each passing stranger watching,
Ears each feeble rumour catching,
Say he existeth still on earthly ground,
The absent will return, the long, long lost is found.

In the tower the ward-bell ringing,
In the court the carols singing;
Busy hands the gay board dressing,
Eager steps the threshold pressing,
Open'd arms in haste advancing,
Joyful looks thro' blind tears glancing;
The gladsome bounding of this aged hound,
Say he in truth is here, our long, long lost is found.

Hymned thanks and beedsmen praying,
With sheath'd sword the urchin playing;
Blazon'd hall with torches burning,
Cheerful morn in peace returning;
Converse sweet that strangely borrows
Present bliss from former sorrows,
O who can tell each blessed sight and sound,
That says, he with us bides, our long, long lost is found.

III

Up! quit thy bower, late wears the hour;
Long have the rooks caw'd round thy tower;
On flower and tree, loud hums the bee;
The wilding kid sports merrily:
A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,
Shineth when good fortune's near.

Up! lady fair, and braid thy hair,
And rouse thee in the breezy air;
The lulling stream, that sooth'd thy dream,
Is dancing in the sunny beam;
And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,
Will waft good fortune on its way.

Up! time will tell; the friar's bell
Its service sound hath chim'd well;
The aged crone keeps house alone,
And reapers to the fields are gone;
The active day so boon and bright,
May bring good fortune ere the night.

IV.

Wake awhile, and pleasant be,
Gentle voice of Melody.

Say, sweet carol, who are they
Who cheerly greet the rising clay?
Little birds in leafy bower;
Swallows twittering on the tower;
Larks upon the light air borne;
Hunters roused with shrilly horn;
The woodman whistling on his way;
The new-wak'd child at early play,
Who barefoot prints the dewy green,
Winking to the sunny sheen;
And the meek maid who binds her yellow hair,
And blithely doth her daily task prepare.

Say, sweet carol, who are they
Who welcome in the evening grey?
The housewife trim and merry lout,
Who sit the blazing fire about;
The sage a conning o'er his book;
The tired wight, in rushy nook,
Who half asleep, but faintly hears
The gossip's tale hum in his ears;
The loosen'd steed in grassy stall;
The Thanies feasting in the hall;
But most of all, the maid of cheerful soul,
Who fills her peaceful warrior's flowing bowl.

Well hast thou said: and thanks to thee,
Voice of gentle melody!

JOHN MOULTRIE.

THE THREE SONS.

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind
of gentle mould;
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways
appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart, beyond
his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be, I know his face
is fair;
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and
serious air:
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he
loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful
fervency:
But that which others most admire, is the thought
which fills his mind,
The food for grave, inquiring speech, he every-
where doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we
together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as
children talk;
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not
on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and
aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes per-
plexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and
thoughts about the next.
He kneels at his mother's knee, she teacheth him
to pray,
And strange, and sweet and solemn, are the words
which he will say.
Oh! should my gentle child be spared to manhood's
years like me,
A holier and a wiser man, I trust that he will be;
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his
thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to
loose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
 I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
 How silvery sweet those tones of his, when he
 prattles on my knee;
 I do not think his light blue eye is like his
 brother's keen;
 Nor his brow so full of childish thought, as his
 hath ever been;
 But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and
 tender feeling,
 And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths
 of love revealing.
 When he walks with me, the country folk, who
 pass us in the street,
 Will speak their joy, and bless my boy, who looks
 so mild and sweet.
 A playfellow is he to all, and yet, with cheerful
 tone,
 He'll sing his little song of love, when left to
 sport alone.
 His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home
 and hearth,
 To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all
 our mirth.
 Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his
 hearth may prove
 As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for
 earthly love!
 And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching
 eyes must dim,
 God comfort us for all the love which we shall
 lose in him!

I have a son, a third sweet son! his age I cannot tell,
 For they reckon not by years and months, where
 he is gone to dwell.
 To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant
 smiles were given,
 And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to
 live in heaven.
 I cannot tell what form he has, what looks he
 weareth now,
 Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining
 seraph brow;
 The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss
 which he doth feel,
 Are numbered with the secret things which God
 will not reveal;
 But I know (for God hath told me this) that he
 is now at rest,
 Where other bless'd infants be, on their Saviour's
 loving breast;
 I know his spirit feels no more this weary load
 of flesh,
 But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams of
 joy for ever fresh.
 I know the angels fold him close, beneath their
 glittering wings,
 And soothe him with a song that breathes of
 Heaven's divinest things.
 I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother
 dear and I),
 Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from
 every eye.
 Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can
 never cease;
 Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is
 certain peace.
 It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls
 from bliss may sever.
 But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be
 ours for ever.
 When we think of what our darling is, and we
 still must be;
 When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and
 this world's misery;
 When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel
 this grief and pain
 Oh! we'd rather lose our other two than have
 him here again.

RICHARD MONKTON MILNES.

(LORD HOUGHTON.)

I WANDERED BY THE BROOK-SIDE.

I wandered by the brook-side,
 I wandered by the mill, —
 I could not hear the brook flow,
 The noisy wheel was still;
 There was no burr of grasshopper,
 No chirp of any bird,
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beside the elm-tree,
 I watch'd the long, long shade,
 And, as it grew still longer,
 I did not feel afraid;
 For I listen'd for a footfall,
 I listen'd for a word, —
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not,
 The night came on alone, —
 The little stars sat one by one,
 Each on a golden throne;
 The evening air pass'd by my cheek,
 The leaves above were stirr'd, —
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
 When something stood behind, —
 A hand was on my shoulder,
 I knew its touch was kind:
 It drew me nearer — nearer, —
 We did not speak one word,
 For the beating of our own hearts
 Was all the sound we heard.

MEDITATIVE FRAGMENT UPON VENICE.

Come out upon the broad Lagoon,
 Come for the hundredth time, —
 Our thoughts shall make a pleasant tune,
 Our words a worthy rhyme;
 And thickly round us we will set
 Such visions as were seen,
 By Tizian and by Tintorett.
 And dear old Giambellin, —

And all their peers in art, whose eyes,
 Taught by this sun and sea,
 Flashed on their works those burning dyes
 That fervent poetry;
 And wove the shades so thinly clear
 They would be parts of light
 In northern climes, when frowns severe
 Mar half the charms of sight. —

Did ever shape that Paolo drew
 Put on such brilliant tinge,
 As Nature, in this evening view,
 This world of tinted fire?
 The glory into whose embrace,
 The virgin pants to rise,
 Is but reflected from the face
 Of these Venetian skies.

The sun, beneath the horizon's brow
 Has sunk, not past away;
 His presence is far lordlier now
 Than on the throne of day;

His spirit of splendor has gone forth,
Sloping wide violet rays,
Possessing air and sea and earth
With his essential blaze.

Transpierced, transfused, each densest mass
Melts to as pure a glow,
As images on painted glass,
Or silken screens can show,
Gaze on the city, — contemplate
With that fine sense of thine
The palace of the ancient state, —
That wildly — grand design! —

How 'mid the universal sheen
Of Marble amber-tinged,
Like some enormous baldaquin
Gay-chequered and deep-fringed,
It stands in air and will not move
Upheld by magic power, —
The dun-lead domes just caught above —
Beside, — the glooming tower.

Now a more distant beauty fills
Thy scope of ear and eye,
That graceful cluster of low hills,
Bounding the western sky,
Which the ripe evening flushes cover
With purplest fruitage-bloom, —
Methinks that gold-lit cloud may hover
Just over Petrarch's tomb!

HENRY HART MILMAN.

THE BELVIDERE APOLLO.

AN OXFORD PRIZE POEM.

Heard ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry?
In settled majesty of fierce disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heavenly archer stands; — no human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A god in strength with more than godlike grace;
All, all divine, — no struggling muscle glows,
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,
But animate with deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight;
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire:
Firm fixed his tread, yet light, as when on high
He walks the impalpable and pathless sky:
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind
That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian! with on eagle's flight
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of
light,
Viewed the bright concave of Heaven's blest abode,
And the cold marble leapt to life a God:
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
And nations bowed before the work of man.
For mild he seemed as in Elysian bowers
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;
Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day;
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid, on Delphi's haunted steep,
Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

Yet on that form, in wild delirious trance,
With more than reverence gazed the Maid of
France.

Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone, nor thought it solitude;
To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care;
Her one fond hope — to perish of despair.
Oft as the shifting light her sight beguiled,
Blushing she shrunk, and thought the marble
smiled;

Oft breathless listening heard, or seemed to hear—
A voice of music melt upon her ear.
Slowly she waned, and, cold and senseless grown,
Closed her dim eyes, herself benumbed to stone,
Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied,
Once more she gazed, then feebly smiled and died.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE BALLAD OF THE BEAR- HUNTERS.

Three hunters went a-hunting
In wild woods far away,
To chase the bear on mountain slopes
At dawning of the day.
They met Dame Joris on the road,
Plump as a gourd was she,
And with her went her daughter bright,
The rose-red Margerie.
And it's whoop! Oho! Hollo! Hallò!
The morn is shining fair.
Whoop! Hollo! Hoy! and wish us joy,
A-hunting of the bear.

<Get supper for us, Joris,
When we return to-night;
Good beer and wine, and crackling chine,
And a fire-side warm and bright.
Ere sets the sun, three hungry men,
We'll seek your hostelry;
And Bruin dead in his old grey coat
Shall bear us company.
For it's whoop! Oho! Hollo! Hallò!
The morn is shining fair.
Whoop! Hollo! Hoy! and wish us joy,
A-hunting of the bear.>

<I've got,> quo' she, <a ven'son haunch,
A turkey served with brawn,
And foaming flagons of wine as good
As ever from cask was drawn.
And if you slay the shaggy bear
That prowls our forests through,
I'll find the meat, and share the drink,
And charge you ne'er a sou.
For it's whoop! Oho! Hollo! Hallò!
The morn is shining fair.
Whoop! Hollo! Hoy! I wish you joy,
A-hunting of the bear.>

<What wilt thou give us, maiden?>
Said Reinhold, whispering low,
And clasp'd her by the yielding hand,
That nobody might know.
<I wish for something better than wine,
Better than golden fee, —
A look, a smile, or word of love,
From rose-red Margerie.
For it's whoop! Oho! Hollo! Hallò!
The morn is shining fair.
Whoop! Hollo! Hoy! and wish me joy,
A-hunting of the bear.>

<I'll give,> quo' she, <a squeezing hand
When nobody is nigh,
A whisper'd word, a favouring smile,
A twinkle of the eye.

I'll give; — but what have I to give,
Although I speak so free,
Unless it be a vow of truth,
And the heart of Margerie?
For it's whoop! Oho! Hollo! Hallò!
The morn is shining fair.
Whoop! Hollo! Hoy! I wish you joy,
A-hunting of the bear.

They had their hunting on the hill,
And merry men were they;
And a beaten foe was Bruin the bold,
At closing of the day.
And Joris spread a regal feast, —
The ven'son and the chine,
Turkey and brawn, and snow-white cheese,
And overflowing wine.
And 'twas whoop! Oho! Hollo! Hallò!
The wine-cup circles fair.
Whoop! Hollo! Hoy! 'tis ever joy,
A-hunting of the bear.

«We track'd his steps an hour ere noon —
'Twas up amid the snow;
And we track'd him down again,
To his rocky dells below.
And then our shots — one — two, and three —
Went whizzing in his side;
And the echoes raised a thunder tone,
As he howl'd his last, and died.
And 'tis whoop! Oho! Hollo! Hallò!
The wine-cup circles fair.
Whoop! Hollo! Hoy! 'tis ever joy,
A-hunting of the bear.»

And Reinhold pledged his maiden bright
Again and yet again:
«I've woo'd thee, Margerie, many a month, —
Oh, help me out of pain!»
«There, take my hand,» said Margerie fair,
«And wed me, while you can;
But go no more a-hunting,
When you 're a married man.
For his whoop! Oho! Hollo! Hallò!
The bachelor may care;
But married men should stay at home
From the hunting of the bear.»

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He work'd and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blythe than he;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be, —
«I envy nobody: no, not I,
And nobody envies me!»

«Thou 'rt wrong, my friend!» said old King Hal,
«Thou 'rt wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the river Dee?

The miller smiled and doff'd his cap:
«I earn my bread,» quoth he;
«I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay; —
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me.»

«Good friend!» said Hal, and sigh'd the while,
«Farewell! and happy be;

But say no more, if thou 'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
The mealy cap is worth my crown, —
Thy mill my kingdom's fee!
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!»

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

A CHILD'S SONG.

Goodbye, goodbye to Summer!
For Summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our trushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away, —
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,
And scarlet breastknot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red and orange
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to Ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
Its Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
'Twill soon be Winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling nightwinds whistle
And moan all round the house;
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow —
Alas! in Winter dead and dark
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE SICK CHILD.

Send down thy winged Angel, God!
Amidst this night so wild,
And bid him come, where now we watch,
And breathe upon our child.

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
And moans within her sleep,
Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
And striveth *not* to weep.

How gentle and how good a child
She is, we know too well,
And dearer to her parents' hearts
Than our weak words can tell.

We love — we watch throughout the night,
To aid, when need may be;
We hope — and have despaired at times,
But *now* we turn to Thee!

Send down thy sweet-soul'd angel, God!
Amidst the darkness wild,
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
And heal our gentle child.

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

How many summers, love
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind,
When't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours.

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears — a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget; —
All else is flown!

Ah, with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and Time.

ROBERT BURNS.

TAM O' SHANTER,

A TALE.

Of Brownie's and of Bogie's full is this Buke. —
Gavin Douglas.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearin' late,
And folk begin to tak' the gate;
While we sit bousin' at the nappy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gatherin' her brows like gatherin' storm,
Nursin' her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roarin' fou on;
That at the L-d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou wad be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: — Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely,
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growin' better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel' amang the nappy!
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm. —
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
An' sic a night he tak's the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night a child might understand,
The de'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles hauding fast his gude blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and howlets nightily cry.

By this time he was 'cross the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. —
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil,
Wi' usquebaugh we'll face the devil —

The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he cared na de'il a boddle.
 But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventured forward on the light;
 And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
 Warlocks and witches in a dance;
 Nae cotillion brent-new frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat auld Nick in shape o' beast;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge:
 He screw'd the pipes and gar't them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl! —
 Coffins stood round like open presses,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
 And by some devilish cantrip sleight,
 Each in its cauld hand held a light;
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet-airns;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
 A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
 Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
 Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,
 Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout;
 And priests' hearts rotten black as muck,
 Lay stinkin', vile, in every neuk:
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amazed and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
 The piper loud and louder blew;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carline swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
 A' plump and strappin' in their teens;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white se'enteen-hunder linen!
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush o' gude blue hair,
 I wad ha'e gi'en them aff my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!
 But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
 Louping and flinging on a cummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
 There was ae winsome wench and walie,
 That night enlisted in the corps,
 (Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore!
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith muckle corn and bear,
 And kept the country side in fear;)
 Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie. —
 Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cower,
 Sic flights are far beyond her power;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was and strang),
 And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd;

Even Satan glowr'd and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, «Weel done, Cutty-sark!»
 And in an instant all was dark:
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When «Catch the thief!» resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin'!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane of the brig;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they darena cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake!
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle —
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail:
 The carline claut her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son take heed:
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
 Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys owre dear,
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A BALLAD.

There were three kings into the east,
 Three kings both great and high,
 And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
 Put clods upon his head,
 And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
 And showers began to fall;
 John Barleycorn got up again,
 And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
 And he grew thick and strong,
 His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
 That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
 When he grew wan and pale;
 His bending joints and drooping head
 Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
 He faded into age;
 And then his enemies began
 To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
 And cut him by the knee;
 Then tied him fast upon a cart,
 Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they ha'e ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Tune — «Failse na Miosg.»

[The first half-stanza of this song is old.]

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here:
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer:
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe Yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin' owre a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to — France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Meg grew sick — as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith.
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

THE ERL-KING.

O! who rides by night through the woodlands so
wild?

It is the father embracing his child!
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,
From the blast of the tempest to keep himself
warm.

«O father! see yonder, see yonder!» he says.
«My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?»
«O! 'tis the Erl-King, with is staff and his shroud!»
«No, my love! it is but a dark wreath of the cloud.»

«O! wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest child?
By many gay sports shall thy hours be beguiled;
My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my
boy.» —

«O father! my father! and did you not hear
The Erl-King whisper so close in my ear?» —
«Be still, my loved darling, my child be at ease!
It was but the wild blast as it howl'd through
the trees.» —

«O wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy!
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with
joy;
She shall bear thee so lightly through wet and
through wild,
And hug thee and kiss thee, and sing to my
child.» —

«O father! my father! and saw you not plain
The Erl-Kings pale daughter glide past through
the rain?»

«O no, my heart's treasure! I knew it full soon,
It was the grey willow that danced to the moon.» —

«Come with me, come with me, no longer delay!
Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away.» —
«O father! O father! now, now, keep your hold!
The Erl-King has seized me — his grasp is so
cold.» —

Sore trembled the father; he spurr'd through the
wild,
Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child.
He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread;
But, clasp'd to his bosom, the infant was dead!

(Goethe.)

THE ALPINE HUNTER.

«Wilt thou not, thy lamblings heeding,
(Soft and innocent are they!)
Watch them on the herbage feeding,
Or beside the brooklet play?»
«Mother, mother, let me go
O'er the mount to chase the roe.»

«Wilt thou not, thy herds assembling,
Lure with lively horn along?
Sweet their clear bells tinkle trembling,
Sweet the echoing woods among!»
«Mother, mother, let me go
O'er the wilds to chase the roe.»

«See the flowers that smile unto thee,
Wilt thou tend them not, my child?
On the height no gardens woo thee,
Wild is nature on the wild.»
«Leave the flowers in peace to blow;
Mother, mother, let me go.»

— Forth the hunter bounds unheeding,
On his hardy footsteps press;
Hot and eager, blindly speeding
To the mountain's last recess:
Swift, before him, as the wind,
Panting, trembling flies the hind.

Up the ribbed crag tops driven,
Up she clambers, steep on steep;
O'er the rocks asunder riven
Springs her dizzy, daring leap;
Still unwearied, with the bow
Of death, behind her flies the foe.

On the peak that rudely, drearly
Jags the summit, bleak and hoar,
Where the rocks, descending sheerly,
Leave to flight no path before;
There she bolts at last, to find
Chasms beneath — the foe behind.

To the hard man — dumb, lamenting,
Turns her look of pleading woe;
Turns in vain — the unrelenting
Meets the look, and bends the bow:
Yawn'd the rock: from his abode
Forth the mountain Genius strode.

And his godlike hand extending,
From the hunter snatched the prey,
«Wherefore, woe and slaughter sending
To my solitary sway?
Why should my herds before thee fall?
There's room on the earth for all.»

(Schiller.)

PRINCE EUGENE.

Prince Eugene, our noble leader,
Made a vow in death to bleed, or
Win the Emperor back Belgrade:
«Launch pontoons, let all be ready
To bear our ordnance safe and steady
Over the Danube» — thus he said.

There was mustering on the border
When our bridge in marching order
Breasted first the roaring stream;
Then at Semlin, vengeance breathing,
We encamped to scourge the heathen
Back to Mahound and fame redeem.

'Twas on August one and twenty
Scouts with glorious tidings plenty
Galoped in through storm and rain;
Turks they swore three hundred thousand
Marched to give our Prince a rouse, and
Dared us forth to battle-plain.

Then at Prince Eugene's head quarters
Met our fine old fighting Tartars,
Generals and field-Marshal's all;
Every point of war debated,
Each in his turn the signal waited
Forth to march and on to fall.

For the onslaught all were eager
When the word sped round our leaguer:
«Soon as the clock chimes twelve to-night
Then bold hearts sound boot and saddle,
Stand to your arms and on to battle,
Every one that has hands to fight!»

Musqueteers, horse, yagers, forming
Sword in hand each bosom warming,
Still as death we all advance;
Each prepared come blows or booty
German-like to do our duty,
Joining hands in the gallant dance.

Our cannoneers, those tough old heroes
Struck a lusty peal to cheer us,
Firing ordnance great and small:
Right and left our cannon thundered
Till the Pagans quaked and wondered
And by platoons began to fall.

On the right like a lion angered
Bold Eugene cheered on the vanguard;
Ludovic spurred up and down,
Crying «On, boys every hand to't,
Brother Germans nobly stand to't,
Charge them home for our old renown!»

Gallant Prince he spoke no more; he
Fell in early youth and glory
Struck from his horse by some curst ball:
Great Eugene long sorrowed o'er him,
For a brother's love he bore him,
Every soldier mourned his fall.

In Waradin we laid his ashes;
Cannon peals and musket flashes
O'er his grave due honours paid:
Then the old Black Eagle flying
All the Pagan powers defying
On we marched and stormed Belgrade.

(National Song.)

Anmerkungen.

Seite 3. *Chevy-Chace*. Chevy-Chace ist eine der berühmtesten altenglischen heroischen Balladen, von welcher einst Sir Philipp Sidney schrieb: «I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved, more than with a trumpet.» Schon zu Elisabeth's Zeit galt sie als das Product 'of an uncivill age'. Wahrscheinlich entstand sie unter der Regierung Heinrichs VI., als 'James, the Scottish King', der Erste seines Namens die Krone Schottlands trug. Die einzige geschichtlich bekannte Schlacht, in welcher ein Graf Douglas im Kampfe mit einem Percy fiel, war die Schlacht bei Otterbourne 1388, und man vermuthet, daß dies den Stoff zur Ballade gegeben habe.

Da in diesen Balladen die alte Schreibart beibehalten worden ist, so merke man sich folgende Eigenthümlichkeiten.

Die alte Orthographie ist häufig rein phonetisch, d. h. sie richtet sich mehr nach dem Klange der Aussprache als nach der Etymologie des Wortes; man findet daher cheef statt chief; Erle st. Earl; spere st. spear; weelde st. wield; forrayne st. foreign; dele st. deal; ere st. ear; wood und wold st. would; adue und adewe st. adieu!; mete st. meat; pese st. peace; hye, nye st. high, nigh; bewtye st. beauty etc.

Das y wird selten in i verwandelt, also ladyes, safetyes, wayle, yf, dystrayne, affyrming st. ladies, safeties, wail, if, distrain, affirming.

Das ll wird nicht verkürzt bei Zusammensetzungen: woefull st. woeful; allmost st. almost.

Viele Wörter gehen noch auf ein stummes e aus: deere, horne, neede, appeare, feare, soe, noe.

Zusammenziehungen finden statt: Ile st. I will; die Participialendungen auf ed werden häufig durch t ausgedrückt, also kist, washt, st. kissed, washed.

Gebrauch von ew statt ow und ue, z. B. shew st. show; trew st. true.

Gebrauch des u statt v, z. B. loue = love; neuer = never; und des v st. u, z. B. vntold = untold.

Auslassung des Apostrophs im sächsischen Genitiv: their lives decay; in one anothers arms etc.

Verschiebung von Buchstaben: rulde st. ruled.

Abkürzung der Silben: gin st. begin, 'plain st. complain.

Verstöße gegen grammatikalische Regeln, z. B. in der Construction her to prove st. to prove her; a little space him fro, st. from him; for to fulfil, for to be st. for fulfilling, for being.

S. 6. *The Children of the Wood*. Diese Ballade bezeichnet Addison 'as one of the darling songs of the common people and the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age'. Sie ist auch jetzt noch eine der volksthümlichsten aller Balladen, und dient oft den Zwecken der Illustration. Nach Ritson scheint sie 1595 geschrieben worden zu sein, da sie unter diesem Datum in den Stationer's Books (Register der Londoner Buchhändlerzunft) eingetragen wurde.

S. 7. *Fair Rosamond*. Das Schicksal der schönen Rosamunde war ein Lieblingsthema der alten Minstrels. Nach Stowe war sie die Tochter von Lord Walter Clifford, wurde die Geliebte Heinrichs II., dem sie zwei Söhne gebor, William Longsword, Graf von Salisbury, und Geoffrey, Bischof von Lincoln; sie starb zu Woodstock 1177, vergiftet, wie man glaubte, von der Königin Eleanor. Der König hatte sie in einem von einem Labyrinth umgebenen Landhaus vor Eindringlingen geschützt, zu welchem jedoch die Königin den Faden gefunden haben soll. Die Ballade wurde zuerst in Deloney's Strange Histories 1612 abgedruckt und später in Percy's Reliques.

in armour dighte = arrayed.

S. 9. *The Nut-Brown Maid*. Diese alte Ballade fällt etwa in's Jahr 1400, und wurde 1502 in Arnold's Chronicle abgedruckt. Dr. Percy, der sie in seine Sammlung aufnahm, sagt: «its sentimental beauties have always recommended it to

readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity which obscures the style and expression.» Sie war schon im 16. Jahrhundert sehr populär, und wurde nach der Sitte dieser Zeit sogar zu einer frommen Reimhomilie parodiert «the boke of the newe not browne mayd upon the passion of Cryste. Prior entnahm ihr den Grundplan seines Gedichtes «Henry and Emma», und druckte die Ballade selbst in der Ausgabe seiner 'Poems' 1721 ab, mit der Anmerkung: «written near three hundred years since».

affermynge = affirming; wele = well; mone = moan; I trowe = I trust; elles = else; rede, rathen; mone = moon; twayne = two; aslake = slacken; syth = since; all tho = all those; had I lever, hätte ich lieber; rescous = rescues; brake bush, Dornbusch; partynere = partner; begylde = beguiled.

§. 13. *The Child of Elle.* Diese Ballade wurde ursprünglich von Dr. Percy in seinen Reliques herausgegeben, welcher sie aber nur als Fragment besaß, und daher selbst ergänzte. (Child wurde früher häufig für Knight gebraucht, wie Byron in seinem Childe Harold es benützt hat). Ohne Zweifel ist sie schottischen Ursprungs, da mehrere schottische Balladen — namentlich The Douglas Tragedy, welche sowohl Sir Walter Scott als Motherwell überarbeitet haben — denselben Vorfall behandeln.

bedight = versehen; to hye = eilen; Y-wis = gewiß, wörtlich: ich weiß; eyne = eyes; carlish = curlish, roh; palfrae, Zelter; to wend = to go; I wot = knew (von to wit, wissen); scant = scarcely; downe, Hochtrist; kirke = church; mickle = much.

§. 15. *The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall-Green.* Diese äußerst populäre Ballade wurde wahrscheinlich zur Zeit der Königin Elisabeth gedichtet, wie man aus dem Verse schließt, in welchem das Wappen Englands 'the Queene's armes' genannt wird. Der Stoff ist muthmaßlich einer Begebenheit in der Schlacht von Evesham (4. August 1265) entlehnt, als Simon von Monfort, der große Graf von Leicester an der Spitze seiner Barone erschlagen wurde; auch sein ältester Sohn Heinrich fiel an seiner Seite. Durch diese Niederlage kam die Familie gänzlich in Verfall, indem der König ihre großen Besitzungen seinem zweiten Sohn, Edmund, Grafen von Lancaster, verlieh. Es ist nicht unwahrscheinlich, daß sich damals die Geschichte in unserer Ballade zugetragen.

Fitt = Part; — angells = Engelftück, Goldmünze im Werth von 10 Sh.; sie hatten den Drachentödter St. Michael im Gepräge, wurden zuerst von Eduard IV. 1466 geprägt, bis sie unter Karl I. aus dem Kurs verschwanden. — nere = never; to flout, verhöhnen; to swound = to swoon; bewray = disclose; a groat, Groschen; swage = to assuage.

§. 20. *Robin Good-Fellow.* Der gemüthlich schalkhafte Kobold Puck oder Robin Good-Fellow war ein Liebling der älteren englischen Dichter. Ben Jonson in seiner Maske 'Love restored', Milton, Shakspeare im 'Midsummer Night's Dream' und viele Andere schildern ihn mit Humor. Der Name Puck stammt vom irischen Kobold Phooka her, der aber viel bössartiger ist. Gewöhnlich wird diese Ballade Ben Jonson zugeschrieben, aber ohne sichern Grund.

welkin (ethm. Wollen) = Himmelzelt; possets = milk curled with wine; juncates, Käsefuchen; to cog = to cheat; gloze, Glossen; loope holes, Loch, Spalte; hey-day guise, lustige Weise.

§. 21. *Sir Aldingar.* Dr. Percy, welcher diese Ballade zuerst mittheilte und vervollständigte, vermuthete, daß der Dichter die Geschichte der Gunhilda (manchmal auch Eleanor genannt), der Gattin des Kaisers Heinrich vor Augen gehabt. Sir Walter Scott hat jedoch eine Ballade veröffentlicht 'Sir Hugh le Blond', in welcher die Begebenheiten der des Sir Aldingar sehr ähnlich sind. Sir Hugh lebte im 13ten Jahrhundert, und das Schwert, mit welchem Sir Hugh le Blond die Ehre der Königin rettet, wurde lange Zeit von seinen Nachkommen, den Viscounts von Arbutnot, aufbewahrt.

brent = burned; soothe, Wahrheit; holye rood, das heilige Kreuz; blee, Farbe; brast = burst; sweven = dream; grype, Greif; gorgett, Halskrause; head-geere, Kopfsputz; tush, Zahn, Schnabel; giff = if; bedeene = immediately; God wot, Gott weiß; pricked on, zog weiter; bale, Noth; boote, Hülfe; ee = eye; to houze, mit den Sterbsacramenten versehen; to shrive, beichten.

§. 23. *King Arthur's Death.* König Arthur mit den Rittern der Tafelrunde, so wohl bekannt allen Freunden der Romanzen, gehört mehr ins Gebiet der Fabel als in das der Wirklichkeit. Den Grundstoff dazu liefert Gottfried von Monmouth's fabelhafte 'History', die in der Mitte des 12. Jahrhunderts verfaßt wurde. Aehnlich der Sage von Barbarossa glaubte das Volk lange nach seinem geheimnißvollen Tode, daß er noch lebe, und wieder erscheinen werde, um die zerstreuten und verbannten Briten in ihr Land zurückzuführen.

alake = alack, alas!; sturre = stir; ere = ever; molde = ground; aby = abide, büßen; thorow = through; coleyne, Kölner Stahl; shent = ashamed.

§. 25. *The Legend of King Arthur.* Diese Ballade enthält einen raschen Ueberblick über Arthur's Heldenthaten. Sie wurde wie die vorhergehenden zuerst von Dr. Percy herausgegeben.

wracke = wreck, Untergang, Sturz; paynims, Heiden; beere, Bahre.

§. 27. *The Heir of Linne.* Dr. Percy fand diese Ballade in einem fragmentarischen Zustand; er ergänzte daher mehrere Strophen nach einer neueren, denselben Gegenstand behandelnden Ballade. Ihr schottischer Ursprung ist unzweifelhaft.

lithe, horcht!; him froe st. from him; mote = might; maun = must; holt, (Holz) Wald; hight = engaged, promised; loon = rascal; brere = briar; in-fere, bei einander; reade, Rath; ne blanne, noch zögerte er; speer, Fenster- oder Thüröffnung; losel, Verschwender; by my fay, meiner Treu! told, zählte; dinne, Lärmen.

§. 29. *The Birth of St. George.* Der Stoff dieser und der folgenden Ballade ist dem alten Geschichtenbuche 'The Seven Champions of Christendome', verfaßt von Richard Johnson zur Zeit der Königin Elisabeth, entlehnt, findet sich aber schon in der alten poetischen Legende 'Sir Bevis of Hampton', die schon zu Chaucer's Zeit sehr populär war. Die Ballade ist in ihrer jetzigen Gestalt eine neuere Uebersetzung.

weird lady, Zauberin, Hexe; leech, Arzt; fet = fectht.

§. 31. *St. George and the Dragon.* Diese Ballade befindet sich in der Pepy's Collection, welcher Dr. Percy sie entnahm.

caitif = slave; sophy, persischer Titel; bat, Keule.

§. 34. *Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor.* Eine alte, äußerst populäre Ballade, die sich in der Pepy's Collection in gothischer Schrift befindet, unter dem Titel: 'A tragical Ballad on the unfortunate love of Lord Thomas and fair Ellinor, together with the downfall of the brown girl'.

Im vierten Verse heißt es in allen Ausgaben von Dr. Percy's Reliques 'that should have been her bride', es muß aber offenbar heißen: his bride.

§. 35. *Fair Margaret and Sweet William.* Eine alte Ballade, welche Fletcher in seinem Drama: 'The Knight of the burning Pestle' citirt, und deren vollständiger Titel war: 'Fair Margaret's Misfortunes; or Sweet William's frightful dreams on his wedding night, with the sudden death and burial of those noble lovers'. Aus dieser und der vorhergehenden Ballade ist die Ballade 'Fair Thomas and Fair Annet' entstanden, welche Dr. Percy gleichfalls mittheilt. Der Grundstoff dieser Geisterballaden findet sich schon in der Edda (vgl. Rosa Warrens, zwei Lieder der Edda). Daraus entstand auch die herrliche Ballade 'Margaret's Ghost' (auf Seite 58) und Bürger's Lenore.

§. 36. *The Demon Lover.* Diese schottische Ballade erschien zuerst in Sir Walter Scott's 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border'. Sie wurde ihm von Hrn. W. Laidlaw mitgetheilt, welcher sie nach mündlicher Ueberslieferung aufgeschrieben hatte. Die Legende bildet aber auch in einigen englischen Grafschaften und hauptsächlich auch in Irland den Stoff zu Volksballaden.

mair = more; e'e = eye; kend = knew; ain = own; drumly, trübe; levin = lightning.

§. 37. *Edward, Edward.* Eine uralte nordische Sage gab den Stoff zu dieser berühmten schottischen Ballade, welche Herder in seinen „Stimmen der Völker“ auch bei uns eingebürgert hat.

brand = sword; reid = red; reid-roan steid, Rothschimmel; dule = dole,ummer; drie oder dree = suffer; ha' = hall; fa' = fall.

§. 38. *The two Brothers.* Diese pathetische schottische Ballade ist Motherwell's 'Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern' entnommen, welcher den Ursprung der Sage einem traurigen Unfall in der Familie der Somerville's im Jahr 1589 zuschreibt.

stane-chucking, Steinwerfen; ba' = ball; warsell a fa' = wrestle, ringen, bis Einer fällt; dirk = Dolch; sark = shirt; gair = brocade, mit Gold- oder Silberblumen durchwirkter Stoff; to row, wickeln, legen; sleiding, Wammes aus rohem Stoff; style = stile, Zaunsteg; statt my brother ane ließ my toth erane.

§. 39. *King Edward and the Tanner.* Die Begegnung König Edwards IV. mit einem ungeschlachten Gerber aus Tamworth, der sich zweideutiger Redensarten bediente, da er den König nicht erkannte, war ein Lieblingsthema der alt-englischen Volkspoesie. In der viertletzten Strophe findet man in andern Versionen statt I trow — I hope I shall be hanged, was den König zum Lachen brachte, wodurch er noch mehr zur Verzeihung geneigt wurde. Die Ballade befindet sich in Dr. Percy's 'Reliques'. (Wir haben uns die Mildeutung eines allzu rohen Ausdrucks in der 30sten Strophe erlaubt.)

He made him bowne, machte er sich auf den Weg; to weet, st. to wit, to know; noble, Goldmünze im Werth von 20 groats oder 6 sh. 8 d.; priefe = prove; barker, Wortspiel: Rindenschäler (Gerber) und auch ein Bellhund, Polsterer; prentise, Lehrling; boot, Vortheil; stound, (ethym. Stunde), Augenblick; mought = might; hilt = taken off; pummil, Sattelsknopf; brast = burst, broken; so mote I thee = so might I thrive, so wahr ich lebe; lever, lieber; clout, befohlen.

§. 41. *The Pilgrim and the Traveller.* Die Wallfahrten nach Walsingham, welche so oft mehr dem Kultus der Venus als der Maria galten, gaben häufig Stoff zu

Volksballaden. Dr. Percy erhielt diese Ballade von dem Dichter Shenstone, welcher die letzte Strophe hinzudichtete. Sie wird schon in dem alten Stücke 'Hans Beer-pot, his invisible Comedy' erwähnt.

S. 42. *Queen Eleanor's Confession*. Eleanor, Tochter und Erbin des Herzogs Wilhelm von Guienne, war 16 Jahre lang mit Ludwig VII. vermählt gewesen, und hatte ihn auch auf einem Kreuzzuge begleitet. Da sie des Umgangs mit einem Saracenen verdächtig wurde, ließ sich Ludwig von ihr scheiden, gab ihr aber ihre mit der Krone Frankreichs annexirten Erbprovinzen zurück. Der 19jährige Graf von Anjou, nachher König Heinrich II. von England, heirathete sie bald nach der Scheidung, aber Eifersucht trieb sie später zur Empörung gegen Heinrich. Sie wurde gefangen genommen und eingekerkert. Sie starb 1204.

S. 42. *Jane Shore*. Außerst populäre Volksballade über die verurtheilte Bühlerin Edwards IV., welche von seinem Nachfolger Richard III. an den Pranger gestellt und eingekerkert wurde.

S. 44. *King John and the Abbot*. Bekanntlich die Grundlage von Bürger's „Abt von St. Gallen“.

crozier, Krummstab; mitre, Bischofsmütze; rochet, Bischofsgewand; cope, Chorrock; noble, alte Goldmünze im Werth von 6 sh. 8 d.

S. 46. *Sir Lancelot du Lake*. Diese Ballade wird in Shakespeare's Heinrich IV., Akt 1, erwähnt. Der Stoff ist aus dem alten Roman 'Morte Arthur' entnommen.

just, Zweikampf zu Pferd; astound, betäubt, verwirrt; tho = though; to buckle, raufen.

S. 47. *Robin Hood*. Der beliebteste Held der altenglischen Volkslieder, welcher als Anführer einer Wildschützenbande sich eine Reihe von Jahren in den Wäldern von Shirwood und Barnsdale herumtrieb und dem Könige von England, der ihn geächtet hatte, Trotz bot, aber die Armen und Hülflosen, Verfolgten und Unterdrückten stets beschützte. Er war von edler Abkunft, und hieß eigentlich Robert Fitzood. Geboren um das Jahr 1160, starb er 1247 im 87. Jahre seines Alters. — Joseph Ritson veranstaltete 1795 eine Sammlung der verschiedenen Robin Hood-Balladen und beschrieb sein Leben nach historischen Dokumenten. Eine zweite Sammlung, herausgegeben von J. M. Gutch, erschien 1847. Anastasius Grün dichtete die schönsten daraus in's Deutsche um (Robin Hood, ein Balladenfranz, Cotta 1864).

shaws, Gehölz; shradds, Fluren; woodweele, Walddrossel; sweaven, Traum; yemen, Freisassen; mee froe = from me; wroken = revenged; bush ye = dress ye; bowne ye, brechet auf!; John, d. h. Little John, welcher einer der tapfersten Hauptleute der Bande Robin Hoods war; wight, kräftig; were the ware = were they aware, gewahrten sie; bane, Verderben; capull hyde, Rosshaut; topp and tayll and mayne, mit Kopf, Schweif und Mähne daran; store, Vertrauen; farley, wunderbar; breedden bale, Unheil bringen; gates, Wege; where lies were; slade, Rasenboden; fetteled, legte an; boote, Gewinn; abed, im Bett; masterye, Meisterprobe; unsett steven, ungelegene Zeit; two summer shroggs, zwei Jahresfröhlings; breere = briar, Strauch; rood in twaine, 60 Ruthen von einander; prickles, das Ziel, Schwarze der Scheibe; y-fere, mit einander; lyne, Linden; kithe nor kin, verwandt noch bekannt; fettle = prepare; reachless = careless; may = maid, Jungfrau; lowe, Abhang; belive, stracks; shrift, Beichte.

S. 50. *King Leir*. Dr. Percy veröffentlichte unter der Ueberschrift: 'Ballads that illustrate Shakspeare' auch die Ballade vom König Lear, welche wie die vom Gernutus, Jew of Venice, Shakespeare zur dramatischen Bearbeitung reizte. Wie populär die Ballade war, zeigt der Umstand, daß schon vor dem Erscheinen seines King Lear (1608) die Sage dramatisch behandelt worden war: 'The true Chronicle History of Leir and his three daughters, as it hath been divers and sundry times lately acted, 1605.' Die Sage ist von Gottfried von Monmouth erzählt, der den Tod dieses Fürsten um 800 vor Chr. legt.

S. 52. *The Baffled Knight*. Von Dr. Percy mitgetheilt, findet sich aber schon in der Pepy's Collection. Sie ist in ächtem Volkston gehalten, und die beständige Anrufung des Lesers oder Hörers mit Sir, und der Schlußfall der Zeile auf -a werden noch jetzt in komischen Liedern angewandt.

cocks of hay, Heubündel; pinner, Schäfer, Hürdenaufseher; dapple gray, Apfelschimmel; bodkin, Haarnadel; rue, Raute; mary-gold, Ringelblume; to souse, in's Wasser stürzen.

S. 54. *George Barnwell*. Diese Ballade ist noch heute allgemein im Volksmunde, und ihre dramatische Bearbeitung von Georg Lillo (1730) ist noch jetzt eines der anziehendsten Bühnenstücke der englischen Bühne.

S. 58. *Barbara Allen's Cruelty*. Von Dr. Percy nach einem alten Flugblatt mitgetheilt, mit dem Beisatz zum Titel: or the Young Man's Tragedy.

giff = if; ore = over.

S. 58. *Sweet William's Ghost*. Vgl. Anmerkung zu Seite 25.

S. 59. *Geoffrey Chaucer* (1328—1400), Vater der englischen Dichtkunst und

zugleich einer der größten Dichter seiner Nation, geboren zu London, studierte zu Cambridge und, einer Tradition nach, auch unter Wicliff zu Oxford, bekleidete mehrere königliche Verwaltungsämter unter Eduard III. Johann von Gaunt, Heinrichs IV. Vater, war sein Gönner und gab ihm Philippa Rouet, die Schwester seiner eigenen Buhlerin zur Frau; er nahm an den Missionen Theil, welche Eduard nach Italien und später nach Frankreich sandte, und traf in Padua mit Petrarca, vielleicht auch mit Boccaccio, den er so glücklich nachahmte, zusammen. Seine Verbindung mit den Lollards brachte ihn später in den Kerker. Nach seiner Befreiung zog er sich nach Woodstock, seinem Lieblingsaufenthalt, zurück. Er wurde in der Westminster-Abtei begraben, in jenem südlichen Transsept, das ihm zu Ehren als Poet's Corner dem Andenken so vieler späteren Dichter geweiht blieb. Seine Bekanntschaft mit der französischen und italienischen Literatur reizte seine eigene poetische Produktionskraft zur Aneignung und Verarbeitung der fremden poetischen Elemente, und die noch ungelente, unabgeklärte germanisch-romanische Sprache geistig durchzubilden. Leider sind so viele von ihm noch gebrauchten, aus dem Angelsächsischen und Altfranzösischen stammenden Wörter aus dem neueren Sprachgebrauch verschwunden, so daß er nur mit Hilfe eines Glossars oder in neuerer Bearbeitung gelesen werden kann. Sein bedeutendstes Werk sind die 'Canterbury Tales', Kundgeschichten nach Art des Decameron, von Pilgern bei einer Wallfahrt erzählt, und seine Uebersetzung des französischen Romans von der Rose. Die hier mitgetheilten zwei kleineren Dichtungen sind Muster der allegorischen Vision und der feineren Naturschilderung. Hinsichtlich der Orthographie beachte man die oben bei der ersten Ballade gegebenen Bemerkungen.

Hertes = hearts; herd = hard; stound, Stunde, Zeit; hole, heil, gesund; lithy, lüderlich, gottlos; agrise, grieseln, schauern; wight, Wicht; greve = grieve; siketh = sighs; stering = stirring; hir = their.

Seite 60. axes = acks; ywis, gewiß; wote = to know; lite = little; hem = them; aspide = espied; ypoudred, wörtl. gepudert, y vor den Verben gleich der deutschen Vorsilbe ge-; greues = groves; like hy = likewise; proyned, rupften; in fere, zusammen; Feuerere = February; swow = swoon; yeve = give; hen = hence, fort, abwesend; to escheue = to decline, shun; elenge = dull.

Seite 61. aylen = ail, ärgern; crakell, freischen (prov. kraekelen); saine, sagen, fingen; ocy, der Nachtigallen-Schlag; to mean amis, Böses vorhaben; tho = those; sterue = sterben; grede = crie; unthriue = not thrive; semelyhead = seemliness, Artigkeit; lother = more lothsome; soth = true; enpaire = to impair; woodness = madness; ferre = far; hoten = called; ythee = thrive; taches (franz.) Mafel.

S. 62. spill = perish; keepe = care; tene = grief; awreake = revenge; stert up = leaped up; poppingay, Papagei; leue = believe; leasing, Lüge; shrew = curse; lore, Lehre, Rath; gate = got; bridde = bird; without nay, unfehlbar.

S. 63. explicit = it finishes; leiser = leisure; fele = many; vnmeete, unlieb; nas = was not; nad = had not.

S. 64. ayen = again, wann; unneth, faum, nicht leicht; parde, bei Gott, wahrlich; herber, Laube; yede in compas, herumging; sicamour, wilde Feige; eglatere, wilde Rose; prien = to pry, verstoßen; schauen; sote = sweet, aber auch franz. sot, närrisch; list, gelüstete.

S. 65. surcote, Ueberkleid; semes echone, jede Nacht; purfile, Franzen; agnus castus, der Keuschbaum, eine Art Vitex (L.); for the nones (st. nonce) = for the occasion.

S. 66. seriall, der Reihe nach; were = wore; tartarium, eine Art Seide; lete, sparen; schochones = escutcheons, Wappenschilder; paitrell = breast-plate; henshmen = pages; troncheon, Stab; dight, geschmückt; thred = third; raied = arrayed; mo = more; juste, Zweikampf.

S. 67. dint, Streich; dome, Urtheil; sautrie, eine Art Saiteninstrument; bargaret (franz. bergerette) Schäferlied; n'ot = know not; nie shent, nahezu erschöpft.

S. 68. nade = had not; weed, Kleidung; y-be = been; routhe, Mitleid.

S. 70. nis = is not; sowne = sound.

S. 71. presse = crowd; soothfastness = truth; hord, Schatz; wele = wealth; blent = has ceased; sauour, genießen; rede, rathen; crooked, Kränkung; nalle, Nagel; crocké, ein irdener Krug; deem, schätzen; buxomness, Demuth.

S. 71. *Earl of Surrey* (1516—1547), ältester Sohn des Herzogs von Norfolk, wurde in Windsor mit einem natürlichen Sohne des Königs erzogen, durchreiste Italien und machte sich dort mit den Werken Petrarca's, Boccaccio's und Ariosto's bekannt, nach welchen er seinen eigenen Styl bildete. Er war ein ebenso tapferer Soldat und Feldherr, als lebenswürdiger Dichter, fiel aber endlich bei Heinrich VIII. in Ungnade und wurde auf Tower Hill enthauptet. Obgleich er nur wenig geschrieben, hat er doch großen Einfluß auf die Literatur Englands ausgeübt, er war der erste Dichter, der metrisch (nicht wie Chaucer dem Accent nach) dichtete, auch führte er das Sonett und den später von Milton so schön ausgebildeten 'blank verse' (reimlose fünffüßige Jamben) ein.

S. 76. *Thomas Tusser* (1520—1580), Verfasser eines großen gereimten Gedichtes über Land- und Hauswirthschaft, das den Titel führt: 'Five Hundred Points of good Husbandry' und so populär wurde, daß noch im Jahr 1728 Lord Molesworth, welcher eine landwirthschaftliche Schule zu gründen beabsichtigte, den Rath gab: Tusser's old Book of Husbandry should be taught to the boys, to read, to copy, and to get by heart. Tusser ward geboren zu Rivenhall in Essex, stammte aus einer guten alten Familie, und starb zu London nach einem arbeitsamen aber ungünstigen Lebenslaufe, indem er so arm wurde, daß er als Chorjänger und Geiger sein Leben fristen mußte.

S. 82. *George Gascoigne* (gest. 1577). Dieser Dichter stammte aus einer edlen

Familie in Essex, wurde aber wegen seines ausschweifenden Lebenswandels von seinem Vater enterbt, worauf er ein abenteuerliches Leben als Soldat im holländischen Kriege führte. Nach der Belagerung von Leyden kehrte er nach England zurück, und widmete sich der Dichtkunst. Außer seinen größeren Gedichten: 'The Fruites of Warre', zu welchem seine eigenen Erlebnisse den Stoff gaben, und 'The Steele Glas', einer Art Satire, schrieb er das erste englische Prosa-Lustspiel und das zweite blank verse-Trauerspiel: *Jocasta*.

S. 87. *Edmund Spenser* (1553—1599) ward geboren zu London. Seine Eltern, von deren Stand nichts bekannt ist, stammten von der alten Spenser Familie. Im Jahr 1569 betrat er als Stipendiat die Universität Cambridge, wurde dann Hauslehrer und ging später als Sekretär des Lord Arthur Grey nach Irland, wo er einige Zeit in glücklichen Umständen lebte. Im J. 1590 ging er nach London, um die drei ersten Gesänge seiner 'Fairy Queen' zu veröffentlichen. Drei weitere Gesänge erschienen 1596. Darauf erhielt er eine Ernennung als Sheriff von Cork; bei der Rebellion des irischen Grafen Tyrone (1598) gegen die englische Herrschaft wurde aber sein Haus niedergebrannt mit allen seinen Manuscripten. Er mußte nach London zurückkehren, wo er arm starb. In der Westminster-Abtei, nicht weit von Chaucer, wurde er begraben.

Spenser ist einer der größten Dichter Englands und steht auf gleicher Stufe mit Chaucer, Milton und Pope. Sein großes romantisch-heroisches Gedicht „die Feenkönigin“ zeigt eine so üppige Phantasie und so erhabene Schilderungen, daß man ihn den englischen Ariost genannt hat. Leider ist es unvollendet geblieben. Er soll es zwar selbst vollendet haben, die zweite Hälfte aber soll entweder in den irischen Wirren, oder, wie Einige sagen, durch die Nachlässigkeit des damit beauftragten Ueberbringers auf dem Weg nach London verloren gegangen sein. Die Motive des Epos sind der Arthur-Sage entlehnt, nehmen aber zugleich einen allegorischen Charakter an. Außer diesem Epos schrieb Spenser mehrere kleinere Dichtungen, von denen 'The Shepherds Calendar', eine Nachahmung der italienischen Pastoralpoesie, und seine Sonette zum Preise der Liebe besonders hervorzuheben sind. Die beste Ausgabe ist die von Payne Collier, London 1862, 5 Bde.

S. 102. *Samuel Daniel* (1562—1619), der Sohn eines Musiklehrers, konnte durch die Unterstützung der Pembroke-Familie in Oxford studiren, wurde dann Erzieher im Hause der Lady Anna Clifford, und später Kammerherr der Königin Anna von Dänemark, welche an seinen Gedichten großen Gefallen hatte. Als Dichter zeichnet er sich mehr durch Zartheit des Gefühls, Natürlichkeit des Ausdrucks und Reinheit der Sprache aus, als durch Erhabenheit und Schwung der Gedanken und des Stiles. Männer wie Shakespeare, Chapman, Marlowe, Camden schätzten ihn hoch und lebten in Freundschaft mit ihm. Sein größtes Gedicht 'History of the Civil Wars', den Rosenkrieg zwischen den Häusern York und Lancaster behandelnd, ist jetzt vergessen, dagegen schätzt man noch immer sein Gedicht 'Musophilus or a Defence of Learning', und namentlich seine zarten Sonette an „Delia“.

S. 105. *Michael Drayton* (1563—1631), geboren zu Atherston in der Grafschaft Warwick, versah als Knabe Pagendienst und studirte dann zu Oxford. Von mehreren hohen Adligen begünstigt, konnte er sich in London der Wissenschaft und Dichtkunst nach Muße widmen, auch war er mit Ben Jonson sehr befreundet. Sein größtes Gedicht, 'Polyolbion', in 30 Gesängen, darunter einige mit über tausend Versen, eine topographisch-historische Schilderung Englands mit moralischen und philosophischen Betrachtungen vermischt, liest sich wie eine gereimte Chronik, und hat daher nur antiquarisches Interesse. Um so auffallender stehen gegen dieses trockene, langathmige Opus zwei andere, ächt poetische Dichtungen ab: 'Nymphidia or the Court of Fairy', eine komische Ballade in der alten Romanzenform, und 'The Mooncalf', eine beißende Satire gegen die Thorheiten seiner Zeit.

S. 109. *Sir John Davies* (1570—1626), ein berühmter didaktischer Dichter und großer Rechtsgelehrter, aus Wiltshire stammend. Nachdem er zu Oxford, und darauf im Middle Temple zu London studirt hatte, bekleidete er die hohen Posten eines Staatsprokurators und Staatsanwaltes für Irland, ward Sprecher des irischen Parlamentes, und bei seiner Rückkehr nach England zum Lord Oberrichter erhoben. Sein Gedicht 'Nosce te ipsum, or, On the Immortality of the Soul', der Königin Elisabeth gewidmet, ist eines der besten didaktischen Gedichte der Elisabethischen Periode, obschon es des höheren dichterischen Schwunges entbehrt. Außer diesem schrieb er ein Gedicht, betitelt: 'Orchestra, or, a Poem expressing the Antiquity and Excellency of Dancing', welches in der Form eines Dialogs zwischen Penelope und eines ihrer Freier abgefaßt ist.

S. 112. *John Donne* (1573—1631), ein angenehmer Lyriker, stammte aus Wales und hatte die Rechte studirt, aber nach dem Tode seines Vaters zur Wohlhabenheit gelangt, widmete er sich zugleich der Dichtkunst. Ein eifriger Katholik, ging er aus eigener

Ueberzeugung zum Protestantismus über, begleitete den Grafen Essex als Freiwilliger auf seiner Expedition gegen Cadix, bereiste nachher auch Italien, aber fand sich zuletzt in bedrängten Umständen, da er sein väterliches Erbgut nach und nach aufgezehrt hatte. — Isaac Walton hat dieses Dichters romantisches Leben in einer sehr anziehenden Weise beschrieben. Seine Poesien werden noch jetzt geschätzt, besonders seine 'Anatomy of the World', in welcher aus Veranlassung des frühzeitigen Todes der Frau Elisabeth Drury die Vergänglichkeit und Nichtigkeit des Irdischen dargethan wird; auch seine Elegien und Sonette sichern ihm einen bleibenden Platz in der Literatur seines Landes.

S. 114. *Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset* (1527—1608), ein berühmter Staatsmann, dem die peinliche Aufgabe wurde, als Commissär im Prozesse der Königin Maria Stuart ihr das Todesurtheil zu verkünden und ihrer Hinrichtung beizuwohnen, hatte schon auf der Universität zu Oxford und Cambridge sich durch seine englischen und lateinischen Verse ausgezeichnet, und obschon nur wenige Gedichte von ihm veröffentlicht wurden, nehmen dieselben, besonders seine Elegie 'The Complaint of Henry Duke of Buckingham', und seine 'Induction to the Mirrour of Magistrates', einen hohen Rang ein. In Gemeinschaft mit Thomas Norton, einem unbedeutenden Dichter, schrieb er das erste regelmäßige englische Trauerspiel: 'Gorboduc'.

S. 116. *Thomas Kyd* schrieb 1588 sein Drama 'Hieronimo', und einige Jahre darauf 'The spanish Tragedy, or, Hieronimo is mad again'. Er gehört noch der bombastischen Schule an, in welcher Blut und Tod die Nerven angreifen muß.

S. 119. *Christopher Marlowe* (1562—1593), der hervorragendste unter den dramatischen Dichtern vor Shakspeare, ein Mann voll feuriger Phantasie, welcher in consequenter Charakterzeichnung und in kräftiger Durchführung der Handlung das englische Drama bedeutend hob. Er soll der Sohn eines Schuhmachers zu Canterbury gewesen sein, erhielt aber eine gute Erziehung und graduirte zu Cambridge als M. A. 1587. Sein erstes Drama 'Tamburlaine the Great' hatte bedeutenden Erfolg, obschon es noch viel Bombast enthält. Sein zweites Drama 'Life and Death of Dr. Faustus', in welchem er die Faustsage auf eine erschütternde Weise auf die Bühne brachte, ist für uns Deutsche höchst interessant, da wir darin den Grundplan der Eröffnungsscene und anderer Theile des Göthe'schen Faust verfolgen können. Noch schrieb er drei andere Drama's: 'The Jew of Malta', 'the Massacre of Paris' und 'Edward II.' Er endete unglücklich, indem er von einem Nebenbuhler, den er auf ertappter That niederstechen wollte, der sich ihm aber zur Wehr setzte, selbst tödtlich verwundet wurde.

S. 123. *William Shakspeare* (1564—1616), der größte Dichter der Christenheit, ward geboren zu Stratford am Avon in Warwickshire, am 23. April (wie man nach dem Taufstage im Geburtsregister schließt). Von seinen Lebensumständen ist leider sehr wenig zuverlässig bekannt geworden, so daß der bekannte Shakspeare-Commentator Steevens sagen konnte: „Alles, was wir über Shakspeare mit einiger Zuverlässigkeit wissen, ist — daß er das Licht der Welt zu Stratford erblickte — daselbst heirathete und Kinder hatte — nach London ging, wo er Schauspieler wurde, Gedichte und Theaterstücke schrieb — daß er dann nach Stratford zurückkehrte, sein Testament machte, starb und begraben wurde.“ Sein Vater, Johann Sh., war ein schlichter Kleinhändler in Wolle und Handschuhen, und bekleidete eine Zeitlang das Amt eines Aldermans. Bald nach der Geburt Williams wurden aber seine Vermögensverhältnisse zerrüttet, so daß er seinem Sohne keine Universitäts-Erziehung geben lassen konnte. Die Mutter, Marie Arden, stammte aus guter Familie und soll eine gebildete, fromme Frau gewesen sein. William besuchte die lateinische Schule seiner Vaterstadt, soll dann Schreiber bei einem Advokaten, auch Schullehrer, ja sogar Metzgergeselle gewesen und als Wilderer bestraft worden sein. Gewiß ist jedenfalls, daß er schon in seinem 18. Jahre die 26jährige Anna Hathaway, eines begüterten Farmers Tochter heirathete. Sie gebahr ihm eine Tochter, Susanne, und ein Zwillingpaar, Hamnet und Judith. Die Heirath muß keine glückliche gewesen sein, denn schon 1586 verließ William seine Familie und ging nach London, um daselbst sein Glück als Schauspieler zu machen. Wahrscheinlich hatte ihn das Gefallen an den Vorstellungen der Schauspielertruppe, welche Stratford alljährlich besuchte, zu dieser Idee gebracht. Es gelang ihm auch, sich bald so emporzuschwingen, daß er Antheil an der Eigenthümerschaft des Blackfriars-Theaters und später auch an dem Globe-Theater hatte. Diesen Erfolg verdankte er aber weniger seinen Spielen, als den Stücken, die er für diese Bühnen schrieb. Er sammelte sich ein bedeutendes Vermögen, so daß er sich in Stratford Haus und Güter kaufen konnte. Auch zog er sich 1612 ganz von dem Bühnenwesen zurück, und verlebte den Rest seines Lebens der ländlichen Zurückgezogenheit seiner Vaterstadt. Außer seinen unsterblichen Dramen zeichnet er sich auch als Lyriker durch seine Sonette aus, welche jetzt durch die vortrefflichen Uebersetzungen Bodensiedt's und Wilhelm Jordan's auch bei uns mehr Beach-

tung gefunden haben. Mit seinen Dramen ist unsere Nation durch die Uebersetzung Schlegels und Tiecks, sowie durch die Arbeiten von Lessing, Franz Horn, Gervinus, Ulrici, Röttschel, Delius, Flathe, Krehßig und Anderer, und durch die Bühnendarstellung so innig vertraut worden, wie mit unseren eigenen Dichtergrößen.

S. 159. *Thomas Decker* (gest. 1638) ein fruchtbarer Dramatiker, der zuerst im Verein mit Ben Jonson für das Theater schrieb, aber dann mit ihm so sehr zerfiel, daß Beide einander in besonderen Stücken persiflirten, Jonson in seinem 'Poetaster', wo Decker als Crispinus und er selbst als Horaz dargestellt wird, und Letzterer in seinem 'Satiromastix or the Untrussing the Humorous Poet'. Sein Name wird oft auch Dekker geschrieben.

S. 164. *John Marston* (gest. 1634), ein lusterner, derber Satiriker und Dramatiker, welcher von Ben Jonson gleichfalls im 'Poetaster' als Demetrius lächerlich gemacht wurde. Seine Satire 'Pigmalion's Image' wurde wegen ihres obscönen Inhaltes öffentlich verbrannt.

S. 165. *George Chapman* (1557–1634), der berühmte Uebersetzer des Homer (in 14silbigen Reimversen), war auch eifriger Dramatiker. Seine bekanntesten Stücke sind 'Eastward Ho!', 'Bussy d'Ambois', und 'Byron's Conspiracy'.

S. 166. *Thomas Heywood*, ein guter Schauspieler und fruchtbarer Dramatiker, der an 200 Stücken 'an entire hand or at least a main finger' hatte. Sein erstes Stück erschien 1596, und noch 1640 schrieb er für die Bühne. Berühmt ist sein Drama 'A woman killed with kindness'.

S. 169. *William Rowley*, ein Schauspieler und Theaterdichter, der im Verein mit Middleton und Decker mehrere populär gewordene Theaterstücke schrieb, z. B. 'The Witch of Edmonton'.

S. 173. *Thomas Middleton* (gest. 1627), der City Chronologer, d. h. Stadtdichter von London ist durch seine „Hexe“ berühmt geworden, von welchem Stück behauptet wird, es sei von Shakspeare in den Hexen- und Beschwörungsszenen im Macbeth nachgeahmt worden. Es ist übrigens nicht mit Bestimmtheit zu sagen, welches von beiden Stücken das Prioritätsrecht hat.

S. 177. *John Webster*, lebte und starb beinahe zur selben Zeit wie Decker, mit welchem er viele Stücke gemeinschaftlich verfaßte. Er ist ein kräftiger Dramatiker, welcher durch leidenschaftliche Scenen zu wirken suchte. Seine 'Vittoria Corombona' und seine 'Duchess of Malfy' sind höchst bedeutende Dramen.

S. 182. *John Ford* (1586–1639), einer der ausgezeichneteren Dramatiker dieser Periode, dessen Dramen durch ihr edles Pathos und ihre weiche, wohlklingende Diction unvergänglich geworden sind. 'The broken Heart' (1633), 'The Lover's Melancholy' (1629), 'Perkin Warbeck' (1634) sind Meisterwerke. Durch die neue Herausgabe von Hartley Coleridge ist Ford aufs Neue bei seiner Nation beliebt geworden. Neuerdings hat Bodensiedt Websters und Fords dramatische Dichtungen in seinem verdienstlichen Werke: „Shakspeare's Zeitgenossen“ Bd. 1 u. 2, analysirt und theilweise übersetzt.

S. 187. *Ben Jonson* (1574–1637), der „nächste nach Shakspeare“, ein Rang, den ihm übrigens Beaumont und Fletcher streitig machen können, war der Sohn eines armen Geistlichen in Westminster, und da seine Mutter nach ihres Mannes Tode einen Maurer heirathete, mußte er auch dieses Handwerk lernen, ließ sich jedoch aus Abneigung dagegen als Soldat anwerben, und diente in den Niederlanden. Nach London zurückgekehrt, verheirathete er sich im 20sten Jahre, wurde dann Schauspieler und Theaterdichter. Er stieg bald zu hohen literarischen Ehren, und wurde von Sir Walter Raleigh in den berühmten Mermaid Club aufgenommen, wo er mit Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher und andern Dichtern in colloquialer Beredsamkeit und derben Witzen wetteiferte. Sein zügelloses Leben und ein gewisses allzu starkes Selbstgefühl zogen ihm aber auch viel Feindschaft zu. Er wurde in der Westminster-Abtei begraben, wo lange Zeit eine Gedenktafel stand, auf der nur die Worte standen: 'O rare Ben Jonson!' Seine Hauptdramen sind uns Deutschen schon lange bekannt geworden durch das Werk des Grafen Wolf von Baudissin: „Ben Jonson und seine Schule“ (2 Thle. Brockhaus 1836) und durch Tieck's Bearbeitung des Volpone.

S. 191. *Francis Beaumont* (1536–1616) und *John Fletcher* (1576–1625) werden in den englischen Literaturgeschichten stets zusammen genannt, da sie so viele Dramen gemeinschaftlich ausarbeiteten. Es ist höchst merkwürdig, wie diese beiden strebsamen Männer von Genie zehn Jahre lang zusammen lebten und so viele Meisterwerke des höheren Drama's ebensosehr wie der niederen Komödie schufen, sich brüderlich in den Ruhm theilend, den ihre Zeitgenossen ihnen so begeistert zollten. Sie waren von Shakspeare's Genius angefeuert worden, welcher gerade in seinem höchsten Glanze strahlte, als sie zu

dichten begannen. Beide waren von guter Abkunft und lebten in unabhängigen Umständen. Man nimmt allgemein an, daß Beaumont mehr Feuer der Phantasie und Fletcher mehr Wärme des Gefühls besaß, daß sie aber an Erfindungskraft der dramatischen Entwicklung, an Witz und Geist der Komik einander ebenbürtig waren. Ihre Dramen sind in Deutschland noch zu wenig bekannt, da es an guten Uebersetzungen derselben fehlt. *The Maid's Tragedy* hat übrigens schon Gerstenberg unter dem Titel „Die Braut“ auf die Bühne gebracht.

S. 199. *Philip Massinger* (1584—1640), ein ausgezeichnete Bühnendichter, dessen Leben aber in Dunkelheit und Armuth verstrich. Seine Dramen haben sich zum Theil bis heutigen Tages auf der Bühne erhalten (besonders das Stück *'A New Way to pay old Debts'*). In der *'City Madam'* geißelt er die Ueppigkeit und die Laster der Hauptstadt, und liebt es auch in andern Stücken, die Laster seiner Zeit, die Habsucht, die Tyrannie und die Leiden der Armen in naturgetreuen Scenen zu schildern. Seine Dramen sind gleichfalls von Hartley Coleridge neu herausgegeben worden, und Baudissin hat sowohl die *'City Madam'*, als auch obgenanntes Lustspiel und Anderes übersetzt.

S. 201. *George Chapman* (s. Anm. zu S. 165) und *James Shirley* (1596 bis 1666), der letzte der Dramatiker dieser glorreichen Literaturperiode, zeichnen sich weniger durch Pathos und Originalität als vielmehr durch Reinheit des Ausdrucks und Mäßigung in der Behandlung der Leidenschaften aus. Während die schönsten Werke eines Ben Jonson, Beaumont und Fletcher, und ihrer Zeitgenossen häufig durch dem Geschmack ihrer Zeit huldigende Scenen und Ausdrücke der sinnlichen Lüsterheit besleckt werden, rühmt von ihm der Master of the Revel (königl. Theater-Intendant) in seinem Protokoll, daß seine Stücke frei seien von Flüchen, profanen und zotenhaften Stellen, und rath ihm *'to pursue this beneficial and cleanly way of poetry'*.

S. 208. *Sir Walter Raleigh* (1552—1618), ebenso ausgezeichnet in der historisch-politischen Literatur als im öffentlichen Leben, hat einige lyrische Gedichte geschrieben, die ihm auch eine ehrenvolle Stelle unter den englischen Dichtern einräumen. Sein bekanntestes Gedicht: *'The Soul's Errand'* soll in der Nacht vor seiner Hinrichtung entstanden sein, da es aber, wie man jetzt gefunden hat, schon längere Zeit vor seinem Tode in Davidson's Poems abgedruckt erschien, so zweifelt man an seiner Urheberschaft. In Solly's Sammlung englischer Gedichte (Berlin 1864) wird es einem Sylvester zugeschrieben.

S. 210. *Sir Philip Sydney* (1554—1586), berühmt durch seinen Pastoral-Roman *'Arcadia'*, in welchem eine üppige Phantasie sich in schwunghafter Prosa ergeht, ist auch ein namhafter Lyriker.

S. 213. *Thomas Carew* (1589—1639), ein heiterer Dichter am Hofe Karls I. und einer der besten Typen der sinnlichen Poesie, die unter Karl II. in so schlimme Wollust ausartete. Er führte ein ziemlich leichtfertiges Leben, bereute aber dasselbe später, so daß er hochgeachtet starb. Seine Gedichte sind meistens kurz, mit Ausnahme des *'Coelum Britannicum'*, einer Maske, die er für Karl I. schrieb.

S. 214. *William Drummond* (1585—1649), der erste schottische Dichter, der gut Englisch schrieb, war geboren zu Hawthornden bei Edinburgh, wo er ein schönes Gut besaß. Er schrieb Sonette, welche W. Hazlitt für die schönsten in der englischen Sprache hielt, und mehrere religiöse Gedichte.

S. 216. *Giles Fletcher* (gest. 1623), gehörte einer Dichtersfamilie an, indem sein Vater und sein Bruder Phineas auch namhafte Dichter waren, und der Dramatiker John Fletcher sein Vetter war. „Die beiden Fletcher,“ sagt Southey, „sind die besten Dichter der Spenser'schen Schule.“ Phineas zeichnete sich aus durch seine *'Purple Island'*, einer allegorischen Physiologie des Menschen, und *'Giles'* (zu deutsch Julius, aus ital. Giulio entstanden) durch das Gedicht *'Christ's Victory and Triumph'*, das nicht ohne Einfluß auf Milton's „verlorenes Paradies“ war.

William Habington (1605—1654), Sohn einer eifrigen Papistenfamilie, die an der Pulververschwörung betheiligt gewesen sein soll (sein Vater ward deswegen zum Tode verurtheilt, aber zuletzt begnadigt) genoß seine Erziehung im Jesuiten-Collegium zu Paris. H. ist ein liebenswürdiger untadelhafter Lyriker, dessen Gedichte unter dem Inbegriff „*Castara*“ — dem poetischen Namen seiner Braut — die reinsten Liebesergüsse, getragen von religiösen Empfindungen, enthalten.

S. 219. *Richard Lovelace* (1618—1658), der ritterlichste Lyriker seiner Zeit, Sohn des Sir William Lovelace von Woolwich. Er studirte zu Oxford, wo er sich geistig und körperlich so auszeichnete, daß, um die Worte eines Zeitgenossen zu gebrauchen — *'he was accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld, of innate modesty, virtuous and a courtly deportment'*. Da er im Haus der Gemei-

nen zu Gunsten Karls I. wirkte, wurde er ins Gefängniß geworfen. Dort schrieb er das Lied an Althea, das, wie Southey sagt, so lange leben wird, wie die englische Sprache. Seine Gedichte sind so eben (Frühjahr 1864) von Carew Hazlitt neu herausgegeben worden.

S. 220. *Nicholas Breton* (1555—1624), schrieb einige Pastoralpoesien und ein Werk, betitelt 'Works of a Young Wit'.

S. 222. *William Burton* (1576—1640), der berühmte Verfasser des Werkes 'The Anatomy of Melancholy', stammte aus einer alten und begüterten Leicestershire-Familie; er studirte zu Oxford und wurde dann Pfarrer an der St. Thomaskirche daselbst. Er war ein Mann von umfangreichen und mannigfaltigen Kenntnissen, Mathematiker, Horoskopsteller, tüchtiger Sprachkenner, und ein Bücherauszieher à la Jean Paul; ja man könnte ihn den englischen Jean Paul nennen, wenn er seine ungeheure Belesenheit außer dem köstlichen Humor und den philosophirenden Betrachtungen auch noch durch das Feuer des idealen Schwunges belebt hätte. Seine Anfälle von Schwermuth wollte der excentrische Mann durch die Analyse ihrer Symptome, Ursachen und Heilmittel vertreiben. Sein Buch selbst liefert dem Leser das beste Mittel dagegen.

S. 223. *Lord Bacon* (1561—1626). Dieser große Philosoph, dieser berüchtigte aber auch viel verleumdete Staatsmann, von dem Pope sang: 'the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind', war auch ein dichterisches Genie ersten Ranges, obgleich mehr 'a warbler of poetic prose', als Dichter im engeren Sinne des Wortes. Leute, die von einer homerischen Pluralität Shakspeare's fabeln, nennen Lord Bacon, neben Sir Walter Raleigh, als hauptsächlichsten Theilhaber an der Dramenfabrik des großen Dichters.

S. 224. *William Alexander* (1580—1640), ein wenig genannter Lyriker, dessen hier mitgetheiltes Gedicht aber Palgrave der Aufnahme in seinem höchst auserlesenen 'Golden Treasury' würdigte.

S. 227. *John Milton* (1608—1674), der größte Dichter seines Zeitalters und zugleich tüchtiger Gelehrter, Theologe und Staatspolitiker, erhielt in seiner Vaterstadt London und nachher in Cambridge eine hohe literarische Erziehung, erweiterte seine Kenntnisse auf Reisen in Frankreich und Italien, und nahm bei seiner Rückkehr eifrigen Antheil an der Sache Cromwells, dessen lateinischer Schriftführer er wurde, obschon die Familie seiner Frau royalistisch gesinnt war. Allzu große Anstrengung in literarischer Arbeit schwächte sein Augenlicht, so daß er fast gänzlich erblindete. Bei der Restauration verlor er seine amtliche Stellung, seine Schriften zu Gunsten der Republik wurden öffentlich verbrannt, und er lebte in beschränkten Umständen und in völliger Zurückgezogenheit, in welcher er sein 'Paradise Lost', schrieb, ein Epos voll Erhabenheit des Gedankenfluges und der Characterschilderung, voll poetischer Schönheit der malerischen Ausschmückung und voll religiösen Schwunges, würdig eines solchen Erde und Himmel umfassenden Vorwurfs. Das 'Paradise Regained' ist zwar schwächer in der Ausführung und der Himmel nicht transcendent genug dargestellt, verdient aber immerhin nicht von dem ersten Epos so sehr verdunkelt zu werden. Muster ihrer Art sind die kleineren Dichtungen 'L'Allegro', 'Il Penseroso', 'Lycidas', das Drama 'Samson Agonistes', und die Maske 'Comus', welche neuerdings von Dr. Immanuel Schmidt vortrefflich übersetzt wurde. Seine polemischen Schriften über Theologie und Politik sind höchst umfangreich, und seine für Cromwell aufgesetzten Staatschreiben Muster diplomatischer Schärfe und Gedrängtheit.

S. 245. *Abraham Cowley* (1618—1667), einer der populärsten Lyriker seiner Zeit, war geboren zu London, wo sein Vater Gewürzhändler war, und in der Westminster School erzogen. Er gilt noch jetzt als Muster der erotischen Dichtungsart, indem er in seinen 'Anacreontics' sein Vorbild bewunderungswürdig nachahmte. In seinen 'Prose Essays' — 'all too short and all too few!' — bewährt er sich als Meister des Essai-stiles.

S. 248. *Edmund Waller* (1605—1687), stammte aus einer wohlhabenden Hertfordshire-Familie, wurde zu Eton und Cambridge gebildet und war von seinem 20. bis 80. Jahre Parlamentsmitglied unter Cromwell, mit dem er verwandt war, und unter Karl II. Er besang beide Regenten, und da ihm zum Vorwurf gemacht wurde, das Panegyrikum auf die Restauration sei viel schwächer, als das auf Cromwell, erwiderte er: „Dichtern gelinge die Dichtung besser, denn die Wahrheit.“ Neben seiner politischen Thätigkeit und seinem auch sonst bewegten Leben widmete er sich den Musen, und steht als inniger, zarter und wohlklingender Lyriker mit Cowley und Prior auf gleicher Stufe.

S. 249. *Samuel Butler* (1612—1680), ein Meister der komischen Heldendichtung, dessen 'Hudibras', obschon dem Cervantes nachgebildet, doch eine durchaus originell englische Satire auf die Puritaner seiner Zeit ist, voll breiter Karikatur und unbändigem Witze, vereint mit brillanter, selbstgemodelter Sprache und ausgeschmückt mit nicht geringer Ge-

Lehrsamkeit, scheint stets ein dürstiges Leben geführt zu haben, und für die Dienste, die er durch sein schnell populär gewordenes Gedicht der Restauration leistete, schlecht belohnt worden zu sein. Der *Hudibras* ist von Eiselein gelungen in's Deutsche übersetzt worden.

§. 252. *John Dryden* (1631—1700), stammt von einer ritterlichen, in Northamptonshire ansässigen Familie ab. Nachdem er in der Westminster-school und in Cambridge seine Studien vollendet, begann er seine Laufbahn als eifriger Puritaner, und schloß sie als kriechender Royalist und bekehrter Katholik. Seine Dichtungen umfassen mit gleicher Vorliebe die weiten Gebiete der Religion, Politik, Kritik, Aesthetik und Satire. Er war der Gründer einer neuen Literaturperiode, die durch den höfischen Geschmack der Restaurationszeit hervorgerufen, sich an den Mustern der gräco-gallischen Klassizität heranbildete und durch Pope ihren Gipfel erreichte. Sein erstes bedeutendes Gedicht: 'Annus Mirabilis' beschreibt die Ereignisse des Jahres 1666, also den holländischen Krieg und die große Feuersbrunst zu London. Bald nach dessen Erscheinen wurde er zum Poeta Laureatus, d. h. Hofpoet, ernannt. In dem allegorischen Gedichte 'The Hind and the Panther' vertheidigte er seinen Uebertritt zur katholischen Religion. Wie Waller lobhudelte er zuerst Cromwell in den 'Heroic Stanzas' auf seinen Tod, und dann Karl II. durch sein 'Astraea Redux, a Poem on the Happy Restoration and Return of his Sacred Majesty Charles II.' und noch besonders in seinem politischen Gedichte: 'Absalom and Achitophel'. Dryden ist ein sehr fruchtbarer Dichter: er schrieb eine Menge Fabeln, poetische Episteln und Satiren nach Art des Horaz und des Juvenal, war ein sehr ergiebiger Dramatiker und scharfsinniger Kritiker, und brachte namentlich die Ode auf einen Höhenpunkt, den sie in England noch nicht erreicht hatte. Auch kleidete er den ungeschlachteten, fernigen alten Chaucer in ein höfisches Gewand und übersetzte Virgil's Aeneis.

§. 265. *John Philips* (1676—1708), ein angenehmer Dichter, der durch seine artige Burleske 'The Splendid Shilling' und sein didactisches Gedicht auf den Apfelmoss, 'Cider, a Poem in two Books', populär geworden ist.

§. 267. *Thomas Parnell* (1679—1717), ein kanzelberedter Geistlicher und phantasievoller, aber doch formgebildeter Dichter, erhielt seine Erziehung zu Dublin, wohin sein Vater, ein eifriger Anhänger Cromwells, sich nach der Restauration flüchten mußte. Der Tod einer innig geliebten jungen Gattin übte einen nachtheiligen Einfluß auf seine Lebensweise aus, indem er seinen Schmerz im Weine zu ersäufen suchte, was seinen frühzeitigen Tod herbeirief.

§. 270. *Nicholas Rowe* (1673—1718), ein beliebter Dramatiker, dessen 'Jane Shore' und 'Lady Jane Grey' noch jetzt auf der englischen Bühne „ziehen“, war auch ein Lyriker, der sich in der Gattung der Pastoralidichtung auszeichnete. Er stammte aus einer guten Bedfordshire Familie und war zur Jurisprudenz bestimmt, ein Beruf, den er nach dem Tode seines Vaters, welcher selbst ein berühmter Rechtsgelehrter war, aufgab, um sich ganz den Muses widmen zu können.

§. 272. *Joseph Addison* (1672—1719), der berühmte Essayist, in dessen 'Spectator' die englische Prosa sich zum ersten Mal in ihrem vollen Glanze entfaltete, wäre auch als Dichter im engeren Sinne einem Dryden und Pope ebenbürtig geworden, wenn er sich der metrischen Dichtung mehr gewidmet hätte. Sein 'Letter from Italy', sein 'Campagne', ein Gedicht über die Kriegsthaten des Herzogs von Marlborough, und mehrere kleinere Gedichte gehören zu den 'Standard Pieces' der englischen Poesie. Auch seine Tragödie 'Cato' steht einzig da unter den Dramen seiner Zeit durch die Gluth ihrer freiheitsprühenden Beredsamkeit und den Adel ihrer Charaktere. Als Sohn eines Wiltshire Geistlichen genoß er eine durchaus klassische Erziehung zu Oxford. Seine Ehe mit der verwittweten Gräfin von Warwick war eine unglückliche, und er selbst ergab sich so sehr dem Trunke, daß er seine Stelle als Staatssecretär nicht lange behaupten konnte.

§. 278. *Matthew Prior* (1664—1721), ein ausgezeichnete Lyriker, machte sich zuerst durch seine Fabel 'The City Mouse and the Country Mouse' bekannt, welche eine Satire auf Dryden's 'Hind and Panther' war, und bekleidete als Freund der Grafen Bolingbroke und Oxford mehrere hohe Aemter unter der Königin Anna, war Gesandter zu Paris, theilte aber nach dem Tode der Königin das Schicksal der neu gestürzten Torypartei und verlebte den Rest seines Lebens in Dürftigkeit. Er gilt für einen der correctesten Dichter der Anna-Periode, dessen Episteln, humoristische Erzählungen, Fabeln, Epigramme, Oden sich allerdings mehr durch den Schliff der Form als durch Erhabenheit der Gedanken oder Reinheit der Empfindung auszeichnen. Seine längeren Gedichte 'Henry and Emma', sein 'Solomon on the Vanity of the World' und seine 'Alma, or the Progress of the Mind' stehen übrigens an Werth den Genre-Gedichten nach.

§. 280. *John Gay* (1688—1732), ein bekannter Fabeldichter, stammte aus Devonshire und kam als Lehrling in ein Londoner Seidengeschäft. Wegen Nachlässigkeit sei-

nes Platzes entbunden, widmete er sich der Dichtkunst, schrieb noch jung das Gedicht 'Rural Sports' und ein anderes 'Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London', welche beide sehr bewundert wurden. Darauf folgte 'The Shepherds Week', eine Parodie auf Pastoraldichtungen, die aber wegen ihrer naturgetreuen und lebendigen Schilderungen selbst zum Muster dieser Gattung wurde und jetzt noch als solche gilt. Die 'Fables' wurden für den jungen Herzog von Cumberland geschrieben, sie können aber eine Vergleichung mit La Fontaine nicht aushalten. Außerst beliebt bis zur heutigen Stunde ist sein Bühnenstück 'The Beggar's Opera', eine Art Vaudeville, in welcher die italienische Opernmusik durch Lieder im englischen Volksballadenton persifliert wird.

S. 286. *Matthew Green* (1696—1737), ein origineller rationalistischer Genredichter, war geboren zu London, der Sohn einer rigoristischen Dissidenten-Familie. Er entfloß dem düstern Vaterhause, erhielt eine Stelle im Zollamt, die er mit großer Treue und Redlichkeit verwaltete. Da er dem Spleen unterworfen war, so suchte er sich durch die Abfassung eines Gedichtes über dieses englische Erzübel davon zu heilen. So entstand seine Epistel 'The Spleen', die seinen Namen unsterblich gemacht hat, ein Muster der Genredichtung, fließend im Stil und doch voll der ungewöhnlichsten Bilder und Gedanken.

S. 293. *Thomas Tickell* (1636—1740), Sohn eines Geistlichen in Cumberland, studierte zu Oxford, ging nach London für literarische Zwecke, wurde der Freund Addison's, dessen Leben er später schrieb, und versuchte sich mit Glück in der Poesie. Seine Ballade 'Colin and Lucy' gehört zu den Perlen der Balladendichtung, und seine Oden auf den Grafen von Sunderland, nennt Southey das Muster der 'sober lyrics'.

S. 295. *James Hammond* (1710—1742), ein liebenswürdiger elegischer Dichter, im Stile Tibull's, dessen 'Love Elegies' keine bloße Nachahmung, sondern ursprüngliche Herzensergüsse sind. Er war ebenso liebenswürdig als Mensch und genoß die Freundschaft der Lords Cobham, Chesterfield und Lyttleton, die ihm eine Stelle im Gefolge des Prinzen Friedrich von Wales verschafften.

S. 296. *William Somervile* (1692—1742), der Sohn eines Gutsbesizers in Warwickshire, studierte zu Oxford und zog sich nach dem Tode seines Vaters auf seine Güter zurück, wo er das Leben eines ächt englischen Sportsmans führte, aber da seine Gastfreundschaft keine Grenzen kannte, gerieth er in pekuniäre Verlegenheiten, ein Umstand, der so stark an seinem Geiste nagte, daß er sich Gewohnheiten hingab, die sein Leben verkürzten. Er schrieb ein großes Gedicht: 'The Chase', das als Schilderung des damaligen Sports sich stets angenehm liest.

S. 305. *Isaac Watts* (1673—1717), ein wohlwollender Theologe und liebenswürdiger geistlicher Lyriker, stammte aus einer Dissidenten-Familie zu Southampton, von deren Glauben er aber bald abfiel und anglikanischer Geistlicher wurde. Seine „Hymnen für Kinder“ und seine Gedichtsammlung 'Heavenly Love' sind Ergießungen einer ächt christlichen, nicht bloß kirchlichen Andacht.

S. 307 und 308. *George Sewell* († 1726), *Henry Carey* († 1743), *Collins* und *Colley Cibber* (1671—1757), gehören zu jenen 'Minor Poets', von denen nur wenige, aber doch vorzügliche Gedichte der Vergessenheit entgangen sind, welcher die Dichter selbst verfallen sind. Collins, dessen Vorname und sonstige Lebensverhältnisse unbekannt sind, ist nicht mit dem Oden-dichter William Collins zu verwechseln. Cibber war Hofpoet.

S. 309. *Alexander Pope* (1688—1744), ein Dichter erster Größe, dessen Werke nicht ohne bedeutenden Einfluß auf unsere eigene Literatur im vorigen Jahrhundert waren, indem Männer wie Lessing, Mendelssohn, Wieland ihn eifrig studirten, ist geboren zu London von katholischen Eltern, die in Zurückgezogenheit lebten. Er wurde von einem Priester erzogen und hatte von Jugend auf große Lust zu poetischen Studien. Sein erster Versuch war ein Pastoralgedicht, welchem bald sein 'Essay on Criticism' folgt, ein Opus, das die allgemeine Aufmerksamkeit auf ihn lenkten. Nun folgten mit stets gesteigertem Erfolge sein 'Mock heroic — The Rape of the Lock' und sein 'Temple of Fame'. Nicht weniger glänzte er durch seine Uebersetzung der Ilias, welche ihm so reichen Gewinn abwarf, daß er sich ein Landhaus in Twickenham bei London erwerben konnte. Seine 'Eloisa to Abelard' nennt Southey 'one of the most impressive poems of which love is the subject'. Er übersetzte nun auch die Odyssee und schrieb die 'Dunciad', ein Spottgedicht, mit welchem er alle seine literarischen Gegner lächerlich machen wollte. Sein berühmtestes Werk: 'Essay on Man' und seine 'Moral Essays' sind noch bis jetzt vortreffliche Muster der didaktischen Dichtkunst. Da er von Jugend auf zart und leidend war, und die große geistige Anstrengung seine Gesundheit ohnehin gefährdete, brachte er sein Leben auf sein hohes Alter. Er blieb dem Glauben seiner Eltern getreu. Southey sagt von ihm: 'no English writer has carried to a greater degree correctness of versification, strength and splendour of diction, and the truly poetical power of

vivifying and adorning every subject that he touched'. Der Impuls, den er der meditativen Poesie gegeben, wirkt noch bis auf den heutigen Tag fort, und selbst ein Rogers, Campbell und Wordsworth haben sich in seiner Schule herangebildet.

S. 336. *Jonathan Swift* (1667—1744), der köstliche Humorist und beißende Satiriker, war der Sohn einer englischen Familie, aber als hinterlassenes Kind in Dublin geboren, wohin seine Mutter als Wittve gezogen war. Er studirte auf der Dubliner Universität, ging dann nach London, wo er an dem berühmten Sir William Temple einen freigebigen Gönner fand. Da er die Laufbahn eines Theologen gewählt hatte, nahm er nach Sir William's Tode die Einladung des Grafen von Berkeley, welcher als Lord Oberichter nach Irland abging, ihn dorthin als Hauskaplan und Secretär zu begleiten, an. Nach der Rückkehr seiner Lordschaft lebte Swift auf seiner Pfründe Laracor in der Grafschaft Meath, wo er Muse hatte, sich dem Berufe eines Autors zu widmen. Nachdem er als politischer Schriftsteller debütiert hatte, erschien 1704 seine berühmte Satire 'A Tale of a Tub, written for the universal Improvement of Mankind', durch die er sich dem Vorwurf aussetzte, ein Spötter der geoffenbarten Religion zu sein. Seine Neigung zur Politik führte ihn nach London, wo er sich den Tories anschloß, deren bedeutendste Führer, der Graf von Oxford und Lord Bolingbroke, ihn zu ihren wichtigsten Berathungen zogen. Sein höchstes Streben war, ein Bisthum in England zu erhalten; aber trotz seiner hohen Gönner konnten die allgemeinen Vorurtheile gegen seinen orthodoxen Glauben nicht beseitigt werden, und das höchste Amt, das er erhalten konnte, war das eines Dechant's von St. Patrick's in Dublin, das er bis zu seinem Tode bekleidete. Sein Privatleben war nicht tadellos — die unedle Behandlung, die er seiner einst so hoch gepriesenen Stella, mit der er sich verheiratete, angedeihen ließ und die er durch seine spätere Liebe zu der reichen jungen Miß Esther Vanhomrigh so kränkte, daß sie langsam hinsiechte, wirft einen starken Schatten auf seinen sonst so humanen Charakter. Swift wurde in den letzten Jahren seines Lebens irr- und blödsinnig, und starb tief betrauert von den Irländern, bei denen er sich durch seine wirksame Opposition gegen englische Ungerechtigkeit sehr beliebt gemacht hatte. Sein höchst interessantes Leben hat Sir Walter Scott mit großer Vorliebe beschrieben. Swift ist kein Dichter im strengen Sinne des Wortes, obgleich er viele Satiren im Versmaaß geschrieben hat; welche fließend im Stil und voll wunderbarer Reimfertigkeit sind, sein Hauptruhm gründet sich vielmehr auf seine in reinster englischer Prosa abgefaßten humoristischen Schriften, auf 'The Tale of a Tub', 'The Battle of Books', 'Gulliver's Travels', 'The Journal to Stella'. Sein schönstes größeres Gedicht ist: 'Cadenus and Vanessa' (Cadenus ist das Anagramm von Decanus, und Vanessa ist die später gleichfalls betrogene Miß Vanhomrigh, die, wie Stella, auch gekrochenen Herzens starb).

S. 344. *James Thomson* (1699—1746), ein Dichter, der mitten unter dem künstlichen Glanze des 18. Jahrhunderts ein warm pulsirendes Herz und einen frischen Sinn für die Natur hatte, und in seinen „Jahreszeiten“ der Vater einer neuen Gattung, der Landschaftsdichtung, wurde, welche statt der idyllischen Sentimentalität der Pastoralpoesie die Wunder und Reize der Natur mit ästhetischem Auge erforschte und in harmonischen Einklang mit dem menschlichen Leben brachte, eine Gattung der Poesie, welche durch Haller und Kleist mit reich befruchtendem Erfolg auch in Deutschland eingeführt wurde. Thomson ist ein Schotte von Geburt. Sein Vater war Geistlicher zu Kelso in Roxburgshire. Er selbst war zum Theologen bestimmt, aber seine frühe Liebe zur Poesie führte ihn nach London, wo er nach vielen Täuschungen endlich eine Sinekure erhielt, die ihn in Stand setzte, ein behagliches und beschauliches Leben zu führen. Sein humaner, aufrichtiger Charakter machte ihn als Mann ebenso geachtet, als er es als Dichter war. Außer den 'Seasons' schrieb er das 'Castle of Indolence', in welchem eine reiche Bilderwelt in melodiosen Versen eingekleidet ist, und ein etwas langweiliges Gedicht, 'Liberty', in welchem die Freiheit im alten und neuen Italien, in Griechenland und in Großbritannien geschildert wird. Seine Tragödie 'Tancred and Sigismunda' war lange Zeit ein gern gesehenes Stück.

S. 357. *Ambrose Philips* (1671—1749), ein angenehmer Lyriker, dessen Pastoralgedichte durch Pope verspottet wurden, der in ihm einen Nebenbuhler gefunden hatte. Philips stammte aus einer Leicestershire-Familie und bekleidete mehrere öffentliche Aemter in London und Dublin. Sein kleines Gedicht 'To Charlotte Pulteney' darf als Vorbild jener hübschen Genredichtung: 'the Infant Poetry' angesehen werden, in welcher in neuester Zeit Mary Howitt und William Bennett sich ausgezeichnet haben. Damals verspottete man die Kinderlieder des Ambrose Philips als 'namby-pamby Poetry' — und jetzt entzückt diese Gattung Alt und Jung.

S. 358. *William Collins* (1720—1756), ein Lyriker von großer Bedeutung, dessen melodische 'Oriental Eclogues' und 'Odes', wie das Anschwellen und Ausklingen einer Aeolsharfe die Seele heben und sinken lassen, ist geboren zu Chichester, wo sein Vater

Gutmacher war. Er studirte als Stipendiar zu Oxford und ging als literarischer Abenteuerer nach London, wo er lange Zeit in Dürftigkeit lebte, da seine Gedichte zuerst gar keinen Anklang fanden. Sein Gönner, Obrist Martin, vermachte ihm 2000 Pfd. St., die seine Lebensumstände aber nicht bessern konnten, weil sich längst Spuren von Irrsinn gezeigt hatten, der durch seine unmäßige Liebe zum Trunk bald sich so steigerte, daß er die sieben letzten Jahre seines kurzen Lebens in einer Irrenanstalt zubringen mußte. Als Oden-dichter ist er nur von Thomas Campbell übertroffen worden.

S. 361. *Richard Savage* (1698—1743), ein Dichter, mehr berühmt durch sein romanhaftes unglückliches Leben, als durch seine unregelmäßigen Gedichte, war der uneheliche Sohn der Gräfin von Macclesfield und des Lord Rivers. Da die Gräfin ihn vor der Welt verleugnete, und sich auch des armen Kindes nicht annahm, obschon sie sich von ihrem Gatten hatte trennen lassen, wurde Richard zu einer armen Frau gebracht, die ihn als ihr Kind auferziehen sollte. Lord Rivers hatte Mitleid mit ihm, und wollte ihm eine Lebensrente auswerfen, aber die unnatürliche Mutter gab vor, er sei todt, so daß er nach seines Vaters Tod nichts erhielt und das Schusterhandwerk lernen mußte. Da entdeckte er zufällig aus den Papieren seiner Pflegerin die Umstände seiner Geburt und wandte sich an die Gräfin mit dem Gesuche um die ihm gebührende bessere Lebensstellung. Die harte-herzige Gräfin verleugnete ihn auf's Neue. Sein Schicksal rührte einige edle Männer, die ihm Geldunterstützung zu seiner Ausbildung gewährten. Leider ergab sich Savage bald einem zügellosen Leben, ja, erschlug sogar in einem Schenkenzwiste einen Gast, und wurde zum Tode verurtheilt. Die Königin Caroline begnadigte ihn, obwohl die Gräfin Macclesfield Alles in Bewegung gesetzt hatte, um diese Begnadigung zu verhindern, und setzte ihm einen Jahresgehalt aus, als er in dem Gedichte 'The Volunteer Laureat' scherzhaft als Mitbewerber des Colley Cibber um die Hospoetenstelle auftrat. Nach dem Tode der Königin verlor er die Pension, und obschon Männer wie Pope, die sein dichterisches Talent schätzten, ihn vor absolutem Mangel schützten, starb er doch elend verhungert in einem Schuldthurm. Seine Gedichte 'The Wanderer', 'The Bastard' und seine zwei Dramen zeigen mitten unter vielem schülerhaften Geschreibe manche Stellen von edlerem Aufschwung und unlängbarem Talente.

S. 362. *John Norris*, ein wenig bekannter Dichter, geboren zu Bemerton, veröffentlichte im Jahr 1723 eine Sammlung seiner Gedichte.

Mrs. Catherine Cockburn (1679—1749), war eine Schottin, Tochter des Kapitäns David Trotter. Sie schrieb philosophische und theologische Abhandlungen, Schauspiele und Gedichte.

S. 363. *Edward Young* (1681—1765), geboren zu Upham in Hampshire, wo sein Vater Geistlicher war, studirte zu Oxford, wurde Kaplan des Königs und Pfriündner zu Welwyn in Hertfordshire, wo er sich mit der verwittweten Lady Elisabeth Lee, Tochter des Grafen Lichfield vermählte. Der Tod dieser Gattin und andere Familienverluste versetzten sein Gemüth in Schwermuth, und als Produkt derselben sind seine 'Night-Thoughts', dieses düstere Klagelied eines theologischen Schwärmers, entstanden. Wenn auch voll erhabener Gedanken und reicher Phantasie ist es doch zu einer allzu großen Länge — neun Bücher — ausgesponnen, so daß es unerquicklich wird, es als ein Ganzes zu lesen. Außerdem schrieb er eine große Satire 'The Love of Fame'.

S. 369. *Lady Montagu* (1690—1762), älteste Tochter des Herzogs von Kingston, begleitete ihren Gatten auf seiner Gesandtschaftsreise nach Konstantinopel, wo sie sich mit der Kuhpockenimpfung bekannt machte, und dieses Schutzmittel zuerst in England einführte. Sie war eine geistreiche, lebensfrohe Dame, deren Briefe aus der Fremde in köstlicher Lebendigkeit geschrieben, Muster eines leichten Epistolarstiles geworden sind.

S. 370. *Frances Sheridan* (1724—1767), die Mutter des bekannten Dramatikers Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Außer kleineren Gedichten schrieb sie den vielgelesenen Roman 'Sidney Biddulph' und eine hübsche Novelle 'Nourjabad'.

S. 371. *John Dyer* (1700—1758), ein angenehmer Dichter, aus dem Fürstenthum Wales, der sich zuerst der Malerei widmete, aber später Geistlicher wurde. Sein Gedicht 'Grongar Hill', die Scenerie seiner Heimath beschreibend, verschaffte ihm zuerst einen Namen als Dichter. Diesem folgte 'The Ruins of Rome', das Resultat seiner Reise in Italien. Sein größtes Werk, 'The Fleece', ist ein didaktisches Gedicht mit vielen Längen, aber nicht ohne manche ergötzliche, ja selbst großartige Schilderungen.

S. 373. *William Shenstone* (1714—1763), ein einst sehr beliebter Dichter, stammte aus Shropshire, wo seine Familie begütert war. Er selbst widmete sich der Verbesserung und Verschönerung seines Gutes 'the Leasowes', dessen paradiesische Lage viele vornehmen Besucher anlockte, so daß seine Gastfreundschaft ihn zuletzt in Geldnoth brachte.

Sein bekanntestes Gedicht 'The School-Mistress' ist voll rührender Treuherzigkeit und Wohlwollen.

S. 374. *Charles Churchill* (1731—1764), der Dichter der „Rosciade“, war geboren zu Westminster. Als Sohn eines Geistlichen wurde er auch zu diesem Berufe bestimmt. Eine frühe, unkluge Heirath machte sein Lebensschicksal wechselvoll, bis er endlich die Pfarrstelle seines Vaters erhielt. Sein allzu weltlicher Sinn machte ihn mit dem Londoner Bühnenleben vertraut, dessen Licht- und Schattenseiten er in seiner Rosciade mit drastischer Lebendigkeit schilderte. Seine übrigen Gedichte sind der Vergessenheit anheimgefallen.

S. 377. *Mark Akenside* (1721—1770), der Sohn eines wohlhabenden Fleischers zu Newcastle, studirte Medicin zu Leyden, und ließ sich als Arzt zu London nieder, wo er bald sehr gesucht war und Hofarzt wurde. Sein philosophisches Gedicht 'The Pleasures of Imagination' sichert ihm einen dauernden Namen unter den besten Dichtern seiner Zeit, und ist weder durch Roger's 'Pleasures of Memory' noch durch Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope' verdunkelt worden.

S. 379. *Thomas Gray* (1716—1771), ein Dichter, der, wenn er auch nichts Anderes als die „Elegie auf einem Dorffriedhofe“ gedichtet hätte, unter die größten Lyriker seiner Nation zu zählen wäre. Er war geboren zu London, wo sein Vater Geldmäkler war. Er studirte zu Cambridge und begleitete dann den Sohn des berühmten Staatsmanns Horace Walpole auf einer Reise durch Italien. Seine große Vorliebe zu einem ruhigen studirenden Leben bestimmte ihn nach Cambridge zurückzukehren, wo er in größter Zurückgezogenheit lebte, und zuletzt die Sinekure einer Professur für neuere Geschichte genoß. Obschon er nur einen kleinen Band Poesien veröffentlicht hat, ist er in manchen charakteristischen Vorzügen, namentlich in der Gedrängtheit und Knappheit des Ausdrucks, in der einfachen Klarheit der Bilder, und in der meditativen Gedankenfülle, unübertroffen geblieben. Seine 'Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College', sein 'Progress of Poesy', seine pindarische Ode 'The Bard', und seine 'Hymn to Adversity' sind lauter Meisterstücke der englischen Lyrik.

S. 382. *Oliver Goldsmith* (1728—1774), war der Sohn eines irischen Geistlichen, studirte zu Dublin und darauf zu Edinburgh Medicin, mußte aber wegen Schulden auf den Continent fliehen, wo er ein abenteuerlich vagirendes Leben führte. Nach England zurückgekehrt, lebte er als obscurer Literat, bis sein Gedicht 'The Traveller', das Dr. Johnson „als das beste Gedicht seit Pope“ bezeichnete, allgemeines Aufsehen erregte und den jungen Dichter auf einmal in die große literarische Londoner Welt einführte; dennoch befand er sich stets in dürftigen Umständen und großen Geldverlegenheiten. Sein 'Vicar of Wakefield' machte ihn bald auch in der ganzen civilisirten Welt bekannt. Obgleich seine schnell populär gewordenen zwei Lustspiele 'The Good-natured Man' und 'She stoops to conquer' ihm reichen Gewinn eintrugen, und sein Gedicht 'The Deserted Village' seinen poetischen Schöpfungen die Krone aufsetzte, blieb er doch stets arm, weil er in Geldsachen unbekümmert und uneigennützig war.

S. 386. *Dr. Samuel Johnson* (1709—1784), der umfassende Sprachgelehrte, gefürchtete Kritiker und geistreiche Tischredner, war in seiner Jugend auch Dichter, gründete sogar seine erste literarische Laufbahn auf den schnellen Erfolg seiner Gedichte 'London' und 'The Vanity of Human Wishes', welche er der 3. und 10. Satire des Juvenal meisterhaft nachgebildet hatte. Obschon der Sohn dürftiger Eltern — sein Vater war ein Antiquar zu Litchfield — konnte er doch sich eine Universitätsbildung erwerben, da er den Sohn eines benachbarten Gutsbesitzers nach Oxford begleiten durfte. Noch jung heirathete er eine ältliche Wittwe, mit deren Geld er eine lateinische Schule errichtete. Getäuscht in seinen Erwartungen ging er nach London, mit der unvollendeten Tragödie 'Irene' in der Tasche. Garrick, der einer seiner wenigen Schüler gewesen war, begleitete ihn gleichfalls glücksuchend dahin. Johnson, durch seine oben erwähnten Gedichte schnell bekannt geworden, erhielt reichliche literarische Beschäftigung, und Garrick, welcher bald der Liebling des Londoner Publikums geworden war, konnte nach kurzer Zeit seines Præceptors 'Irene' auf die Bretter bringen. Der Plan eines englischen Wörterbuches beschäftigte Johnson schon frühzeitig. Die Ausarbeitung desselben, die vielen Biographien, die er über die englischen Dichter schrieb, und die Herausgabe des 'Rambler', einer Zeitschrift nach Art des Spectators, lenkte ihn allmählig von der Poesie ab. Seine Herausgabe von Shakespeare's Werken ist sehr mangelhaft, berühmt aber die Vorrede, die er dazu schrieb. Seine Novelle 'Rasselas' ist frei von dem Schwulste, in den seine große Gelehrsamkeit in seinen prosaischen Werken ihn oft verfallen ließ. Seine geistreichen Einfälle hat sein Freund Boswell in seinem 'Life of Johnson' gesammelt.

Thomas Chatterton (1752—1770), wiederum einer jener unglücklichen jungen

Dichter, deren Liste so groß ist. Geboren zu Bristol, wo sein Vater Schulmeister war, schwärmte er als Knabe schon für alte Mönchsschriften und Chroniken, die ihm zufällig unter die Hände gefallen waren, und suchte sie in Stil und Schreibart nachzuahmen. Er erlangte eine solche Fertigkeit darin, daß er Urkunden, Predigten, Chroniken, ja selbst größere Gedichte in der Sprache des fünfzehnten Jahrhunderts verfaßte, die er dann als ächt veröffentlichte. Längere Zeit ließen sich nicht nur die Einwohner Bristols, sondern auch die gelehrte Welt selbst hintergehen, bis die Verfälschung entdeckt und als Scherz eines ehrgeizigen Jungen angesehen wurde. Immerhin wird es stets bewundernswürdig bleiben, wie ein so blutjunger Mensch seine eigene lebhafteste Phantasie in die Denk- und Schreibart eines Thomas Rowley und Canynge hineinzwängen und kleiden konnte. Chatterton, welcher bei einem Bristoler Advokaten in die Lehre gegangen war, suchte in London literarische Beschäftigung, er hatte aber mit großer Armuth zu kämpfen, und zog dem Hungertod den Tod durch Vergiftung vor. Trauriges Schicksal eines frühreifen Genie's, das sein Leben nur auf 17 Jahre und 9 Monate bringen konnte! Nach seinem Tode fand der Unglückliche große Theilnahme — Männer, wie Dr. Gregory, Chalmers und Dix schrieben seine Biographie, ein Southey gab seine Werke heraus und ein Alfred de Vigny machte ihn zum Helden eines Trauerspiels.

S. 378. *William Mason* (1725—1797), ein hochgebildeter Geistlicher, welcher sich durch die Biographie seines Freundes Thomas Gray einen höheren Namen zu verschaffen wußte, als durch seine eigenen Gedichte und Tragödien.

S. 391. *William Cowper* (1731—1800) ist der Dichter des gesellschaftlichen Lebens, das er von seiner ethischen Seite hauptsächlich aufzufassen suchte. Mit ihm beginnt eine neue Aera in der englischen Poesie, da er der Erste war, der die conventionelle verfeinteste Diction des 17. und 18. Jahrhunderts verließ und einen naturgemäßen, einfachen und mit den neuen Zeitideen fortschreitenden selbstständigen Gang einschlug. Er betrachtet die menschliche Gesellschaft als strenger aber wohlwollender Censor, und verbindet mit der schärfsten Satire den gutmüthigsten Humor. Geboren zu Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire, wo sein Vater Geistlicher war, wurde er in der Westminster-Schule erzogen, die er zum Gegenstand seines Gedichtes 'Tirocinium' machte. Dann studirte er die Rechtswissenschaft im „Temple“ und erhielt eine Stelle als Secretär (Reading Clerk) im Haus der Gemeinen. Eine düstere, anhaltende Schwermuth verdunkelte sein Leben und setzte ihn häufigen Anfällen von Irrsinn aus. Er gab daher sein Amt auf und genoß die Gastfreundschaft der ihm befreundeten Familie Unwin. Sein Hauptwerk 'The Task' und seine poetischen Episteln (The Error, Truth, Expostulation, Hope etc.), sowie seine Uebersetzung des Homers im Blankvers, entstanden in der zweiten Hälfte seines Lebens. Auch ist er als Briefsteller berühmt.

S. 399. *James Beattie* (1735—1803), ein einst sehr bewundelter Dichter und Moralphilosoph, ist schottischer Abkunft. Er genoß, obgleich sein Vater nur Pächter war, eine klassische Erziehung und wurde Professor der Moralphilosophie zu Aberdeen, wo er seinen 'Essay on the Nature and Immortality of Truth' schrieb. Sein Gedicht 'The Minstrel', welches die Erziehung eines fingirten Dichters zum Gegenstand hat, enthält große Schönheiten, sowohl in ethischer als rein descriptiver Beziehung, und zeigt eine meisterhafte Behandlung der so schwierigen Spenser'schen Stanze.

S. 402. *Henry Kirke White* (1785—1806), ein große Hoffnungen erweckender, aber allzu früh verstorbener Lyriker, dessen Gedichte eine weiche, religiös begeisterte Stimmung zeigen, die in dem unvollendet gebliebenen Epos 'The Christiad' einen fruchtbaren Boden gefunden hätte, wurde geboren zu Nottingham, wo sein Vater Fleischer war. Er sollte sich demselben Gewerbe widmen, allein Verlust und Ehrgeiz ließen ihn eine höhere Bestimmung suchen. Er trat bei einem Advokaten in die Lehre und veröffentlichte im 17. Jahre einen Band Poesien, die die Aufmerksamkeit Southey's auf ihn lenkten, welcher von nun an sein wohlwollender Gönner wurde. Der Ertrag seines Erstlingswerkes sollte ihm die Mittel verschaffen, in Cambridge zu studiren. Allein übermäßige Anstrengung in seinen Studien übte schädlichen Einfluß auf seine Gesundheit aus, so daß er schon im 21. Jahre starb. Byron widmete ihm in seinen 'English Bards' höchst anerkennungsvolle Zeilen und betrauerte das Verstummen seiner Leier 'which else had sounded an immortal lay.'

S. 406. *James Graham* (1765—1811), ein schottischer Jurist, geb. zu Glasgow, beschäftigte sich auch mit der Dichtkunst und schrieb ein größeres Gedicht 'The Sabbath', das bis auf den heutigen Tag populär geblieben ist. Diesem folgten 'Sabbath Walks' und 'Biblical Pictures' — Dichtungen, die neben dem Zwecke der Erbauung einen ebenso hohen poetischen Werth haben.

S. 408. *Mrs. Charlotte Smith* (1749—1806), die Tochter des Nicolas Turner,

eines Güterbesizers in Surrey und Suffer. Noch sehr jung vermählte sie sich mit dem Sohne eines westindischen Kaufmanns. Als die Geschäfte ihres Gatten ungünstig ausfielen, erlitt Mrs. Smith viele harte Behandlung von seinen Gläubigern. Sie theilte die Gefangenschaft mit ihm und starb nach einer Reihe von Unglücksfällen zu Thetford. Ihre Gedichte und Romane fanden günstige Aufnahme und verschafften ihr den nothwendigsten Lebensunterhalt. Ein englischer Kritiker, Dyce, sagt von ihr: „Als Dichterin ist sie von wenigen ihrer Landsmänninnen übertroffen worden. Ihre Sonette sind voll von Zügen der Zartheit, Grazie und Schönheit. Ihre Beschreibungen der Landschaften in ihrem nachgelassenen Werke 'Beachy Head' sind frisch und lebendig.“

S. 410. *Mrs. Barbauld* (1743–1825), Tochter des Reverend J. Aikin, von dem sie sorgfältig in klassischer Literatur unterrichtet wurde, und Schwester des bekannten Gelehrten Dr. Aikin, in dessen Gemeinschaft mehrere ihrer literarhistorischen und pädagogischen Werke geschrieben wurden, wurde Gattin des Reverend Rochemont Barbauld, der eine Erziehungsanstalt in Suffolk leitete, an welcher sie auch Unterricht erteilte. Im Jahr 1772 gab sie einen Band Gedichte heraus, die sehr beifällig aufgenommen wurden. Sie zeigt große Mannigfaltigkeit des dichterischen Talentes — anmuthige Lieder, Oden in gelungener Nachahmung der lyrischen Ergüsse eines Collins, Blankversdichtungen voll erhabener Gedanken, und ergreifende Hymnen. Von ihrem Talente pflegte der große Politiker Fox mit Bewunderung zu sprechen und hatte ihre Lieder auswendig gelernt. Ihr ganzes langes Leben war der Literatur und Pädagogik gewidmet.

S. 411. *Mrs. Hannah More* (1745–1833), eine sehr fruchtbare moral-philosophische Schriftstellerin, schrieb auch religiöse Dramen, moralisirende Romane und vermischte Gedichte. Sie war die Tochter eines Schulmeisters zu Stapleton in Gloucestershire, veröffentlichte schon im 17. Jahre das Pastoral drama 'The Search after Happiness' und die Tragödie 'The Inflexible Captive' und ging dann nach London, wo sie im Hause Garricks lebte und mit Dr. Johnson, Reynolds, Burke u. A. befreundet wurde. Garrick brachte ihre Tragödie 'Percy' auf die Bühne, welche großes Glück machte. Ihre lange schriftstellerische Laufbahn trug ihr ein Vermögen von 30,000 Pfd. St. ein.

S. 414. *Robert Bloomfield* (1766–1823), der Dichter des englischen Landlebens, war der Sohn armer Eltern. Sein Vater war ein Schneider zu Honington in Suffolk, er selbst wurde Schuster zu London. In seiner ärmlichen Werkstätte dichtete er 'The Farmer's Boy', ein ländliches Gedicht voll der frischesten und naturgetreuesten Szenen. Dadurch populär geworden, fand er bald wohlwollende Gönner. Der Herzog von Grafton setzte ihm einen Jahresgehalt aus und verschaffte ihm eine Schreibersstelle im Sigelamt. Er veröffentlichte nun seine 'Rural Tales' und andere ebenso charakteristische Gedichte.

William Gifford (1756–1827), ein Satiriker, der in der literarischen Kritik, wie auch im politischen Parteitreiben eine große Rolle spielte. Er war der Sohn eines Zimmermalers zu Ashburton in Devonshire, verlor früh seine Eltern, wurde dann Schiffsjunge, wo er eine fürchterlich harte Behandlung erhielt. Er tauschte diese Stellung mit der eines Schusterlehrlings. Da er lernbegierig war, aber sich keine Schreibmaterialien verschaffen konnte, schrieb er seine ersten Versuche auf breitgeschlagenes Leder. Herr Coofesley, ein menschenfreundlicher Arzt des Ortes, dem die ersten poetischen Ergüsse des Schusterlehrlings mitgetheilt worden, fand dieselben so vielversprechend, daß er eine Subscription eröffnete und den armen Jungen in Stand setzte, sich für die Universität vorzubereiten. Er wurde in Cambridge als 'Biblical Lecturer' verwendet, so daß er ohne Sorgen studiren konnte. Er wurde dann von Lord Grosvenor zum Erzieher seines Sohnes, Lord Belgrave, gewählt, den er auf seiner Tour durch Europa begleiten durfte. Im Jahr 1794 erschien seine 'Baviad', eine beißende Satire auf die pedantisch-sentimentale Della Crusca-Schule. Im nächsten Jahre erschien 'The Maeviad', in welcher die schlechten dramatischen Dichter jener Zeit an den Pranger gestellt wurden. Ueberdies war er Herausgeber der Wochenschrift 'The Anti-Jacobin' und der Redacteur der neugegründeten 'Quarterly Review'. Auch übersetzte er den Juvenal und Persius, die er so erfolgreich nachgeahmt hatte, und veranstaltete kritische Ausgaben des Ben Jonson, Massinger, Ford und Shirley.

S. 418. *George Colman* (1762–1836), der Sohn eines beliebten Lustspielsdichters, zeichnete sich selbst in diesem Fache und in der niederen komischen Dichtung aus. Er folgte seinem Vater in der Verwaltung des Haymarket-Theaters, und war nebst Sheridan der häufige Tischgenosse Georgs IV. Die englische Bühne bereicherte er mit den drolligsten Possen und trefflichsten Lustspielen.

S. 421. *George Crabbe* (1754–1832), ein Dichter, der, wie Cowper, einen regenerirenden Einfluß auf die englische poetische Literatur ausgeübt hat, indem er seine

Dichtungen aus dem Alltagsleben schöpfte, und durch kräftige Porträtirung und gesunden Verstand diesem früher verachteten Stoff eine reiche poetische Gestaltung gab. In der That darf man ihn den Vater der „Dorfgeschichten“ nennen, wenn schon dieselben in neuerer Zeit mehr die Form des Romans angenommen haben. Seine bedeutendsten Gedichte sind: 'The Library', 'The Village', 'The Borough', 'The Parish Register', 'The Tales of the Hall'. Er war geboren zu Aldborough in Suffolk und begann seine Wirksamkeit als Wundarzt. Als ihn seine Vorliebe zur Literatur nach London führte, hatte er lange mit großer Noth zu kämpfen, bis er die Gönnerschaft Edmund Burke's und des Lord Thurlow erhielt, in öffentlicher Gunst stieg und zuletzt als Pfründner der anglikanischen Kirche in günstigen Verhältnissen leben konnte. Sein weicher, kindlicher Sinn und sein vortrefflicher Charakter machten ihn allgemein geschätzt.

S. 425. *Charles Dibdin* (1754—1814), der Dichter des Seelbens, war der Sohn eines Silberschmieds zu Southampton. Er zeigte früh Talent zur Musik und zur Schauspielfunst, weswegen er nach London ging, wo er Lieder schrieb und componirte, auch auf der Bühne mit Erfolg auftrat, ja selbst ein Theater auf dem Leicester Platze errichtete. Pitt machte von seinem Talent als Liederdichter und Componist einen politischen Gebrauch, indem er ihn aufforderte, die kriegerische Stimmung des Volkes durch Kriegslieder in Gährung zu erhalten, und belohnte ihn reichlich für die 'War Songs', die Dibdin dichtete, in Musik setzte und dem Volke vorsang. Besonders aber machte sich Dibdin durch seine 'Sea Songs' populär, welche jetzt noch allgemein gesungen werden.

S. 427. *Samuel Rogers* (1765—1855), ein reicher Londoner Banquier, der in seinen jüngeren Jahren sich mit glänzendem Erfolge der Dichtkunst widmete und durch seine 'Pleasures of Imagination', sein 'Italy' und namentlich durch seine kleineren Gedichte eine ehrenvolle Stellung unter den 'Standard Poets' seines Landes sich errang. Sein hohes Alter machte ihn zum Nestor der Dichter der Neuzeit, und wenn er auch in späteren Jahren nicht mehr als Dichter in die Oeffentlichkeit trat, so übte er doch durch die wohlwollende Unterstützung aufkeimender Talente, durch seine anziehende Unterhaltungsgabe und durch den literarischen Kreis, den seine Gastfreundschaft in seinem geschmackvollen Wohnhause in St. James vereinte, auch auf die neueste Literatur großen Einfluß aus. Seine Gedichte zeichnen sich aus durch elegante Diction, Reinheit des Geschmacks, und ein feines Gefühl für die Schönheiten der Natur und der Kunst.

S. 432. *Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (1772—1834), war der jüngste Sohn eines Devonshire Geistlichen. Er studirte zu Cambridge, aber schon hier zeigte sich jene schwärmerische Vorliebe zu metaphysischer frei religiöser und socialistischer Speculation, die diesen höchst originellen Denker und phantasievollen Dichter zu einem ungeregelten, bloß enthusiastischen Studien und einem unstillen, durch Opiumgenuß berauschten, zuletzt von der Welt ganz abgezogenen Lebenswandel verleitete. Voll Begeisterung für die französischen Revolutionsideen ergab er sich als Jüngling mit seinen Dichterfreunden Southey und Lovell der utopischen Idee einer Rousseau'schen Pantokratie, die sie in Amerika stiften wollten. Das Project endete aber harmlos in ihrer gegenseitigen Verschwägernng mit den drei Töchtern eines Bristoler Bürgers. Bald darauf schloß sich Coleridge an Wordsworth an, mit dem er Deutschland durchreiste. Eine Frucht dieser Reise war seine wahrhaft klassische Uebersetzung von Schillers Wallenstein. Nach England zurückgekehrt, gab Coleridge Vorlesungen über Poesie und Philosophie, und siedelte sich mit Wordsworth und Southey in dem höchst romantischen Seebidistricte Cumberland und Westmoreland an, weswegen diese Dichter, deren Werke so viel Uebereinstimmung in metaphysischer Grundlage haben, die Seebidichter (Lakers) oder Gründer der Seeschule (Lake-School) genannt werden. Fragmentarisch wie seine metaphysischen Schriften ('Lay Sermons', 'Aids to Reflection' etc.) sind auch seine Gedichte 'Christabel', 'The Ancient Mariner' (von Freiligrath übersetzt) und die 'Sibylline Leaves'. Das Seite 435 mitgetheilte Gedicht 'The Devil's Thoughts' entstand in Gemeinschaft mit Southey, welcher die satanische Idee unter dem Titel 'The Devils Walk' noch weiter und greller bearbeitete.

S. 436. *William Wordsworth* (1770—1850), einer der hervorragendsten Dichter Englands, war geboren zu Cocker-mouth in Cumberland. Zur Kirche bestimmt, gab er sich jedoch in Cambridge fast ausschließlich seiner poetischen Neigung hin. Von seiner Continentaltour heimgekehrt, erhielt er die einträgliche Stelle eines Stempelausgebers für die Grafschaften Cumberland und Westmoreland, ward dann zuletzt Poeta Laureatus der Königin Victoria. Sein köstlicher Landsitz Rydal Mount ward der Musteritz der Seeschule, welche so großen Einfluß auf die englische Literatur hervorgebracht hat und durch Keats und Shelley bis auf die neueste Zeit fortwirkt. Die platonische Vergeistigung der Natur durch die ästhetische Auffassung des menschlichen Gemüthes, die Erhebung des einfachsten Realismus zu idealer Verklärung, die Folgerung ethischer Lehren aus den alltäg-

lichsten Erscheinungen des Lebens, kurz, die Verherrlichung der ganzen äußeren Welt durch das innere Auge des Menschen, das ist die Hauptgrundlage der Wordsworth'schen Dichtungen, welche so überreich sind an den herrlichsten Natur- und Charakterschilderungen. Seine bedeutendsten Dichtungen sind die 'Excursion', 'Memorials of a Tour in Scotland', desgleichen 'Of a Tour on the Continent', die wundervollen Gedichte auf die Flüsse Duddon und Norrow, 'The Waggoner', 'Peter Bell', 'The White Doe of Rylstone', 'Ecclesiastical Sonnets', und eine große Menge von Sonetten. Bei all seinem großen Gedankenreichtum, seiner üppigen aber intensiven Phantasie, und seiner einheitlichen, elegisch-didaktischen Grundstimmung zeichnet sich Wordsworth auch vor den meisten andern Dichtern durch die Reinheit und Gedrängtheit seiner Diction, durch seine weiche Behandlung des Blankverses, durch den metallreinen Guß seiner Sonette und überhaupt durch seine stets edle Formvollendung aus. Es ist höchst bedauerlich, daß dieser dem deutschen Geiste ganz congeniale Dichter bei uns noch so wenig Beachtung gefunden hat.

S. 439. *Robert Southey* (1774–1843), ein äußerst fruchtbarer Dichter und prosaischer Schriftsteller, der aber mehr durch den schönen Stil und die pittoresken Schilderungen seiner historischen, biographischen und essayistischen Schriften den hohen Rang in der englischen Literatur aufrecht erhalten wird, den ihm seine großen, aber nur durch äußern Glanz blendenden epischen Werke einst verschafft haben. Sohn eines Bristoler Leinwandhändlers, war er für die Kirche bestimmt, aber wie Coleridge war er Socinianer in der Religion und Jacobiner in der Politik, so daß er ebensowenig wie sein Freund auf der Universität graduiren konnte. Nachdem er eine Zeitlang in Portugal und Spanien gelebt und kurze Zeit eine Secretariatsstelle bei dem Chancellor of the Exchequer in Irland bekleidet hatte, ließ er sich in Keswick am Gretaflusse nieder und widmete sich ausschließlich einem Leben des anstrengendsten Studiums. Seine Bibliothek war die Welt, in der er lebte und webte. Die Anstrengung, die seine voluminösen poetischen und prosaischen Werke erheischten, übte einen nachtheiligen Einfluß auf seine geistigen Organe aus, so daß er zuletzt in Blödsinn verfiel. Seine epischen Dichtungen sind: 'Joan of Arc', eine Jugendarbeit, 'Thalaba the Destroyer', 'Madoc', 'The Curse of Kehama', 'Roderick, the Last of the Goths', 'A Vision of Judgment' — lauter Werke voll üppiger Phantasie, glühender Färbung, und hoher moralischer Tendenz, aber zu langathmig, zu großartig angelegt, und ohne jenen einheitlichen historischen oder wenigstens nationalen Hintergrund, welcher dem phantastischen Gewebe Festigkeit und Dauer verleihen könnte. Weit größeren Werth haben seine kleineren Dichtungen, namentlich seine vortrefflichen 'English Eclogues', seine 'Ballads and Metrical Tales', die Legenden des 'Pilgrim to Compostella' und seine 'Monodramas'. Southey ward 1813 zum Poeta Laureatus ernannt, und heirathete nach dem Tode seiner Gattin die Dichterin Caroline Bowles, die ihn in seiner Geisteskrankheit liebevoll verpflegte.

S. 443. *Thomas Campbell* (1777–1844), war der jüngste Sohn eines Kaufmanns in Glasgow. Nachdem er seine Ausbildung auf der Universität seiner Vaterstadt erhalten hatte, ging er nach Edinburgh, um sich der Jurisprudenz zu widmen, allein der literarische und materielle Erfolg, den der 21jährige Jüngling durch sein Gedicht 'The Pleasures of Hope' errang, bestimmte ihn, sich den schönen Wissenschaften zu widmen. Er bereiste Deutschland, wo er Augenzeuge der von ihm so poetisch verherrlichten Schlacht von Hohenlinden war, heirathete dann eine Anverwandte, Mathilda Sinclair, und ließ sich in der Umgegend von London, und als er von der Königin eine Pension erhielt, in London selbst nieder. Er widmete sich der altklassischen Literatur mit besonderer Vorliebe, und war „stolzer auf sein Griechisch als auf seine Gedichte“. Als Dichter nimmt er eine höchst bedeutende Stellung ein, indem er — obschon nur auf wenige Ergüsse sich beschränkend — in seinen lyrischen Gedichten, namentlich in seinen für Freiheit und Menschenwürde glühenden Oden, wie unser Arndt und Uhland, jenen volksthümlichen Ton traf, der bei aller Popularisirung doch den Schwung des höchsten Dichterfluges bewahrt. Seine rührende pennsylvanische Erzählung 'Gertrude of Wyoming' und die Schweizergeschichte 'Theodric' sind Muster der poetischen Erzählung. Auch als Kritiker und Literaturhistoriker übte er einen heilsamen Einfluß auf seine Nation aus. Ihm wurde die Ehre eines Begräbnisses in der Westminster-Abtei zu Theil.

S. 446. *Sir Walter Scott* (1771–1832), der Sohn wohlhabender Eltern, wurde zu Edinburgh geboren, wo er auch studirte und seine juristische Laufbahn begann. Eine unbändige Vorliebe zu unregelter Lectüre füllte schon frühzeitig seinen Geist mit dem bunten, reichen Material, aus dem er seine erstaunliche Romanwelt aufbaute; auch hatte er einen empfänglichen Sinn für die alten Balladen und Volkslieder Schottlands und Nordenglands, die er in dem Werke 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' (1802) sammelte. Die Begeisterung für die nationale Poesie erzeugte eine Reihe von Dichtungen, welche ihn

schnell zu einem Dichter ersten Ranges erhoben, lange, ehe er durch seine Romane im Ausland sich so berühmt gemacht hatte. Seine Epyllien: 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' (1805), 'Marmion' (1808), 'The Lady of the Lake' (1810), 'The Vision of Don Roderic', 'Rokeby', 'The Lord of the Isles' (1814) u. A. behaupten trotz, oder vielleicht gerade wegen ihrer streng lokalen Färbung ihren gleichen Werth neben den kosmopolitischen Epyllien Lord Byrons. Erst 1814 erschien 'Waverley' und darauf die ganze Reihe von historisch-romantischen Schöpfungen, welche die Bewunderung und das Entzücken aller gebildeten Nationen geworden sind. Sir Walter's Lebensumstände sind uns Deutschen durch Moritz Brühls Uebersetzung von Lockhardt's Leben, und neuerlich durch die Biographien Eberth's und Karl Elze's hinlänglich bekannt geworden.

S. 448. *Thomas Moore* (1780—1852), ein äußerst melodischer, weichgestimmter, oft zu sentimentaler irischer Dichter, der durch den Zauber seiner sangbaren 'Irish Melodies', die er zu alt-irischen Volksmelodien mit innig musikalischem Gefühle schrieb, sowie durch die orientalische Farbenpracht seiner epischen Erzählung 'Lalla Rookh' sich schnell einen europäischen Ruf gründete. Seine Uebersetzung der Lieder Anakreons, sein Gedicht 'The Loves of the Angels', seine 'Sacred Melodies', seine politisirenden satirischen Gelegenheitsgedichte, seine Prosa-Erzählung 'The Epicurean' tragen alle denselben Stempel einer lebenswürdigen Sentimentalität. Geboren zu Dublin, studirte er auf dortiger Universität, und dann im Middle Temple die Jurisprudenz. Er bekleidete dann eine Regierungsstelle in Bermuda, die er aber durch Stellvertretung versehen lassen durfte. Verantwortlich geworden für den Unterschleif seines Stellvertreters (im Betrag von 6000 Pfd. St.), suchte er diese Summe durch literarische Arbeit zu beschaffen. Angestrengte Arbeit, verbunden mit einem leichtfertigen Lebenswandel, zog ihm Gehirnerweichung zu, die ihn zuletzt ganz kindisch machte.

S. 451. *Lord Byron* (1787—1824), ein Dichter ersten Ranges, der nicht einer einzigen Nation angehört, sondern universale Bedeutung hat, indem er das gesammte Gefühlleben einer sich neu emporringenden Kulturperiode wenn auch in allzu starkem Lichte doch subjectiv getreu in seinen Werken abspiegelt. Sein höchst romantisches Leben, das schon in seiner Kindheit durch die Verschwendungen seines Vaters und die Verarmung seiner einst reichen Mutter herbeigeführt wurde, seine plötzliche Ererbung des Titels und Vermögens eines altadeligen Stammes und der Glanz, den seine Mutter jetzt im Familiensitze Newstead Abbey entfaltete, sein unbändiges Benehmen in der Schule zu Harrow und auf der Universität Cambridge, seine unbegünstigte Liebe zu seiner schönen Cousine, Mary Chaworth, die sein heiteres Gemüth plötzlich so weltschmerzlich stimmte, seine unglückliche Heirath mit Miß Milbanke, der Tochter eines northumbrischen Baronets, die ihn nach der Geburt ihres ersten Kindes verließ, die allmähliche Zerrüttung seines Vermögens, seine Reisen auf dem Continente und sein längerer Aufenthalt in Italien, wo er ein Leben voll Liebesintriguen und Abenteuerlichkeit führte, sein dortiger Umgang mit Shelley, Leigh Hunt und Thomas Moore, sein Schwärmen für die griechische Unabhängigkeit, das ihn nach Griechenland trieb, wo er noch so jung starb — alles dies ist bekannt, und uns erst neuerlich wieder durch Eberth's biographische Arbeit in's Gedächtniß gerufen worden. Sein Ehlde Harold, sein Don Juan, sein Manfred, seine Dramen, Satiren, Epyllien, sowie seine lyrischen Gedichte sind von Gustav Pfizer, Böttger, Kottenkamp, Hermann Kurz, Hilscher, Zedlig und Andern vortrefflich übersetzt worden.

S. 455. *P. R. Shelley* (1792—1822), einer der subtilsten, sensitivsten, reinsten Dichter, die je auf Erden gewandelt, dessen ganzes äußere und innere Leben so ideal verwoben war, daß man von ihm sagen könnte: „jeder Zoll ein Dichter“, dessen ätherische Schöpfungen erst jetzt in das Bewußtsein seines so lange gegen ihn voreingenommenen Volkes eindringen. Als ältester Sohn des Sir Timothy Shelley, eines Essex Baronets, hatte er eine glänzende Zukunft vor sich, aber die Hoffnungen auf dieselben wurden bald vernichtet. Ein äußerst frühzeitig entwickelter Jüngling gab er sich schon zu Oxford freisinnigen Betrachtungen über Religion und die sociale Stellung des Menschen hin. Wegen Atheismus und Communismus verdächtigt, wurde er aus der Universität gejagt, und als er eine frühe unkluge Heirath schloß, auch von seinem Vater verstoßen. Der Selbstmord seiner Gattin, die sich bei ihm nicht glücklich fühlte, erbitterte die öffentliche Meinung gegen ihn, und als er seine zwei Kinder, die er innigst liebte, bei sich behalten wollte, wurde ihm die Vormundschaft über dieselben wegen seiner atheistischen Principien gerichtlich entzogen. Mit einer zweiten Gattin, der Tochter des bekannten Schriftstellers Godwin, verließ er England und lebte in der Schweiz und Italien. Auf einer Bootfahrt im Golf von Spezzia verunglückte er in den Wellen, und es wurde sein Leichnam den Quarantäne-Gesetzen gemäß verbrannt, sein Herz jedoch fand eine Ruhestätte auf dem protestantischen Friedhofe zu Rom. Wenn je ein englischer Dichter sich der Idealität, der Begeiste-

rung für das Schöne und Gute, dem Gedankenschwunge und der prophetischen Vision unseres Schillers genähert hat, so war es Shelley, nur daß Schiller nach und nach zu einer männlichen Reife sich entwickelte, die ihn zum größten Dramatiker seiner Nation machen konnte, während bei Shelley das jugendliche, rein lyrische und elegische Element überwiegend blieb. Seine bedeutendsten Werke sind 'Queen Mab', 'Alastor, or, the Spirit of Solitude', 'Prometheus Unbound', 'Hellas, or, the Revolt of Islam', die Tragödie 'Cenci' und seine wunderbar zarten, empfindungsvollen lyrischen Gedichte.

S. 461. *John Keats* (1796—1820), gleichfalls ein in der schönsten Blüthe des dichterischen Träumens und Schaffens von der rauhen Hand des Schicksals abgeknicktes Genie, dessen 'Endymion' so transcendental poetisch ist, daß man von ihm sagen konnte, es sei ein wahrer Prüfstein, an dem der Leser sich überzeugen kann, ob er einen wahren Sinn und eine echte Liebe für die Dichtkunst habe. Von seinem 'Hyperion' sagt Byron: «it seems actually inspired by the Titans». Seine anderen Gedichte 'Lamia', 'The Eve of St. Agnes', 'Isabella' zeigen gleichfalls eine Natur- und Gefühlschwelgerei, die sich zwar bald verflüchtigt, aber doch eine süße Erinnerung zurückläßt. Keats stammte von armer Familie. Sein Vater hielt einen Miethstall in London. Er selbst war zur Chirurgie bestimmt. Die rücksichtslose Kritik, welche die Edinburgh Review, damals die Autorität der Literaturkritik, gegen den zarten Endymion schleuderte, verletzte den jungen Dichter so empfindlich, daß er von da an kränkelte. In Rom, wo er Heilung für seine Schwindsucht suchte, starb der arme Dichter im 24. Lebensjahre. Dort ruht er unter der Pyramide des Cestius neben Shelley.

S. 463. *Leigh Hunt* (1784—1859), ein höchst anmuthiger, ungekünstelter, aber nicht sehr tiefer Dichter, der auch als Prosaiist sich durch Feinheit des kritischen Geschmacks, poetische Stimmung und pittoreske Unterhaltungsgabe auszeichnet, ist geboren zu Southgate in Middlesex. Nachdem er die Christ-Hospital School zu London absolvirt hatte, gründete er mit seinem Bruder die Wochenschrift 'The Examiner'. Einige mißliche Äußerungen gegen den Prinz-Regenten zogen ihm eine zweijährige Haft zu. Er trat dann als Dichter auf mit seiner 'Story of Rimini', welche Dante's 'Francesca da Rimini' zum Stoff hat. Diesem folgten noch andere Gedichtsammlungen, z. B. 'The Feast of the Poets', und ein Drama 'A Legend of Florence'.

S. 465. *John Wilson* (1788—1854), Professor der Moralphilosophie zu Edinburgh, geistreicher Kritiker, der unter dem Namen 'Christopher North' ein so thätiger Mitarbeiter des 'Blackwood Magazine' war, zeichnete sich auch als Dichter aus. Seine größeren Werke 'The Isle of Palms, und 'The City of the Plague' sind voller Zartheit und Eleganz der Empfindung, und reich an herrlichen Natur- und Charakterschilderungen.

S. 467. *James Montgomery* (1771—1854), ein von dem prosaischen Wuchte eines angestregten Kampfes um das liebe Brod gedrückter Geist, der doch noch manchmal Kraft genug in sich spürte, den höchsten Dichterflug zu wagen, und in seinen größeren Dichtungen: 'The Wanderer in Switzerland', 'The West-Indies', 'Greenland', 'The World before the Flood' und 'The Pelican Island' ein hohes Talent zur Poesie bekundete. Er darf nicht mit seinem Zeitgenossen *Robert Montgomery* verwechselt werden, einem poetisirenden Londoner Geistlichen, dessen fruchtbare religiöse Muse weit unter den religiösen Dichtungen eines Moultrie, Keble oder Milman steht.

S. 468. *W. S. Landor* (geb. 1775). Dieser äußerst originelle, kernkräftige, oft excentrische Dichter, den Miß Mitford 'the poet for poets' nennt, lebt noch in hohem aber rüstigem Alter zu Florenz, und hat noch im vorigen Jahre die literarische Welt mit einem Bande 'Heroic Idyls, with additional Poems' beschenkt, in denen sich dieselbe Frische der Gedanken und des Stiles wie in seinem früheren Hauptwerk 'Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen', und seinem Gedicht 'Gebir' zeigt.

S. 469. *D. M. Moir* (1798—1851), erwarb sich durch die unter der Signatur Δ in Blackwood's Magazin eingesandten Gedichte einen geachteten Dichternamen. Seine Gedichte erschienen gesammelt unter dem Titel 'Legend of Genevieve and other Poems' 1825, und 'Domestic Verses' 1843. Sie zeichnen sich durch Liebenswürdigkeit und Feinfühligkeit aus.

S. 470. *Thomas Hood* (1799—1845), einer der originellsten Dichter und Humoristen Englands, geboren in der Londoner City. Sein Vater war Schotte, und als Theilhaber der buchhändlerischen Firma „Barnor und Hood“ ein Mann von literarischem Geschmack. Thomas war zum Kupferstecher bestimmt und arbeitete längere Zeit als solcher für illustrierte Werke. Während er seiner Anlage zum Humoristischen hier freien Lauf lassen konnte, versuchte er sich auch darin mit der Feder. Im 'London Magazine' erregte er als 'punster' alsbald großes Aufsehen, noch mehr aber durch seine eigenen gesammelten Schriften und Zeitblätter 'Hood's Own', 'Whims and Oddities', sein 'Comic An-

nuel' und endlich seine Beiträge zum Londoner 'Punch', wo auch sein berühmtes 'Song of the Shirt' zuerst erschien. Eine angegriffene Gesundheit und pekuniäre Verhältnisse nöthigten ihn zu einem Aufenthalt am Rhein, wo das deutsche Philisterleben ihm reichlichen Stoff zur Satire bot. In seinen lyrischen Gedichten zeigt er die ernste Rehrseite seines für das Wohl der leidenden Menschheit besorgten Gemüthes. Durch Vorführung des menschlichen Elendes im Gewande einer sympathetischen Poesie suchte er auf die höheren Klassen zu wirken, und in der That hat er, wie auch Dickens, der dieselbe Tendenz verfolgt, manchem Reichen Thränen der Theilnahme entlockt und manchem Armen Thränen des Kammers gestillt. Er selbst starb, von Krankheit und beständiger Notharbeit erschöpft, im schönsten Mannesalter.

S. 475. *Robert Browning* (geb. 1812), ein noch lebender höchst origineller dramatischer und lyrischer Dichter, der sich trotz seines die Phantasie überwuchernden, oft bis zur Verworrenheit und Dunkelheit ausartenden Reflexionshanges, durch eine jede seiner Dichtungen durchdringende feurige Gedankenkraft und idealen Schwung als einer der hervorragenden Dichter der Jetztzeit betrachtet werden kann. Seine Dramen sind allerdings nur dramatische Dichtungen ohne alle Rücksicht auf scenische Anordnung (obschon Marceady einige davon zur Bühnendarstellung bringen konnte), aber sie wirken mächtig auf den Leser und lassen sich mit nichts Aehnlichem in der englischen Literatur vergleichen, es sei denn mit Byron's Manfred, mit dem sie insofern übereinstimmen, als sie meistens den individuellen Kampf des idealen Genius mit der allgemeinen Menschenmasse darstellen, so hauptsächlich im 'Paracelsus' und in 'Sordello', in welchen das Faustthema ganz besonders in Parallele gezogen wird. Seine Verheirathung (1846) mit der ihm so sympathischen Dichterin Elisabeth Barrett hat viel Einfluß auf sein dichterisches Schaffen gehabt, indem er zwar immer noch metaphysischen Speculationen zugeneigt ist, aber viel weicher und inniger fühlt, so namentlich in seinen zwei größeren Gedichten 'Christmas Eve' und 'Easter-day' (1850). Der Dichter lebt seit seiner Verheirathung in Florenz, wo ihm die Gattin starb. Ein neuer Band Gedichte erschien im Frühjahr 1864.

S. 476. *Mrs. E. Barrett Browning* (1809—1861), die größte lyrische Dichterin Englands, hat ihr ganzes Leben lang mit Kränklichkeit und Familientummer zu kämpfen gehabt, was ihren Dichtungen einen etwas schmerzhaften, oft allzu düstern Ton verlieh, besonders als sie in Torquay von ihrem Fenster aus ihren ältesten Bruder, der die brustleidende Schwester an die milde Küste begleitet hatte, mit zwei jungen Freunden in einem Fischerboote untergehen sah. Die Idee, daß sie an seinem Tode schuld gewesen, verließ sie nie, und nahezu kostete dieser Schmerz ihr eigenes Leben. Ihr ganzer Sinn war dem Studium und der Poesie gewidmet. Noch mädchenhaft jung übersezte sie den Prometheus des Aeschylos und schrieb einen 'Essay on Mind'. In ihrem großen dunkeln Zimmer zu London, wo sie wie eine Priesterin im Heiligthum der Musen eingeschlossen lebte, schrieb sie das dramatisch-lyrische Gedicht 'The Seraphine', voll tiefer Gedanken und Schönheit der Sprache. Darauf folgte 'A Drama of Exile', in welchem der Mensch als verbannter Engel erscheint und sich nach dem Himmel sehnt. Nie ist das weibliche Herz so ätherisch und doch so naturgetreu in der Poesie dargestellt worden, wie in der Eva dieses Gedichtes; ein Kritiker konnte daher sagen, daß das Durchlesen dieses Gedichtes eine vollständigere Idee von der Natur des Weibes gebe, als ein ganzer Band physiologischer und geistiger Analyse. Ihr größtes Gedicht 'Aurora Leigh' entstand unter dem Himmel Italiens, und zeigt eine friedlichere, ruhigere Stimmung, obschon sie darin den höchsten lyrischen Schwung entfaltet, während ihr Gedicht 'Casa Guidi Windows' ihrer Begeisterung für die Einheit und Unabhängigkeit Italiens den entsprechenden Ausdruck verlieh. Höchst interessant für uns Deutsche ist ihr Gedicht 'The Dead Pan', das durch Schiller's Götter Griechenlands veranlaßt wurde. Sie selbst gibt folgende einleitende Worte dazu: «Excited by Schiller's 'Götter Griechenland's' and partly founded on a well known tradition mentioned in a treatise of Plutarch, according to which, at the hour of the Saviour's agony, a cry of 'Great Pan is dead!' swept across the waves to the hearing of certain mariners, — and the oracle ceased. — It is in all veneration to the memory of the deathless *Schiller*, that I oppose a doctrine still more dishonouring to poetry than to Christianity.»

S. 481. *Alfred Tennyson* (geb. 1810), der gegenwärtige Poeta Laureatus, nimmt wohl überhaupt den ersten Rang unter den englischen Dichtern der Jetztzeit ein. Wie er der Nachfolger Wordsworths als „gekrönter Dichter“ ist, so bildet auch er ein besonderes Glied in der Kette der verschiedenen Dichterschulen Englands, nur daß Shelley sich noch zwischen Beide mit seinem ganz eigensten Einflusse legt. Tennyson ist so rein poetisch begeistert wie Shelley, aber er ist nicht so glühend begeistert für jenes höchste Ideal, das der Mensch nur erahnen, aber nicht erschauen kann. Tennyson wandelt auf der Erde

und verschönert und veredelt sie mit einer reizenden, sinnigen Bilderwelt, während Shelley nie festen Fuß auf der Erde faßt, sondern immer zwischen zwei Welten schwebt. Wie der innere Gehalt ist auch die äußere Form bei Tennyson äußerst klar und plastisch lebendig, ja oft schließt sein Streben nach Abrundung und Glätte die markige Gestaltung zu sehr ab. Seinen neuesten Dichtungen ist eine gewisse Ueberfeinheit selbst des Gedankens und eine gewisse selbstgefällige Manierirtheit vorgeworfen worden, aber auch da bricht ächt poetische Empfindung und eine sonnenhelle Phantasie hinreißend durch. Vor Allem an stehen seine 'Lyrical Pieces', unter denen die köstlichsten Perlen der englischen Lyrik sich befinden. Voll großer Einzelschönheiten sind seine größeren Dichtungen: 'The Princess, a Medley', 'Maud', 'The Idylls of the King', seine Sonette 'In Memoriam' seines frühverstorbenen Dichterfreundes Arthur Hallam. Durch die Tauchnitzer Ausgabe hat Tennyson auch in Deutschland sich allgemeine Anerkennung verschaffen können. Gegenwärtig lebt er mit seiner Familie auf der Insel Wight in behaglicher Muße.

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